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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

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JAN. 20, 1934

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CLAUDETTE COLBERT & HERBERT MARSHALL

in a Mobiloil Movie . . **"BLIZZARDS BE DARNED"**

Claudette Colbert and Herbert Marshall, stars of Cecil B. de Mille's production, "Four Frightened People," a Paramount picture.

1 CLAUDETTE: "Looks like there's a blizzard coming up, Herbert. Remember, we have to be back at the studio to finish up 'Four Frightened People'."

HERBERT: "Right! We'd better start!"

2 CLAUDETTE: "Hope she starts. It would be quite a walk home from way up here in the mountains!"

HERBERT: "Don't worry—I've got Mobiloil Arctic and Mobilgas in her. She'll start."

3 CAMERAMAN: "Well, Mr. De Mille, all your worry about that blizzard holding up Colbert and Marshall went for nothing."

DE MILLE: "If he hadn't had that car winterproofed with Mobiloil Arctic and Mobilgas as I told him to, they'd be a long way from the lot!"

With this winter oil and gas—you get there!

Double-range Mobiloil and Mobilgas with climatic control give you a *quick start* . . . and much more! When your engine warms up, Mobiloil Arctic *keeps* its rich body. Mobilgas keeps on giving you full power, full mileage. And—you play safe on winter repairs!

Mobiloil Mobilgas

SOCONY-VACUUM CORPORATION

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WHAT IS "LIVING PROTECTION"

To THIS young husband and his wife, all things are possible. They cannot see the future through the eyes with which father surveys the past.

He knows the heartaches of the last few years—and other hard times before. He's been *through* it! Valuable property swept away, because there was nothing to *protect* it . . . the crippled career, because a college training could not be financed . . . the crushed hopes . . . the broken-up family. They all parade, now, before his eyes . . . and he is powerless! He can only *wish* that he had been more far-sighted. His best years are behind him.

But with *them*, the future is *living* with possibilities that should be *protected*. And *Living Protection* is just that! Tomorrow's reserve built with today's resources. The accumulation of a definite sum as an assurance that whatever you hope to do can be done—if money is the essential. *That* is *Living Protection*, and it has withstood the test of all these trying years.

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

"THEY ought to have some kind of spigot in your mind," Jeff said, "that you could turn girls on and off with and especially off. Or a button. You press this button and a boy pops up and says: 'Did you ring, sir?' And you say: 'Sure I rang. Escort this certain lady right out of my mind and bring me nineteen big brunettes to think about instead.' "

Jeff, of course, was talking about a blonde—and to a blonde. And, naturally, he had to eat his words, as Dwight Mitchell Wiley relates in a story called "The Way Things Change." Which is not a reference to a good man's love.

THERE was fog in the Valley of the Meuse—thick, stifling fog that lay like a yellow blanket pressed down over villages and cities. People went about in a weird half-light, coughing, fighting for breath. Then a man sickened suddenly and died. Others fell ill, with strange red spots on their skins—like burns.

This was not the work of Dr. Fu Manchu.

The Valley of the Meuse was poisoned by an overhead sewer. Smoke from factories and homes had poured down into the stagnant air and was killing the people.

There are a hundred cities in this country where the same thing might happen if atmospheric conditions were right. And even when the concentration is not great enough to cause quick poisoning, the process goes on invisibly, turning lungs black, destroying property, harming everyone. W. B. Courtney tells you about it in "Our Soiled Cities."

IN A DRAMATIC and moving short story Frederick Hazlitt Brennan tells the romance of a boy who was blind until his twenty-third year. "Seeing Is Believing" is its title. It'll open your eyes.

HE WENT to Arizona for his health and he stayed there after it was all right. He had to. His job as clerk at the hotel was all he had —that and his painting. And, of course, the painting didn't bring him any money. And Mary Elizabeth was far away. How could he support her on twenty dollars a week? Mary C. McCall, Jr., tells you of the romantic accident that befell him in "Red Desert."

"THE Captain Entertains," by Jacland Marmur, is a story of heroism at sea—between rubbers of bridge. Quentin Reynolds writes about Max Baer. Ray Tucker, Alan LeMay, George Agnew Chamberlain, Eddie Cantor and David Freedman write about a variety of subjects. All winners.

This Week

January 20, 1934

Cover by Earl Oliver Hurst

SIDNEY HERSCHEL SMALL
Oriental Moonlight. Love and danger, nicely blended and full of sparkle. Page 7

QUENTIN REYNOLDS
Sissy Game. Professional ice hockey—as the player sees it. Page 9

WALTER DAVENPORT
An Evening's Fun. Take it or leave it. Page 10

ERICH MARIA REMARQUE
On the Road. The magic touch of human kindness. Page 12

MARY C. McCALL, Jr.
White Blonde. Her name was Bubbles: you'd hardly expect her to be constant. Page 14

GEORGE AGNEW CHAMBERLAIN
Marriage for Revenue, Part VI. Regis leads the attack. Page 16

ERNEST HAYCOX
Behind the Headlines. A fine place to see through false fronts. Page 18

RAY TUCKER
Cinderella in City Hall. Otherwise known as Fiorello H. LaGuardia. Page 19

ALAN LeMAY
Thunder in the Dust, Part VIII. Tinder and flame in La Partida. Page 20

EDDIE CANTOR and DAVID FREEDMAN
Ziegfeld and His Follies, Part II. The exhausting job of glorification. Page 22

RUTH SEINFEL
A Snack in Time. Definitions of "snack" —elegant definitions. Page 28

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. Flashes from everywhere. Page 34

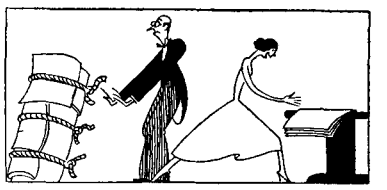
EDITORIAL
The Enemy Among Us. Page 58

Any Week

WE ARE informed by Mr. William C. Kerr that we have given the Hon. William Scott Vare, foundering boss of the stalled Republican machine in Philadelphia, an unjustified break. Recently, Ray Tucker, in his "A Dime a Dozen," wrote that "Mr. Vare ironically elected only his coroner" in the November elections. Mr. Kerr, a Philadelphian, tells us that Mr. Vare would have been overjoyed to have elected his coroner, the office being one of the shining political prizes. But, alas, the Democrats made off with that too, leaving Mr. Vare with nothing but the minority magistrates. "And," says Mr. Kerr, "the next time we vote for a city council, a mayor and a United States senator . . ."

BUT you get the idea. There are a gratifyingly large number of us who are wondering why vote for city councilmen and aldermen anyway. "You get around a lot," writes Mr. Joseph X. Zena of Cincinnati, Ohio. "Why don't you look into this business of councils and boards of aldermen? What do they do anyway? And how much would we taxpayers suffer if we didn't have them?"

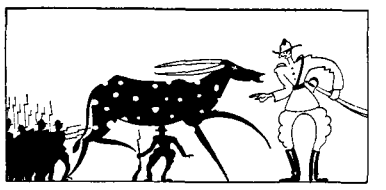
"MY FATHER and I," writes Mrs. Florence McMinn Brandt of Haddonfield, New Jersey, "have been devotees of Collier's for several years. I would rather have it than all the other magazines rolled into one."



TO SAY nothing of such authorities as Mr. John N. Hofland of Desplaines, Illinois, who confesses to having read us for years and who aims "to continue to do so for a long time to come." Mr. Hofland believes that the least we can do for a President who is trying to give us a new deal is to give him a square one. "I also," says he, "wish to mention such articles as 'America Flies Ahead,' 'The Blue Eagle at Home,' 'Indiana Gets a New Brew' and other articles. They give us an entirely different conception of things."

"YOU have developed telling the world of its faults into a fine art," accuses Mr. R. A. Saunders of Lebanon, Tennessee, "but you keep secret your plans for bettering these awful conditions." We refer Mr. Saunders to all subsequent issues.

A MOST interesting animal is the seladang, to whom you were introduced not long ago in these pages by Howard S. Reed. However, Mr. Reed made a rather regrettable error. He had it that no museums in the western United States exhibit mounted specimens of the seladang. Mr. S. C. Simms, Director of the Field Museum of Natural History, Chicago, states that in his museum is a habitat group of bull, cow and calf. We're sorry.



MORE durable than the seladang, however, insists Mr. Conrad A. Archer of Marshalltown, Iowa, is the carabao. Says Mr. Archer: "During the Philippine Insurrection the Thirteenth United States Infantry, 1,500 strong, was charged by a carabao. The entire outfit pumped a clip apiece into the animal before it was finally dropped. When it had kicked its last kick one of the officers ventured forth and the beast had twenty-two holes in its body. Of course the men were at a disadvantage, being in trees."

LET'S see. Fifteen hundred men, firing five cartridges each, hitting a carabao twenty-two times. Now, when we were in the army . . .

"I HAD an idea you preferred decent language," writes Mr. S. S. Lindner of Dowagiac, Michigan, who reads Damon Runyon's stories. "Is a guy a human being?" demands Mr. Lindner. "He is not! Anybody with ordinary sense knows a guy is a rope used to steady something. Neither is a girl or woman a doll." And while we are sparring for time along comes Mr. Hugh Manly of Monongah, West Virginia, suggesting that "maybe Mr. Runyon has the goods on the editor."

HENCE we welcome a letter from Mr. H. L. Day of Minneapolis, who offers his sincere thanks for "the best Christmas story I am reading in many a long Christmas." Needless to say, he refers to Mr. Runyon's "The Three Wise Guys."

MR. CHARLES KING of Louisiana, Missouri, a gentleman of a highly analytical turn of mind, read Walter Davenport's article about the liquor situation in our December 23d issue and finds that we used the word whisky 89 times, gin 10, alcohol 8, Scotch 5 and rye 4, leaving us pleased but in some doubt as to the significance thereof.

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AROUND THE COUNTRY EVERY FRIDAY...BY TELEPHONE

ONCE a week by telephone, the sales executives of Kelvinator Corporation make a complete swing around the country, stopping in many cities to discuss current activities with their district managers.

This regular use of Long Distance not only keeps them in close, up-to-the-minute touch with developments in every territory . . . but it provides a valuable sales stimulus, by letting headquarters officials help the field men with their local problems.

Every-day use brings profitable results

In addition to these weekly talks, Kelvinator Corporation makes extensive *every-day* use of Long Distance in furthering its many promotional efforts. R. I. Petric, Sales Manager, cites a recent experience as typical of what can be accomplished by this swift, sales-building service.

"A small price rise had been announced for the end of the month," he says, "and buying had been exceptionally heavy in anticipation of it. The day before the rise was to take effect, we telephoned forty-four of the company's largest distributors and dealers. In a few hours by Long Distance orders were received for 9000 additional units—one-fifth of the entire month's orders. The result was an all-time sales record for the month . . . 45,500 units."

Companies of every size are constantly telling us how they are getting new business, making advantageous purchases, cutting costs in unexpected ways . . . through their *organized* use of Long Distance. Wouldn't it be worth while to see what *your* company might accomplish? We will be glad to help. Just call the local Bell Telephone Business Office, and a telephone representative will visit you at your convenience. No obligation.

TYPICAL STATION-TO-STATION RATES

From	*To*	*Daytime*	*7 P.M.*	*8:30 P.M.*
Detroit	Cleveland	$ .60	$ .50	$ .35
New York	Washington	1.05	.90	.60
Omaha	Denver	2.05	1.75	1.15
Atlanta	Los Angeles	7.00	5.50	4.00

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CAN ANY WOMAN AFFORD TO RISK THE DANGEROUS HAZARDS OF NEGLECT?

Thousands may benefit from this vital story—

"THE FOLLY OF FRANCES AMES"

Read this true experience—then learn how you, too, may guard against an often unsuspected danger.

A REAL LIFE MOVIE

Her eighty-first trip as a hostess on the air line. How Frances' friends admired her fine record for courtesy and efficiency! Yet how little they understood her recent listlessness and "dragged-out" feeling.

Then a woman passenger forgot to fasten her safety-belt before landing—a simple oversight. Yet without *realizing*, Frances grew so needlessly short and unpleasant that the irate passenger threatened to report her incivility to the authorities . . .

Then Frances was summoned to headquarters. "You've been so irritable lately," said Captain Marks, "that several passengers have complained of your behavior. You may have another month's trial. That means *improve*—or *quit!*"

Desperate, Frances consulted her physician. "Humm! No exercise, not as careful about your food—irregular meals! No wonder you're constipated. One thing you need, young lady, is *more bulk food*. Eat Post's 40% Bran Flakes regularly. You'll like it!"

What a change!—after Frances *realized* the folly of her neglect. Heeding her physician's advice—including Post's 40% Bran Flakes—she gradually became herself again. Today—always bright and charming—she is once more "A-1" hostess on the line.

More than You Realize

. . . . . You, too, may need the extra benefits you get from this unique bran cereal—this different cereal that tastes so very good.

Often you may not even *suspect* constipation! The constipation that comes from lack of bulk in the diet . . . and can lead to listlessness, lack of ambition, run-down health!

And that's exactly where Post's 40% Bran Flakes comes in—to give you the benefits of bran bulk in a cereal you'll love.

Actually, millions of people eat Post's 40% Bran Flakes for its crispy goodness alone—its delicious, *different* flavor. And thus, without *realizing*, they get the bulk they need—to keep food wastes moving along the intestinal tract and to insure *normal* elimination.

For Post's 40% Bran Flakes, you see, is a delicious combination of bran with other parts of wheat. That's why it has benefits you need *plus* marvelous flavor. It is also high in nutritive value—with its phosphorus, iron and its precious Vitamin B.

So make Post's 40% Bran Flakes the cereal you eat *regularly*—every day. It costs so little! Your grocer has it—a product of General Foods.

POST'S 40% BRAN FLAKES

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Johnny was filled with the heady wine of the power of gold and the girl so close to him. She wanted the sale stopped; he'd stop it

Oriental Moonlight

By Sidney Herschel Small

The testing of Johnny Ransom, who met the boss' daughter in China — and got a sweet revenge

THERE was the thick brownish-gold haze of evening over the city when Johnny Ransom returned and headed immediately for the Nanking Club; the hot and twisting river glinted like a coppery dragon. There was dust everywhere—in the air, in the thronged streets and temples; there was dust in Ransom's aching throat when he came into the club and started across the lounge. A China-boy in white hurried past him, and Johnny, stopping him with a hand which was both brown and thin, surveyed the glasses on the tray, deciding swiftly that the tallest one of the inner edge appeared stiffer and frostier than any of the others.

So when he entered the bar, George Kendall greeted him with, "We knew you must be back, Johnny. Out of seven drinks on a tray, only you could have picked out the one which had been ordered by Sir Robert. He can't write the Times about it, but we continue to have a board of governors. What'll you have, Johnny?"

"Yes," Johnny Ransom agreed. "Or perhaps two. We drank boiled river water all the way down. Hello, fellows."

They grinned back at him: Grant, Summerfield, Carrigan; Kendall, who was his district chief in the Esterley Import Company. It was good to be back . . . then Johnny saw that, while Kendall's lips were smiling, his eyes were sober. Was he wondering about Johnny's luck, upcountry? Drinks before dinner, and reports, weren't supposed to be mixed, but as Ransom's fingers closed contentedly about the icy glass set before him, he said: "You gentlemen may drink to me if you wish. I won't be embarrassed. It was a good trip. My luck's changed. I've come through the famine country, which was full of bandits, and I've got the gold payment from Wushei, and the shipment of azalea seeds, and the T'ang bronze incense burner, and the two altar cloths, and . . . say, you fellows wouldn't like to carry me around on your shoulders, would you?"

George Kendall growled: "I'd rather kick you in the pants, Johnny. Why on earth didn't you let General Li Tsüi die?"

Johnny swirled the ice in his glass. He said plaintively, "I wouldn't know the gentleman if I saw him. If this is a joke—"

"It's serious," Kendall told him. "Here was Li Tsüi trying to escape after being thoroughly licked, and you must stick your nose into his affairs—"

RANSOM put the glass down. "I suppose you mean the old goat I met up above Wushei. So he was a general, was he? I found him and a couple of other ancients giving each youngster in the village a handful of millet. The kids were starving. They'd been eating bark and mud boiled together . . . but you know what famine is. The old man was half dead himself. Sure I fed him. And tried to doctor him. He's Li Tsüi?"

"He was. There's a rumor out that he's dead. But aside from that, the controlling faction has issued an edict that no Esterley Import men are permitted to trade in any of the upper provinces . . . and the Old Man is on his way here, probably to fire you in person . . . and we might as well have dinner."

Johnny Ransom tried to blink away the horror he had seen. Starvation. Death, coming too slowly to mothers whose children were already in the ground which had failed to produce

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life. He said, "If you'd been in my place, what'd you have done?"

Kendall saw the other's gaunt, burned face; he saw how straight and tall Ransom stood, and the cleanness of him. He knew how hard Johnny tried, and what diabolical results he managed to achieve. Johnny thought a good deal of being an Esterley Import man. "I can tell you what I'd do now," Kendall said.

"Resign? I won't. I've taken a beating ever since I landed in China. The Old Man's given me a ride . . . he can fire me, but"—Johnny's drinks, after long weeks of insufficient food, began to rise and warm his brain—"but some of these days I'll . . . well, I'll . . ."

"After this mess, on top of general conditions, there won't be any Esterley Import left," Kendall remarked. "You asked me what I'd do. I'll tell you. The Old Man is on his way. His daughter comes in on the boat tonight. Maid and all, according to the wire. Go see her. Take her around. Then she'll tell Mr. Esterley that you're a sweet boy, and he shouldn't be too hasty."

"The Old Man," said Johnny, "is nine million years old. His daughter'd be a hundred and eleven. I won't be an old lady's darling. Go soak your head, George. If you fellows were gentlemen, you'd shake to see who is stuck with the job of showing her the Oriental moonlight . . . say, I'll bet you did, and that you lost, too, Mr. Kendall!"

"We were getting ready to do it," Kendall admitted wryly. "You'll go if I make it an order."

"It's really a chance for you," Charley Summerfield suggested. "Matter of fact, on top of the Li Tsüi business, this Sir Robert was waiting for Mr. Esterley. Some sort of deal, which might have turned out to be fat for us. Now you've gone and twisted the lion's tail, and that'll make the Old Man happy, Johnny."

"I've heard of horses' necks, but this lion's tail is a new one on me. It was a rotten drink, anyhow. Sir Robert's taste is—"

Kendall snapped "Ssh!"

HE WAS a big man, was Sir Robert; he had entered the bar as noiselessly as a barefooted coolie. Sixtyish, smooth-shaven, a little tired about the eyes. He said at once, placidly, "Gentlemen, good evening. Ha, Kendall." His first shrewd glance discovered Ransom, for Johnny, back to the bar, was thinner than the others; more, his expression was belligerent. Quietly, the Englishman went on, "I'd like to be introduced to your young man, Kendall. The chap who returned. Ransom, isn't it?"

Johnny bit down whatever he was about to say. "I'm sorry about taking your drink, sir," he managed. He was still an E-I man, even if due to be sacked. There must be no argument of his making. No heeding the warmth which was creeping up and which might make him forgetful. "You see, sir, I was upriver, and I wanted a drink like the devil. I'm always doing the wrong thing—"

"That's about it, Sir Robert," Kendall said soothingly. "Johnny's been in one mess or another ever since he came to the Orient. I hope you'll—"

"Ha," Sir Robert said. "It seems to me he's landed on his feet. A very fortunate young man. Ha. Curious. Yes. I wish we had men of his discernment in our own company."

"Ha," said Johnny Ransom.

SIR ROBERT reached out and placed his hand on Johnny's shoulder. "Congratulations, Mr. Ransom," he said. "Naturally you wish to dine with your own people. But I'd consider it an honor if you all joined me, later. Ha. Coffee. Brandy. A thing like this doesn't happen every day, eh?"

He turned and, with what might have been impolite abruptness in another man, strode out as swiftly as he had come; a house-boy sidled into the bar as the Englishman departed. Johnny's eyes had narrowed. He said, "All join hands and sing, For I'm Queen of the May. So that's British humor, is it? Ha! Why, the big—"

The men weren't listening. The boy had brought the mail. . . .

Kendall said, "Here's one for you, Johnny."

It was a white envelope, addressed in flowing longhand to J. Ransom, Esq., and it was postmarked Canton. He opened it, and began to read. When he stopped, white to the eyes, the Chinese had a drink mixed and ready, and it was just as well, for Johnny's knees were buckling, and his hands had turned to ice.

"Fellows," Johnny began. None of them were listening. He pounded his fist on the bar. His voice rose, almost breaking on a high note. "Fellows . . . listen! . . . I . . . I'm buying a drink . . . a drink to the memory of old Li Tsüi. . . ."

Carrigan, looking up from his letter, in which the Girl at Home had told him about all the places she had been, said crossly, "Shut up, Johnny. You're drunk."

"And sober up," added Kendall grimly. "I've got the inside of what the Old Man intends doing with you."

"With me? He's done it already. Ridden me. Up and down, over, under, around and through. He snapped his fingers and Johnny jumped through the hoop. All the dirty jobs for Johnny, and hell to pay when I flopped some of 'em. Ha! Who was sent to Macao after the half-caste who ran off with the pay roll? Me. Who got slugged in the alley there? Me. Who—"

Kendall said, "Boy, fix Mr. Ransom something to sober him up." To Johnny: "I know how you feel. But quit being sorry for yourself long enough to listen to me. Mrs. Kendall writes that the Old Man's on his ear. Won't listen to anyone. She says the one chance is for you to be decent to Miss Esterley—"

"Miss Methuselah! Me trot her around? Blah!"

(Continued on page 44)

"A gorgeous mess you've made of this!" she was saying. "No wonder everyone says—" "I did what you wanted," Johnny said

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Rangers versus Americans. Goalie Aitkenhead watches while Ching Johnson breaks up a near-scoring play, which (left) winds up safely behind the net

Below, Aitkenhead comes out of the net after a fast one he couldn't quite reach. The dark spot before the goal is the puck

Above, a close call, Aitkenhead down, Martin of the Americans trying for a shot. Below, Ching Johnson, key man of the Ranger defense

Photographs by Ifor Thomas, Collier's Staff Photographer

Right, above, Burke loses the puck to Bun Cook. Below, Dutton being held by referee after striking a Ranger, while the boys show fight

Sissy Game

By Quentin Reynolds

Legalized mayhem, you say, watching a professional hockey match. You're wrong, say the players and managers—it's art that counts, it's timing, it's the twist of the wrist—or something

JUST two minutes to go and 15,000 wild-eyed hockey fanatics are as excited as 15,000 mice in a cheese factory. Usually a low-scoring game such as this is a dull affair but tonight the boys have been curling their sticks around each other's necks; tripping each other on the slightest provocation and occasionally tossing careless right hands at one another. It has been a rough, tough game and already three American players and two Toronto men have received major penalties. The crowd loves it.

Roy Worters, in the cage for the Americans, has made twenty impossible stops, and pucks have been bouncing off Lorne Chabot, the Toronto goalie, all night. Two minutes to go and a scoreless tie looms.

The puck is down around the Toronto goal. Buzz Boll, young Toronto player, takes it and starts loafing up the ice. He swerves to the center but Red Sutton, great American defense man, skates toward him, coming fast. Boll flips the rubber disk to his right and slightly to the rear. That sets off a spark which seems to fire everyone on the ice.

The puck has gone to Charlie Conacher. Conacher is far over to the right near the boards. He starts up the ice, those razor blades he has on his feet flashing under the beams of the piercing lights. He is in the middle zone now and two American defense men, just a bit panic stricken, dash over to cut him off. Just as they reach him he twists his wrists and the puck glides forty feet away directly to the other side of the ice. Unnoticed, Harvey Jackson has been paralleling Conacher's course on the left side of the rink.

A Goal for Bullet Joe

Skating full tilt, he picks up the puck and now he's all alone, those two American defense men having been fooled by Conacher. Jackson is fifteen feet from the cage and the crowd roars a warning to Worters, who crouches there with a six-foot gap to guard. Jackson has a clear shot and he doesn't miss. A scream of delight goes up from the Toronto rooters as the little red light glows above the net. A moment later the game ends and Toronto has won, 1 to 0.

Bullet Joe Simpson, manager of the Americans, discusses the game. They don't call him Bullet Joe because of the exceptional speed he had when he was a player but because at Vimy Ridge he stopped ten bullets and never even got his hair mussed. He came home from the war laden with medals on the outside and lead on the inside.

"That was a great game," Simpson tells us. "But here's a funny thing. The crowd will go out raving about what a rough, tough, slam-bang fight it was. Our rooters will say it was just a lucky goal that beat us. The crowd will never realize that it has seen one of the greatest exhibitions of scientific hockey ever played. Both goalies were thinking every minute and both did magnificent work. And that goal scored by Jackson—that wasn't lucky. That was merely the logical culmination of a clever bit of strategy. Conacher and Jackson have practiced that maneuver a thousand times.

"Hockey looks rough and it looks as though goals were scored in a haphazard manner, but you very seldom see a lucky goal. A goal like that one is no more lucky than a fifty-yard run for a touchdown. Every man on the Toronto team contributed to that goal by feinting, by drawing one of our men out of position, and the actual scoring of it was the easiest part of it all."

Hockey players sometimes resent the accusation that their game is the roughest in the world. It looks rough; it looks grueling—and it is, but roughness alone will never keep a player in the big leagues.

"Now take Ching Johnson of the Rangers," Simpson says. "I've played against him a hundred times. The crowd loves to watch Ching. All they see is a burly rushing figure who hurls himself at attacking players who try to get by him. Ching is rough and he's fearless and he'll take any chance in the world to stop a man, but Ching knows the tricks, too. He never says 'Please' when he stops you but he stops you a different way each time. You think you have gotten past him and then you find yourself sprawling on the ice. He's all elbows and hips and he gets away with more stuff than any player in the league. Well, more power to him."

"That forward line of the New York Rangers is a pretty tough combination, isn't it, Joe?"

Joe winces. Two nights before his team has been flattened by the Rangers and it still hurts.

"Too tough," Simpson says. "But ask

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An Evening's Fun

By Walter Davenport

Last year's amusement is as flat as yesterday's champagne. Away with the old and on with the dance! What'll it be next? After consulting those whose business it is to know, Mr. Davenport gives you the answers. They're all good, clean fun. What are you going to do about them?

YOU may not be altogether clear about what has happened, but you can't have missed the fact that nothing we used to be familiar with is quite the same. If you call it revolution, all right; but whatever it is, it has included and is remodeling America's methods of entertaining itself while waiting for government and industry to settle down and give us a chance to get acquainted with them.

So we went out to learn something about the strivings of our fellow man to amuse himself and how they have changed in the past few years. Also, as far as possible, why they have changed. Not so easy, either. In the process, however, we had quite a time of it. Let's see: We talked to a dance orchestra conductor to whom more than seven hundred women had proposed marriage by every means short of semaphoring. We give you the statistics as we got them. And there were a dancing master with six hundred thousand pupils, a professional lady party-thrower who maintains a corps of keen-eyed scouts to keep her informed of what such unquenchable merries as King Alfonso and the Mdvani Boys Association are doing of an evening and a champion long-distance débutante who made her mark early in life by dropping in at as many as twenty-two parties in a single night with a new man for each, the last one being a Greek speakeasy bouncer.

Then there was a music-hall impresario who argues that Mae West has done more to make the world happy than Elder Will Hays because (says he) "who the hell would pay to see the Elder?" And a discouraged conductor of a seventy-piece theater orchestra who assured me with some wringing of the hands that "no matter what they say the average woman doesn't like music, just tunes." Also a bookseller who is doing a nice business in what he calls hideaway literature. "The author hides away after he's written them," he explained, "and the buyer hides away while reading them. The only place they get a real review is in the police court." And there was, too, a song writer who said he has reasons to believe that anatomical chanteys are on their way out and "thank God. Tin-Pan Alley is going back to home and Mother."

All of which left us pretty dazed and our ears pretty red. But finally we went to see Mr. Buck, who has devoted more than twenty-five years to "giving people a good time without danger of police interference."

You were given a card on which was written what you were supposed to go out and get. The game had no trouble at all becoming a nuisance

Mr. Buck's métier is the theater but his boundless genius extends to any sort of entertainment. He has thrown parties where only a corpse would fail to take an active part, where you couldn't avoid having a swell time though your whole family were present. His name is Gene Buck. He was for almost twenty years the brain and ingenuity behind the late Florenz Ziegfeld's Follies and as such, the sire of all the revues, vanities, frolics and similar leg-and-lyric extravaganzas which have followed in its golden wake.

"Listen, kid," said Mr. Buck, unbuttoning his vest, "the trouble with people today is that they work so hard trying to have a good time that they're all tired out by the time it happens."

And Along Came Repeal

"You mean they might be having a good time and not know it?"

"I do not," said Mr. Buck, removing his coat. "I mean we make it so complicated and have strayed so far from the simple and natural that what is popularly known as the brain has ceased to function by the time the fun starts."

"You are not including the theater too, are you?"

"I am," said Mr. Buck, loosening his collar. "I am including the kind of show that an honest man would not think of coming out of without looking anxiously up and down the street to see whether any of his relations are around."

"Aren't you a bit old-fashioned, Mr. Buck?"

"I am not," he shouted, slipping off one shoe. "I am a little ahead of the times. The repeal of prohibition—"

"Listen, Mr. Buck, I happen to know that the public is getting awfully sick of prohibition talk."

"Shut up," said Mr. Buck, lighting a cigarette. "The repeal of prohibition was something much more significant than the canning of the Eighteenth Amendment. It meant that the people of this country have gone in for a general new moral deal. Take fan-dancers as a sort of symbol of what a cock-eyed era accepted as entertainment." Mr. Buck paused long enough to remove the receiver of his insistent telephone and drop it into the wastebasket. "Listen, I'll bet an orphanage against the address of the Number Three gal on the daisy chain that before you're a year older the customers wouldn't pay carfare to see a fan-dance if she used isinglass instead of feathers. Furthermore, the viscera school of the theater is about to close for a while."

"The viscera school?"

"Yes," said Mr. Buck, thrusting four unopened telegrams into his hip pocket, "the viscera school. Three acts and an epilogue of entrails. The first act in an abandoned abattoir, the second in the execution chamber at Sing Sing and the third the same as the first except that the funeral is going on."

"And the epilogue, Mr. Buck?"

"Who cares?" scoffed Mr. Buck, dismissing the office force for the day. "The audience won't wait for it anyway. What time is it?"

"Three o'clock. What I want to know is—"

"I know, I know," shouted Mr. Buck, fishing out his telephone receiver long enough to shout "no" into it. "And I'm telling you. We've been debunking things so long now that we've debunked ourselves right around to where we started. There's practically nothing left to debunk—except maybe the debunkers. It's got to the point where the big shots in business, banking, the theater, law and even the church are beating the balloon-stickers to it by debunking themselves. See?"

"Maybe; but isn't this beside the point?"

"No," said Mr. Buck, opening a window. "Listen. The whole world's debunked by this time. The whole world's flat and there's not much bunk left. The stuffing's been kicked out of all the old sacred shirts. And so what? Why, we've got to start in all over again blowing up new windbags to shoot at, stuffing new shirts to slam down on. And what does that make?"

"A bright new world, Mr. Buck."

"Wrong," roared Mr. Buck. "Who the hell wants a new world? What you've got is the same old world with its face and hands washed, its fingernails cleaned, its hair slicked back and a nice fresh handkerchief in its pocket. All set for a strawberry festival or a bacon bat and, maybe, before going to bed at half past ten or so, a rousing game of post office with everybody blushing. Why, the other night I dropped into—"

But we had been to what Mr. Buck had dropped into. It was a pretty droopy affair too—a scavenger party. Scavenger, in the event you don't know, was imported from Europe. If not taken too seriously it is extremely simple and an utterly non-embarrassing means of leaving the party flat. Any number of people may play, although it lacks something unless there are about twenty persons and gets a bit unwieldy if there are more than fifty. It is reported that it was invented by Rumania's Queen Marie and was the chief reason why her boy Carol was away so long.

They Didn't Come Back

When you arrive at the party you are given a card on which the hostess has written what you are supposed to go out and get. At first each guest was given his own individual orders, but later it was found better to send the guests out in pairs—a man and a woman. It has to be pretty ingenious and within reason, and the hostess had better be a clever person. Otherwise most of the guests will have joined up with some other party or decide they would have a better time by themselves. The game

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has no trouble at all becoming a nuisance.

At a stated time, everybody faring forth together, the guests leave with instructions to bring back a Columbian half-dollar, a key to the city, Page 211 of Lady Chatterley's Lover, a blond hair twenty-eight and a half inches long, a pair of Gene Tunney's shoes, a double-yolk egg, a live pig, a set of stereopticon views of Salt Lake City, Kid Chocolate, a blue nightshirt and a set of twelve matched Hitchcock chairs. Of course you can make it anything you want if you're the hostess. But if you want your guests to return you had better make it simple. And if you are one of the guests you can tell pretty well from your instructions whether they want you to come back. At any rate you don't have to go back, which, as I say, is one of the nice things about a scavenger party.

You Needn't Be Bright

Scavenger used to be pretty popular, but it seems to have run its course. There was nothing particularly new about it, anyway. For generations boys have played it without going to all the bother of going to a party. Turned loose in the morning, almost any kid of ten or twelve could come home for supper with his pockets occupied by anything from a set of false teeth to the janitor's naturalization papers. You may know scavenger by another name—say, treasure hunt—and if you do you'll understand that it makes no raid upon your mentality. Betty Boop and Man Mountain Deans have been known to spend a whole night at it and emerge in full control of their faculties.

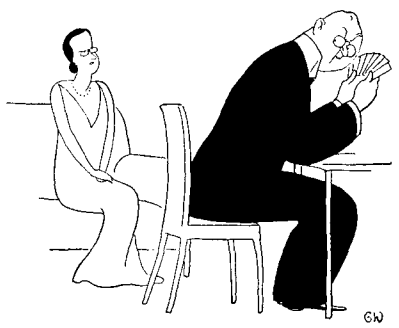
In fact, this investigation of mine has rewarded me with the story of a young woman who sallied forth with instructions to return with a former Vice President. After searching through several speakeasies and six or eight other parties in progress that evening she captured a middle-aged youngster who, until March 4, 1933, had been the sole survivor of a long roster of vice presidents of a bank which had been defunct for months without anybody seeming to have noticed it.

"But listen, Brainy," protested the former vice president, "they probably meant a Vice President of the United States."

"Yes," she said, "I am sure they did. But if we don't tell them, I'm sure they won't know the difference."

There are all sorts of variants, redeeming for example. Your hostess has spent a couple of days checking parcels at various railroad stations, restaurants and similar package repositories. Sometimes she even left parcels in the homes (apartments preferred) of people who would be at her party. This last might present difficulties, for such apartments were chosen because when the occupants were absent the place was likely to be entirely unoccupied. The guests required to get parcels left in such flats had to get in by whatever means they might evolve and take the chances of being caught at it by a cop or detected by neighbors who have a weakness for notifying the police.

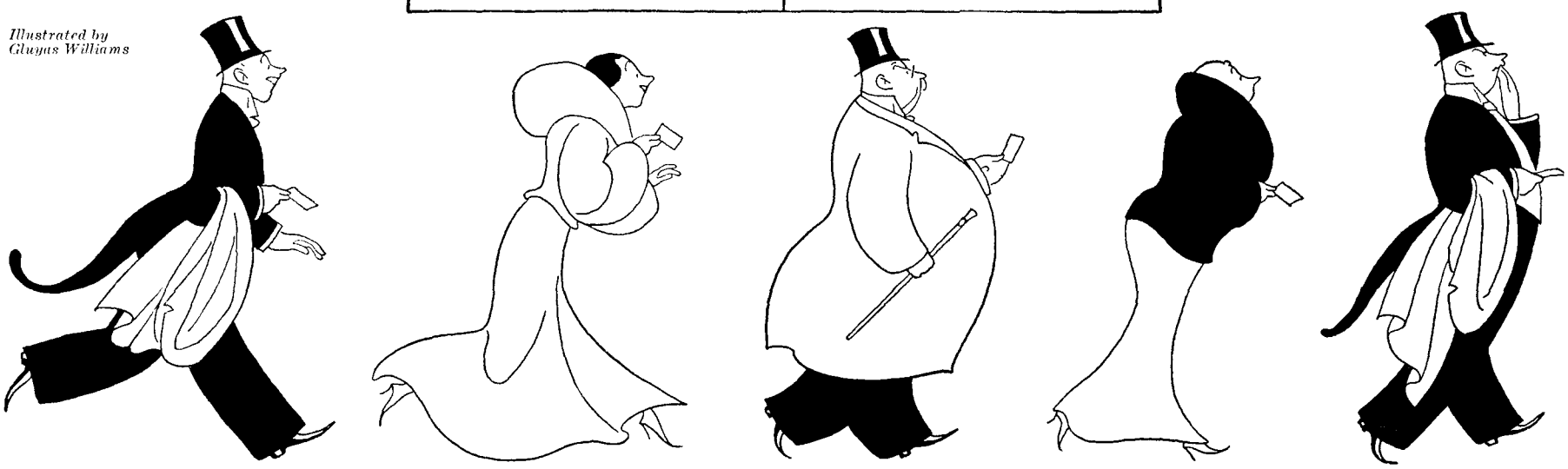
The brokers spoiled a lot of parties by explaining the gold standard

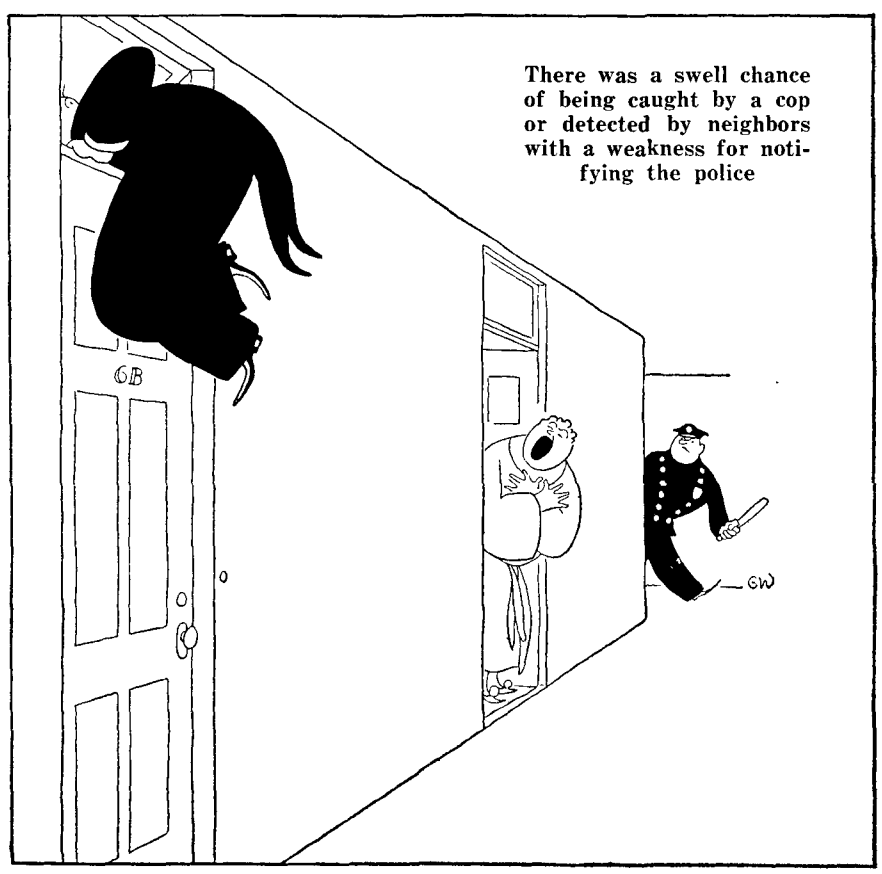


Bridge is played in self-defense

A guest once was left to himself

Illustrated by Gluyas Williams





There was a swell chance of being caught by a cop or detected by neighbors with a weakness for notifying the police

A Joke on Joe Brown

If your assignment turns out to be merely to redeem a parcel from a railroad station's baggage bureau, there is always something arch or cunning for you to do with your salvage—present it to the first stranger you meet and get a receipt and the recipient's address, for example, and passing them to some other member of the party whose duty it is to get it back. I am told that a parcel thus retrieved was handed to Mr. Joe E. Brown of the movies one evening as he was triumphantly hurrying for a west-bound train in the Santa Fe depot in Chicago. Mr. Brown graciously gave his name and address to the donor and then, while a large crowd assembled, opened the package. It contained a papier-mâché ham. Mr. Brown proceeded forthwith to devour it, issuing a statement meanwhile to the public press, giving it as his opinion that Chicago produced more and better hams than Hollywood.

Then there were murder, sardine and similar games of which you've heard a lot but which lost their popularity as did such revivals as backgammon, lotto, dominoes and mah jong or pung chow.

"The reason for this game rage," Mr. Buck said, "is simple. Maybe you have heard intellectual people lamenting the absence of good, heavy talk at evening parties. The art of solid conversation, they'll tell you, has departed. All this frivolity has ruined the noble art of Aristotle and his boys. Or was it Plato? Let's call it Aristotle and the hell with it. Anyway, that's out. The people have lost their yen for getting together at night and chewing on philosophy, science, politics and art. That's what the bulgeheads say, anyway.

"Well, they're wrong. One of the big ideas about all these games and planned parties was to keep the brokers from explaining the gold standard and to put the finger on golf spielers. When hostesses found that bridge, roulette, baccarat, dominoes and other sitting-down and parlor games did not stop intimate friends of Al Smith from being intimate friends of Al Smith and giving the low-down on why Al and Frank Roosevelt stopped wearing each other's neckties, and didn't interfere with those who were

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On the Road

By Erich Maria Remarque

Author of "All Quiet on the Western Front" and "The Road Back"

AFTER I had lived for four days on green plums I fainted. My stomach was like glowing iron and the country road heaved before my eyes. I knew that it was bright midday and that the sun was blazing down, but everything looked gray as ashes and my knees were as weak as though I were wading through a swamp. I staggered away from the road and gave up. I lay down under a pine tree, unbuttoned my shirt and felt myself sink into a black abyss. I thought I was done for.

When I came to, it was evening. A farmer was standing beside me, shaking me. I felt that my face was wet. With my tongue I licked the drops from my lips. They burned. It was brandy. He held the bottle to my mouth. I raised myself and took a swallow. Then I shook my head—I couldn't drink any more. Even that one swallow went to my head.

The farmer was on his way home to the village where he lived. His horse was snorting and stamping in front of a covered wagon at the edge of the road. A lantern swung between the wheels. In the twilight the yellow shine of the lantern, the warm smell of the horse, the great dark figure of the man—all that was like home and it made me weak. I bit my lip and straightened myself up.

THE farmer asked what was the matter with me. I told him that I was unemployed and that a week before, while I was on the road, someone had stolen the last of my money. He took two raw eggs out of his wagon, broke them, added some brandy and gave the mixture to me. I drank it slowly. Then I ate some of the bread that he took from his pocket.

He wanted me to go along with him. I asked whether he could give me work. He said no. What could I do? Anything, I said, that didn't take long to learn. He thought for a minute and then told me that near by there was a gang at work on the railroad. He had heard that the foreman intended to hire a couple more men—but probably the work would be too heavy for me. I said that when I had rested for a while I could handle it. I would try next day; he could just leave me where I was. He told me where to go. It was only three miles away. Then he laid some more eggs beside me, a whole loaf of bread and a sausage. I had nothing to give him in return except a small pocketknife. He didn't want to take it, but finally he did—probably he realized why I wished it. As he was leaving he gave me, in addition, an old horse blanket.

I hid the eggs under some moss. The bread and sausage I kept close beside me under the blanket. Several times during the night I woke up and reached over to touch them. I could feel, too, the rough edge of the blanket scratching my neck and smell the odor of horses. After that things weren't so bad.

As soon as it was light I dragged myself away from the edge of the road. I was worried about my possessions. In the woods I found a little clearing through which a stream flowed. I stayed there.

I was tormented by hunger now—much worse than in the last two days. But I made a careful division of my supplies. I couldn't run the risk of my stomach's rejecting so much as a mouthful; I needed every crumb to gain strength for the job. The first day I ate very little and remained in the shade. By the second day I was feeling fine; I bathed and lay for a while in the sun, being careful not to get my head in it. Despite my fear that the jobs might be taken before I got there, I spent the third day, too, in the clearing and slept and ate until there was nothing left to eat.

Next morning I went to the railroad. The foreman looked at me doubtfully; but I was in luck: two workmen had been reported sick. He hired me.

THERE were about twenty of us and we lived in a corrugated-iron barracks near the tracks. The first morning I worked like mad, for I saw that the foreman was watching me. By noon I could hardly move and was so exhausted that I ate very little. I was in despair, for I knew that I should soon collapse. I could expect no sympathy. Already one of the workmen, a brawny black dog whom the others called Meck, had taken a dislike to me and showed it. He struck with his pick in such a way that stones kept hitting me on the shins and he made constant references to fine people who thought they were too good for their jobs—they could go to the devil.

It was oppressively hot. The corrugated-iron barracks glowed and our bare backs glistened with sweat. The rails flashed in the sun. The fellow who worked beside me was as strong as a horse and swarthy, with a wild growth of hair around his mouth. He said nothing but now and then he glanced over at me—he noticed how awkward I was. Finally I had to stop. My hands were trembling. The hot sweat on my forehead suddenly turned cold. Then with a grunt he pushed me aside, took my pick and showed me how to do the required work with less effort. "Thanks," I said. "Mug," he answered, not unkindly. I went at it again. The day was endless; but now I knew that I could last it out.

THAT evening I went to the foreman and got two marks advance. In the canteen I bought a package of cigarettes. The man who had helped me was sitting on a tree stump beside the barracks. His name was Heinrich Thiess. I pretended I was coming that way by accident, lighted a cigarette and offered him one. "No, thanks," he said, and spat. Brown. He preferred to chew. I went back to the foreman and traded a couple of cigarettes for a piece of chewing tobacco. An hour later I took this to him.

"It's the thin, dark kind," I said, "flavored with rum."

"You know something about it?" he asked, and took it.

"A little," I said. "But I don't like it—"

"Yes, that takes time," Thiess said.

From then on we ate together in the evening. Sometimes he caught fish in the river and we broiled them on a stick over a fire. He understood all about that sort of thing. Once he baked a hedgehog in clay. He said the gypsies considered it a holiday dish. It tasted strange, but not bad. It would have tasted better if I hadn't known it was a hedgehog. Once when I was a soldier I ate a cat without knowing it. It tasted fine.

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In the evenings when we were through eating, Heinrich used to tell me about his wanderings. He was a vagabond and never worked long in one place. Those were wonderful nights. The air was warm, with a strong scent of flowers, much stronger than by day. Near our barracks there was a garden that belonged to a watchman on the railroad —one of those pathetic little farmers' gardens that you see constantly from the windows of a train. The garden was full of roses in bloom. Their fragrance often blew over to us. Then Heinrich would stand up, sniff the air and wander up and down, his head sunk, big and restive.

He would look over at the railroad watchman's house. The sickly watchman lived there with his wife. She used to sing as she washed her windows in the morning. She was much younger than he. She was healthy and pretty. Heinrich Thiess weighed one hundred and eighty pounds. He hadn't an ounce of fat.

THE black dog, Meck, wouldn't let me alone. He threw a shovel on my foot so that it hurt for two days afterward. He upset my lunch pail. He quarreled with me whenever he could. In the beginning Heinrich Thiess growled at him a couple of times; but Meck wouldn't let up. He hated me, although I tried to keep out of his way. "It's no good," Heinrich said, finally, "you'll have to fight it out with him. I could do it for you, but that wouldn't help. After that you'd have the whole gang on your neck. Come along."

We went into the woods and there Heinrich showed me what I had to do. "His head is hard, I know that," he said, "but his stomach is like butter. You've got to hit him in the stomach and knock his wind out."

At that time there were constant fist-fights in the barracks—either between the workmen or with the farmer boys from the village. Many of us were crazy for women; every Sunday there was a fight. Heinrich had observed Meck carefully. "He'll duck down and come at you from below," he said. "Then you must kick him off and when he straightens up go at him."

We practiced every evening. "Go right ahead and hit," Heinrich said; "I can stand it." He showed me his stomach muscles. When he tightened them they were like iron.

I WAITED a week longer. Then one Sunday it happened. There was a tense atmosphere in the barracks. Meck was beside himself. A girl he had been hanging around had sent him away. All afternoon he had been spoiling for a fight. When I came in he started to take it out on me. He expected me to be quiet as usual, but this time I wasn't quiet. "Shut your face, you dirty dog!" I told him.

Immediately the barracks became silent. Meck came at me, stooping a little, his brows drawn together, his mouth half open. You could see his joy at finally having a chance to finish me up. "What?" he said, glowering. "What was that you said, you punk?"

At one glance I took in the faces in the barracks in the half light of evening. Some were indifferent, some surprised—but in most of them was the cold, hungry expectancy of seeing someone beaten. But I saw, too, the face of Heinrich Thiess. "I told you to keep your dirty face shut!" I roared at Meck.

The roaring was Heinrich's idea. It served its purpose. Meck was startled for an instant before he sprang at me. He hit me on the shoulder, I hit him on the neck. Then he dived to catch me around the knees, just as Heinrich had said. It happened so fast that I should have been done for if I hadn't known in advance. I jumped back and kicked. He straightened up, wavering a little, and I hit him in the stomach before he could get his arms down. He fell gasping to the floor and lay there. "He's had enough!" someone shouted from the corner. "Let him be."

I looked over at Heinrich. He nodded. I saw the circle of faces around me, I saw the gray sacks of straw, the picks and shovels on the wall; through the window I saw the warm late-afternoon sunlight on the meadow as though for the first time—and I realized suddenly that I was shaking. Now Meck could have pounded me to a jelly.

I went over to Heinrich. Suddenly there was a hoarse shout: "Look out!" I jumped aside, the next instant Heinrich sprang up and by me: a blow, a grating sound—Meck was on his knees, a knife in his hand. "Damnation!" shouted the man who had warned me. "Stabbing—he can't get away with that."

Heinrich went at him. He struck like a trip-hammer. It was terrible. The barracks groaned. He went on striking. For some time Meck had been lying on the floor. I couldn't watch it any longer. "Leave him alone," I said. He looked at me as though he didn't know me and shook his head. "Beat it. This is something you don't understand." None of the others moved.

Later I heard that it had been done, not on my account, but on account of the knife. Heinrich was the strongest man in the barracks, and that gave him certain rights and duties which everyone recognized. Just as he could not help me out in a man-to-man fight, so he could not leave unpunished an attack from behind with a knife.

August came. Heinrich and I no longer slept in the suffocating barracks. We had taken our straw sacks out and lay in the open air. Those were unforgettable nights. The rails gleamed in the moonlight. Sometimes a train rushed by with lights and green flares. The stars sparkled, and I have never seen the heavens so vast as over that plain. The ghostly light of the Milky Way streamed over us like the smoke of a giant ship that has disappeared over the horizon.

SOMETIMES when I awoke the stars had wandered—the heavens seemed distorted—the Great Bear had crawled to his feet, and Orion stood on the other side. Then I had the feeling of the earth flying alone through space, silently dwindling beneath me to the size of a ball, and flying in an endless curve in the direction of the horizon into the abyss of the void. So tangible was this vision that I often believed I had to hold myself in place. Then when I had shaken off the dream, I would see that Heinrich Thiess was no longer lying beside me. Often I would sit for a long time staring at the dark woods which swam in the plain like cows in a misty meadow. Toward morning, when the dew fell, sudden and heavy so that it woke you up again, I would sometimes hear Heinrich come back. I knew where he had come from—from the watchman's house where the woman was. I used to pretend I was asleep when he lay down.

Then one evening the watchman was there. I was sitting with Heinrich beside a fire we had made. He was cooking a trout he had caught. The watchman sat down beside us. He was white and sweating. Heinrich acted as though he didn't notice him. The watchman talked about the weather and the heat. Heinrich said nothing. I looked at him. He was apparently undisturbed, but he fussed unnecessarily around the fire. "I'll be right back," I said.

Later I heard what had happened. The watchman told Heinrich that he had been wounded in the lungs during the war.

"Where?" Heinrich asked.

"Arras."

"I was there too," Heinrich said.

The watchman had tuberculosis. He produced a certificate from a doctor which he had brought with him. Heinrich refused to look at it. Quietly and with no appeal for sympathy, the watchman said that he hadn't much longer to live. He said, too, that he had nothing in the world besides his wife. He knew well enough that he was too sick for her. But it couldn't last much longer now, and after all, he had nothing else. . . . Could Heinrich understand that? "Yes," said Thiess. The watchman didn't say much after that. He waited for Heinrich's answer.

THERE was a period of silence. Heinrich stared into the fire. Then he asked again, "Where were you wounded, comrade? At Arras?" The watchman nodded. Heinrich continued to stare into the fire. He hadn't really heard even his own question.

A twig snapped in the blaze. Heinrich looked up. "Ah, yes," he said, as though he had forgotten everything. He looked at the watchman. "But I'll put it up to her myself."

"Good," said the watchman, and got up.

The following night Heinrich came back sooner than I had expected. The Warsaw-Paris Express was just thundering by. The locomotive was a fountain of sparks. Heinrich threw himself on the grass. "I'm shoving off tomorrow, Paul," he said.

I was silent. I had known it would turn out like this. But just the same it hit me so hard I couldn't say anything. "It's about time, anyway," Heinrich said after a while. "I've been too long in one spot."

"Have you told her?" I asked.

"Yes."

I looked down at the misty meadows. "It won't be much help to the fellow down there when you're gone, Heinrich. She will sit around and howl—"

"No," Heinrich said.

I looked at him. He turned over abruptly. "She's had enough of me," he said. "I told her I was married. Wanted to go home. To my wife—"

I nodded.

"She didn't howl any more after that," he said. "She was wild. Rage, you understand? Rage! That'll help her through. She has character, man—damnation!"

We were silent. "Are you really married?" I asked after a while.

"Oh, what chance—" Heinrich said, and pulled up a handful of grass.

NEXT morning he left. "I'll go a little way with you," I said. He shook his head. "Don't. It's better this way—"

It was very clear outside. You could see a long way. "You'll have to look out for Meck," Heinrich said. "You'd better take my sleeping place in the corner. But I don't think he'll make any trouble."

"I don't think so, either," I said.

"Well, then, good luck, Paul."

"Good luck, Heinrich."

I stayed in front of the barracks until he was beyond the woods. He didn't look back.

Three weeks later I, too, moved on.

Illustrated by George Howe

"She didn't howl any more. She was wild. Rage, you understand? Rage!"

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White Blonde

By Mary C. McCall, Jr.

Illustrated by Harry Morse Meyers

Bubbles Fernald was a "show girl." Bob Schumacher was worth three million dollars. So—well, what could you expect from a girl like Bubbles? But Broadway was surprised

THE chorus girls all dressed together in a long room. The six show girls were set apart from the chorus. They were beauties, not dancers. They dressed three to a room —Doris Jose, Jill Vincennes and Mary Margaret O'Gorman in one; Terry Wren, Marvel Poynton and Bubbles Fernald in another.

The six had been in three shows together. They got along very well, knowing each other's affairs, borrowing money and clothes and makeup, often after the show going on parties together if their current men happened to be congenial. They quarreled seldom because they were sure of themselves. They were the six most beautiful, the six best-known show girls in New York. Soon some of them would marry and retire, soon one of them would be a little too old—twenty-three or -four. They'd quarrel among themselves when that time came, but this year they were still serene, still friends.

Bubbles Fernald was born Rita Ignatia Scully. Her picture was more often in the paper than any other of the six. Art studies of Bubbles holding a copper dish, or draped in black lace and looking pensive. She was one of the blond Irish. Her already gold-colored hair she bleached white. Her eyes were sky blue, her lashes black. Her skin was milk white. Up to now, no man had played any conspicuous part in her life.

College boys loved to take her out because it made them feel like men of the world to be seen with her. Seeing her with such small fry, one could clearly foresee the substantial banker or broker or producer who would one day take their place. Already she had learned to wear her rabbit-fur coat with the air which the ermine of the future would really deserve.

BEING signed for Here Comes Charlie was a source of satisfaction to the six. Aaron Nash was a good, solid manager, and Here Comes Charlie was a good, solid revue, for all its flippant title. Behind the dancing, the comedy, the music and the beauty was a great deal of money. Aaron Nash had found an angel for the show. The angel's name was Robert Harrison Schumacher, Jr. He was twenty-seven years old.

Bob Schumacher had always had money, or rather, he'd always had money behind him. Then in the year when he left college, his father had died, and the money was his to manipulate. Bob had backed financial long-shots with a kind of wild bravado which should have landed him in the poorhouse. Starting with three hundred thousand dollars, he was worth now more than three million. Bob's money-making career was an affront to every bit of sound four-and-one-half-per-cent advice which has ever been given to young men.

He had none of the look of the swashbuckler about him. He was tall, but he didn't stand up straight. His shoulders sagged just a little as if he were afraid his full height might annoy the majority of his fellows who were shorter than he. His hair was black and straight, his eyebrows were black and thick, his eyes blue. His face in repose was a bit heavy; his smile changed that. His teeth were white and even, and when he smiled he smiled widely and became, for that quick moment, handsome. But he smiled seldom—because he was shy.

He had been almost completely unknown at college, had failed to make a fraternity. No one had disliked him, no one had sought him out for friendship and conviviality. Now, five years out of this college where he had been obscure and a bit lonely, he still had his diploma and a huge felt pennant on his bedroom wall.

BOB angeled shows because be wanted to be liked. He enjoyed the companionship which his ventures brought him. It was still fun to him to sit in on rehearsals, to be called "Bob" by stars and chorus. He liked to give parties, to shower gifts on the girls. He called them all "Darling," he bought champagne for them and sent all of them flowers.

The very first day when the chorus

casting had just been completed and the whole cast was assembled on the stage of the empty theater, Aaron Nash introduced Bob to the company.

"Girls, this is Mr. Schumacher, who is interested in our show. He's welcome here—out front, backstage—any time."

They talked about Bob in the dressing-room during rehearsals, Bubbles and Terry and Marvel.

"Honest, Red," Terry said to Marvel, "I should think you'd get wise to yourself, seeing a man like this Schumacher. He's got everything. He's nice-looking, clean cut, nice manners, and three million dollars. It's just as easy to go for someone like him, instead of those washouts you always have hanging around, borrowing your last dime."

"I know," Marvel said, "but that's my life. He is nice though. Got a grand smile."

Bubbles didn't say anything. She went ahead with her dressing, setting her white hair into its soft waves, making up for the street with the deftness of years of experience.

"With the quiet kind like that," Terry said, "it doesn't pay to talk them dizzy. Make them talk. They love it. Look at the girls these millionaires marry—the quiet kind, good listeners. The ones who make a fellow feel interesting and important."

"If I had three million dollars," Marvel said, "I wouldn't need any dame in the world to make me feel important."

"Bob does," Bubbles said suddenly. "He's shy."

"That's a fact," Terry said. "He's your type, isn't he, Bubbles? The collegiate kind. Has he asked for your picture yet?"

"Not yet," Bubbles said. "I'm going to give him the one Feldman took, the big head with kind of moonlight behind the hair."

Rehearsals began at eleven. Bob usually dropped in in the afternoon, after the Exchange closed.

Bubbles roomed alone at the Standish, just six blocks from the theater. Usually she was called at ten-thirty, but on the fourth day of rehearsals she left a call for half-past nine. At ten her taxi left her at the Public Library.

BUBBLES had never before been in the Public Library. The library staff had never encountered the like of Bubbles, in a tailored suit and four silver fox skins, stockings which were just the faintest veiling over the whiteness of her legs, shoes with three-inch heels. A tiny hat made of antelope skin perched over the right one of her large, black-lashed blue eyes. Her white hair curled softly, demurely, under it.

The pale young man behind the desk found her the book she wanted, and would have been delighted to turn the pages for her. The book was "Who's Who in America."

Bob's name might not have been in the chunky red volume at all if his fa-

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ther hadn't had a way with railroads —a solider, slower way of amassing a fortune than Bob's pyramiding and plunging. His father was the sort of substantial, self-made man whom his country delighted to honor, and when he died, "Who's Who" took notice of his son.

"Schumacher, Robert Harrison, Jr., s. of Robert Harrison Schumacher (q. v. Who's Who 1915-27) and Jennie (Humboldt) Schumacher. Financier. B. Altoona, Pa., Oct. 23, 1906. Ed. Curtis School. B. A., Walton Univ. 1928. Home 1062 Park Ave., New York, N. Y. Hobbies—fishing, sailing."

"Books about fishing. Why, of course, miss. What kind of fishing?"

"I don't know," Bubbles said, and smiled enchantingly. "Just fishing, I guess."

"Well, I tell you what you do. The catalogue room . . ."

BUT the card index discouraged her. It was full of strange symbols and cross references. Bubbles left the library and taxied north and east to a famous sporting goods store. One whole section of the ground floor was devoted to fishing tackle.

"I wonder if you'll help me," Bubbles said to the clerk. "I wanted to make a present to a gentleman who's a great fisherman." She dropped her eyelids over her extraordinary eyes. Her eyelids were faintly opalescent, like her shoulders, like the skin of a pearl. "It's Mr. Robert Schumacher, and I thought maybe he bought his fishing things here."

Aaron Nash introduced Bob. "Girls, this is Mr. Schumacher, who is interested in our show. He's welcome here any time"

At the end of twenty minutes she bought one set of hooks from the informative clerk—strong, vicious-looking barbs which she didn't give to Bob until many months later. They lay from that day until the time she did at last give them to Bob among her powder-blue chiffon nightgowns in a bureau drawer redolent of a perfume called "Dear Sin."

THAT evening Bob took Bubbles and Jill and Mary Margaret and Joy O'Day and little fat Tommy Church, who was the stage manager, to dinner before the evening rehearsals. Bubbles saw to it that she sat next to Bob.

The menu gave her her opening. "I'll have tuna fish salad," she said, and after that it was easy. "I've always thought it must be the greatest sport in the world, salt-water fishing—game fish."

He was off, then, talking more than he'd talked in years, smiling often that rare and really handsome smile of his. All during that supper he refought old battles off Florida, off Block Island. Bubbles didn't pretend to know too much; an interested sentence now and again was all the fuel his enthusiasm needed.

That night when one show girl of the six was to be chosen to be the Lady in the Moon, Bob leaned over and whispered to Nash, and Nash spoke to the director, and it was Bubbles who was chosen to sit in the moon.

"You're doing all right with Bob, aren't you, honey?" Terry said in the dressing-room.

"Yes," Bubbles said, "I'm doing all right, but. . . ."

"But what?"

"But I'm only started."

All during the tryout week in Philadelphia, Bob bought dinners and late suppers for the company, ten of them, twenty of them at a time. But more

and more often it was Bubbles who sat next to him. Bubbles who walked next to him, Bubbles with whom he talked and laughed. By the time Here Comes Charlie opened in New York, even the five showgirls recognized Bubbles' claim on him.

Then he asked her to late supper in his apartment and he asked no one else.

THE small table was set on the terrace looking out over the city to the light-strewn blackness of the East River and the Long Island shore. There were flowers on the table in a low silver bowl, and there was champagne in a frosted bucket. Bubbles was wearing pink that night, pale pink satin, an edible color, like cream flushed with strawberry juice.

Bob sent Sito, the Japanese man, away after he had served supper. Then, while they were sitting on a sofa before a great Norman fireplace, he asked her to marry him.

"Bubbles," he said, "you're so darn' sweet. You're so beautiful. I've been thinking about you all the time since I met you. Nights when I'm going to sleep I pretend to myself that I have you in my arms. I'm just crazy about you. Would you marry me, Bubbles?"

"Yes, darling," she said.

He kissed her, burying his face in her soft white hair, kissing her eyelids which shone faintly, like a pearl, touching her arms and her throat and her face gently with his big square-fingered hands, telling her that she was sweet and beautiful and that he loved her.

The next day she handed in her notice at the show and in two weeks they were married at high noon in Bob's apartment by the mayor of New York. Mary Margaret and Jill, Doris, Terry and Marvel were sort of unofficial bridesmaids, and Cue Ruggles, the best eccentric dancer in the world, was best man. Bubbles wore cream-white satin and carried white orchids. The groom's gifts to the bride were a sable coat, a town car, and a string of perfectly matched pearls.

Bob was able to get the apartment next to his by paying the tenants a bonus over their rent. That second apartment was Bubbles' suite. The second big room became a game room with a billiard table, a backgammon table, space for four tables of bridge, a radio and a grand piano. The second dining-room and kitchen became the bar and late-supper room.

THERE was a great deal of morocco leather and chromium in these play rooms. Bubbles' bedroom was white, pure white, with a polished black floor and a white fur rug. The dressing-room was pale pink, all of it, ceilings and walls and dressing-tables and lamp shades, the color of that pink dress Bubbles had worn the night Bob asked her to marry him. The dressing-room was lined with closets, and the closets had mirror doors, so Bubbles, dressing with her maid's help, could see herself twenty times, her long, slim, silk-covered legs, her white arms, her white hair, her young breasts and her sky-blue eyes.

Almost every evening the girls and boys from the show dropped in at the Schumachers' for a bite to eat and a few drinks. Bubbles would take the girls into her rooms and show them whatever she had bought or Bob had bought for her since she saw them last. If she didn't invite them in to see these new acquisitions, they asked her to let them see them.

They didn't seem jealous. Bubbles Fernald, late of Here Comes Charlie, became to Terry and Jill, Mary Margaret, Marvel and Doris what the young Lincoln is to the poverty-stricken legislator during his first term at the state capitol.

Bob was different after his marriage, not so shy.

"He looks as if he could eat her up," Terry said. "He certainly is nuts about her. Did you hear the latest thing? They're going to have a boat. 'Would you like to have a boat, honey?' he says, and she smiles as if he was offering her a sack of candy. 'Oh, darling, I'd love to have a boat.' So they're going to have a boat."

Bubbles loved the yacht. She loved the charge accounts, the fur coats, the cars and the apartment. But more than any of her new possessions, she loved the ermine blanket for her bed. Bob gave her that for their first anniversary, that is when they'd been married for six months. She'd had her anniversary present already, a slave bracelet of diamonds set in platinum. Bob said he was going to give her a bracelet like that on every anniversary. He brought a big box into her bedroom when they were alone after the anniversary party.

"Get into bed," he said, "and close your eyes."

(Continued on page 56)

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Marriage for Revenue

By George Agnew Chamberlain

Illustrated by Carl Mueller

The Story Thus Far:

REGIS MULHOLLAND'S brother, upon whom she is dependent, is killed in an accident. Her income is small; she must get a job. Having mastered stenography, she calls on Adsit Abbott (whom she has never seen before) and explains the situation. And Abbott gives her a job with his firm: Abbott, Raglan & Company, stock brokers.

Regis has a sister-in-law: Dora Mulholland. A smooth, avaricious snob, she regards Regis' job as social suicide. Calling on Larry Raglan, Abbott's partner, she begs him to discharge Regis. Raglan declines to coöperate. . . . Raglan's wife is divorcing him. Of the Dora Mulholland type, she is having an affair, secretly, with Adsit Abbott. And Abbott, a Machiavellian worker, is jubilant—for many reasons. In direct violation of the partnership agreement, he has speculated in XL stock, made a fortune. He has involved the firm in a gigantic but shady pool operation. He is quite happy. Until Raglan finds him out—and the firm is dissolved.

Then, forming the firm of Abbott & Company, he makes his plans; as does Raglan, with Raglan & Company, to which he takes Regis, Happy (an office boy) and Kit Bilderback, a reception clerk who worships Regis.

Of much that is going on, Regis knows nothing. She does not dream that Larry Raglan, a lonely man, is seeing a great deal of Dora Mulholland. Nor does Dora enlighten her. But little Kit Bilderback, *suspecting that Regis is in love with Raglan*, does. An accidental, and extremely frosty, meeting between Regis and Dora then occurs in Raglan's office. Learning that Regis is working there, is actually Raglan's secretary, Dora is furious; for Regis is a beautiful girl—a dangerous rival. . . . Regis leaves the office, encounters Abbott, who begs her not to believe Raglan's "misrepresentations" and invites her to go motoring with him. She accepts the invitation, stops for a moment at her apartment house. From a drug-store booth, Abbott phones Eleanor Raglan, says he cannot see her, due to an "important conference."

Meanwhile, Raglan, having explained Regis' new job to Dora's seeming satisfaction, has taken Dora to his home—an ancient structure, far from Park Avenue. She inspects it carefully. Then— "Oh, Larry, it's lovely! I love your dear old home as I *adore you!*"

VI

ABBOTT was driving, his chauffeur having had the sense to disappear the moment he saw Regis accompanying his master. The day being fine and warm, the top was collapsed into its channel and the plate-glass screen lowered out of sight. Thus stripped, the phaëton had a rakish appearance almost menacing in its suggestion of speed. As Regis issued from the house on Washington Square she stopped halfway down the steps, for the car was so beautiful it made her gasp. One could almost imagine sending it off the edge of a precipice at a hundred miles an hour for the sheer thrill of ending everything with a supreme sensation.

Abbott motioned to her to hurry, but watching her descend, he forgot his haste. The odd feeling of beholding a stranger, yet not a stranger—the same feeling which had beset him on the afternoon when she had first seized his attention—came over him again.

On that day she had seemed to belong somewhere, but not there. Now the same note was being struck, but with renewed force. The cut of her sports clothes, the mantle thrown over her arm, the very tilt of her hat, combined to make a foil for an individual in an individual setting. Add a straightness that made him frown—a straightness in her glance, her bearing and in the way she moved.

He frowned because his shrewdness sensed a need for readjustment. Here was no office girl out for a jaunt in borrowed clothes, but a person. He started tardily to leave the driver's seat, but had to compromise by leaning over to throw open the door on her side. She stopped with one foot on the running-board, her eyes plunged into the tonneau.

"Two golf bags!" she murmured, a quick flush in her cheeks.

"Yes," said Abbott slowly, remembering he had had a date for a short round with Eleanor. "Do you play?"

"I used to," said Regis, seating herself.

HERE was need for further readjustment. To gain time he reached over, dragged a light rug from the holder behind him and spread it over her knees. He had planned running her down to one of the general beaches, waiting until they were both really hungry and then proposing a late dinner at a roadhouse on the way back. Now he was quick to perceive that wouldn't do. He could imagine the faint distaste with which she would eye conglomerate humanity, he could see her showing respect to food only if it deserved respect, refusing strange liquor and dancing under protest if at all.

In short, the indications were she would freeze up on him progressively as the evening wore on to its lagging end. At that thought he would have been glad to cancel the excursion entirely, and as they swept up the empty lower reaches of the Avenue he actually balanced the benefits of getting rid of her against the chance of locating Eleanor. The procedure, as he knew by experience, was simple enough; all he would have to do would be to take some infuriating liberty.

But Eleanor, even if found, would probably be in a nasty mood and that consideration was enough to tip the balance toward the only remaining course: since he had given Regis time to change her clothes he would have to take her where the clothes belonged. That decision reached, he felt more at ease and amused himself with trying to establish a division between the girl beside him and her apparel. Clothes are never everything; they can be a shell, a protection, often an exposition, but inside remains the body, forever subject to attack through its five senses.

These are the open gates, guarded by the will alone, and the widest are hearing and touch. He knew better than to touch her, consequently he began to talk and the more he talked the more was she amazed. The content no less than the manner of his speech disturbed her, stirring her to wonder and gradual admiration. Unaware of his deliberate effort at fascination, she felt she must have misjudged him from the start. The exhilaration of discovery, taking possession of her, released the tension of

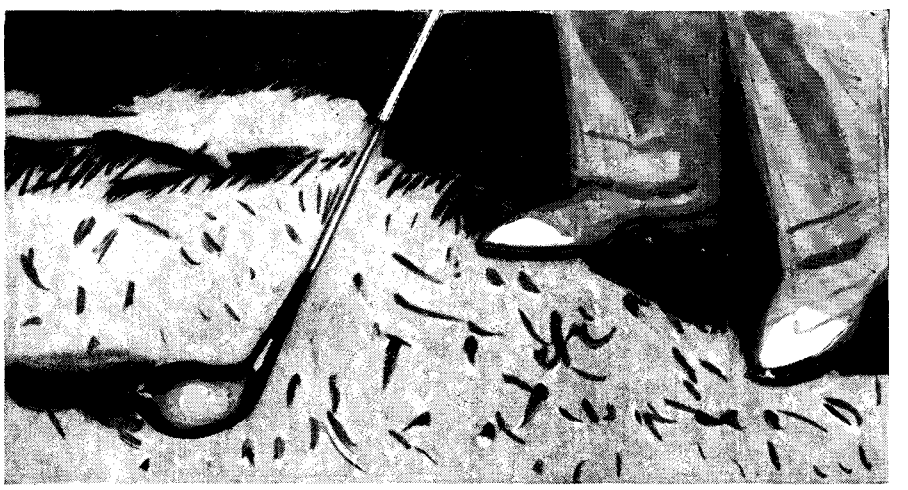
He turned to face Eleanor Raglan, but the mere instant it took him to whirl about was sufficient to restore his poise

her nerves and softened her restraint. She became human, and in exact ratio to her humanity he found he was being admitted to a companionship beyond his aspiration or intention. Frowning, he swung the car through the entrance of the more select of his two country clubs.

"Oh!" exclaimed Regis, recognizing the massive portal of masonry and iron.

CATCHING the inflection in her tone he felt almost rewarded for his temerity in flaunting her amid these surroundings. Eleanor had read him aright. With no necessity for snobbishness, he was a snob at heart, dyed in the wool. Had he met Regis under other circumstances he would have been the first to give her a rush, appreciating every one of her good points at its true value. What he faced now was not a condition but a fact—the fact that his first contact with her had been in an office; worse, in his own office. He knew what construction anybody who shared that knowledge would put on his inviting her for an outing, but he cared little enough for his own reputation and less for hers. What drew his brows into a knot was something quite different—the consciousness that his taking her to this particular club rather than elsewhere was the one sure way to arouse a storm of speculation as to himself. What was at stake was his pride—that strange pride of the uncaught man. Though escape from exhibiting Regis was now impossible, a measure of postponement occurred to him. He swept past the clubhouse and came to a stop as near the first tee as the parking space would permit.

"It's still light enough for a few holes," he murmured temptingly. "What do you say?"



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"Oh, I'd love it," said Regis impulsively, and then her face fell. "But I can't—not in these slippers."

"That's easy," said Abbott; "I'm sure I can buy, borrow or steal your size of sneakers. As for me, I'll just slip on a pair of slacks and we can start from here. Are you game?"

"Well—it would be fun."

Ten minutes later, having divested herself of hat and jacket, she was taking a few practice swings while Abbott watched. A strange look crept into his eyes—a look of admiration mixed with some form of fear he had never before experienced. Her supple body, encased in a tight, bright-colored jersey and cashmere skirt, abruptly came alive. Her eyes shone, her cheeks glowed and her lips were parted in that beatific expression which graces only the moments of utter contentment. He admired her beauty without a reservation, yet feared her person. All his foundations, laid toward stirring other people, trembled ominously at the mere thought that he himself should be stirred in this fashion.

"Your honor," he suggested, anxious to make a start upon perceiving a foursome in the act of breaking up on the near-by eighteenth green.

REGIS turned grave as she approached the serious business of addressing her ball, but she had scarcely started on the back swing when she was arrested by a cry. She dropped the club head to the ground disgustedly and turned, but her face brightened instantly upon beholding a procession coming toward her, the leader on the run. She recognized Nancy Cartright, Elizabeth Bent, Ned Cartright and another young man who presumably was Elizabeth's latest. Nancy was in the van. She rushed up with outthrown arms.

"Regis, you dog, where have you been? I thought you were dead."

"More or less," said Regis, laughing and holding out first her right hand, then her left to the rest of the party. "I'm a working girl now."

"What of it?" demanded Cartright. "You're just as good for sore eyes as you ever were."

"I don't mean the smart kind that can take a day off whenever they like," explained Regis. "I mean work with a capital W."

"Not washing?" asked Elizabeth solemnly. "Because if it's laundry, I've just had a row with Jeannette."

"No," said Regis, her eyes twinkling. "Typing. First I was a typist, but now they tell me I'm a secretary. By the way, you all know Mr. Abbott, don't you?"

It appeared that Abbott knew the two men but not the girls who accompanied them. He was presented casually, received casually, but fell short of feeling casual himself. He sensed an instantaneous change, whether imaginary or real, in the cordial relation between Regis and her friends. Nothing on the surface, no apparent lessening of warmth in glance or spoken word, but nevertheless it was as though the balmy autumnal breeze had been tinged prematurely with evening chill.

The foursome vanished as explosively as it had appeared and presently Regis was once more addressing her ball. She swung too quickly, pressed and foozled; her drive barely trickled off the tee. She laughed, teed again carefully, dragged back slowly, cocked her wrists, bent like a whip to the stroke and sent the club head through in a clean sweep to the full reach of her arms. The ball streaked out straight as a string on a level course, then actually rose before it dropped and started on what appeared to be an interminable roll.

"Christmas!" gasped Abbott. "You're going to make a fool of me."

"Aren't you mixing your tenses, Adsit?" inquired a smooth voice that managed to sound to his ears like a crack of thunder.

HE TURNED to face Eleanor Raglan, but the mere instant it took him to whirl about was sufficient to restore his poise since this was the sort of situation he knew best how to handle. He looked her straight in the eyes and grinned. "Hello, Ellie! Do you know Miss Mulholland?"

Eleanor nodded at Regis. "My driver seems to suit you," she said pleasantly.

"Your driver?" asked Regis with a puzzled glance at the bag of clubs she was using. "Are these your clubs, Mrs. Raglan?"

"I thought they were," said Eleanor, "but apparently Adsit is an Indian giver. That doesn't seem quite fair, though, considering the fun I've had out of them. Let's call him a renting library—your best friend while you pay the dues." Her escort approached. "This is Mr. Reuter. Miss Mulholland, Dirck, and of course you remember Adsit Abbott."

"I surrender your clubs," said Regis quickly. "We were only going to play three or four holes anyway."

"Don't be absurd!" said Eleanor. "After borrowing another set and lugging them out here on the train do you think I want to miss giving them a try? Since the light won't last much longer, why not make it a foursome?"

Abbott moved forward impulsively, but before he could speak Regis had settled the matter in accordance with the ancient courtesy of the game. "We'd be delighted," she agreed promptly. "I'll take another drive."

"No, no," protested Eleanor, "I'd hate to see you spoil that lovely one, and hate still more to see you beat it!"

"All right," said Regis. "How shall we play?"

"As we stand, of course; Dirck and I against you two. That makes it your shot, Adsit."

ABBOTT, scowling, teed and drove with more force than judgment. It was a wild swipe, badly sliced, but by good fortune it struck a tree a glancing blow and bounced back onto the fairway. He could scarcely wait until the others had driven, and then plunged forward alone. He was in a towering rage—one of those rages as inimical to the game of golf as to sound judgment in any other matter. He foresaw an hour of torment and if he could have broken all his clubs at once he would have gladly made the sacrifice to escape. His second shot was no better than the first as to direction but it was a long one, giving him the double benefit of time and motion. His excellent nerves steadied of themselves to a point where he could begin to sense the humor in the situation. Presently, instead of avoiding Eleanor, he sought a chance to catch her alone, out of hearing of the others.

"How did you and Reuter get in here?" he asked.

(Continued on page 38)

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Behind the Headlines

By Ernest Haycox

The story of a reporter who struck a match at just the right moment to alter the course of a girl's entire life

He stood for a bare moment in the pool hall's glow

Illustrated by Irving Nurick

Tony bent near Bill Manners' ear. Bill said, "Thanks, Tony," and went on pushing his glass around

WHEN Bill Manners looked at her that way Eve always went on guard, for behind the man's weary manner was a gentle irony. "I think I understand you, Eve," he said, and bent against her desk, his long fingers tapping on it, his sharp eyes missing nothing.

His visible amusement outraged her and she spoke more forcibly. "Love comes from mystery, from being blind to what the other person is. Take the mystery away—and goodby love."

"So, never give a sucker an even break. Never let him see you wash the back of your pretty neck till the marriage bells ring."

Eve Kerry typed "30" at the end of her story irritably. It was six o'clock, with the linotype machines reverberating in the composing-room above, and the staff people here in the local room moving around in orderly confusion. "We're too much alike, Bill," she said soberly. "We're both realists."

"You?" he said, and grinned. "Not in a thousand years." He was silently laughing at her as he turned and walked by George Gaines at the city desk and passed into the Old Man's office without knocking. His trouble, Eve thought, plainly exasperated, was that he wasn't impressed by anything. He could travel from the top to the bottom stratum in this town without ruffling a hair; his knowledge of people and things had placed a faint, skeptical laughter around his mouth. He had no illusions.

Eve clipped her copy together, put on her hat and walked through the local room with her straight, admirable shoulders touched by the merest swagger, which was like a grace note in smooth rhythm; the smoke-blue coloring of her eyes laid a lovely line across her brow. She dropped the story in George Gaines' basket and went on to the elevators with her lips smiling frankly at the world, homeward bound.

Lettice, her roommate, had beaten her to the apartment; and Lettice, stripped down to a pair of slippers and a kimono, showed the wear and tear of a hot day in a lumber exporting firm's office. Lettice moaned faintly: "My boss is on the Committee of One Hundred and we've done nothing but write civic-minded letters since nine o'clock. Have you seen tonight's story?"

EVE said no, through the shower curtains; and presently came into the kitchenette with her hair knotted tightly on her head and her eyes glowing. Lettice said, enviously: "The world is so obviously your oyster. This was the story I meant. Apparently we have a crime wave."

"We always have a crime wave at this time of the year," said Eve.

"Don't be cynical. You're not the type."

"What's my type?"

"Elaine in the castle tower, waiting for Lancelot to barge by."

"There are no Lancelots any more," said Eve, and looked across Lettice's shoulder at the evening paper. According to the headlines, the Committee of One Hundred had met and issued its warning to the underworld, and beneath the picture of a young, big-shouldered man stood this caption: "Richard Hood, organizer of the Committee, who believes public opinion can lick the gangs."

"Organizing a committee," said Eve impudently at the young man in the picture, "is a time-honored way of getting your name known." Then she reluctantly added, "He's a smooth-looking creature," and went back to the bedroom to dress.

She met Richard Hood later that evening at Fay Lord's house, recognizing him as he emerged from the crowd and came up to Fay. He had a husky roll to his shoulders, and a face that saved him from being just another reformer. It was quite a civilized face, smiling and sharply alive. Eve thought he had no doubts about himself.

"This is Richard, Eve," said Fay Lord in her careless voice. "A young lawyer and a newspaper gal. You two ought to know a lot of scandal."

"You would think of that, Fay," commented Richard Hood.

FAY LORD'S cool eyes touched him—quite personally, Eve decided. People strolled up and were introduced and went carelessly away; people drifted in for a drink and drifted out. It was always alfresco at Fay's place. But Hood stood fast.

"You really remind me of spring, Eve," he mused, and slowly revolved his cocktail glass. "This is impertinent—but what do you think of me?"

"Ask me again, an hour from now," countered Eve, remotely surprised.

Richard Hood said to Fay Lord: "Why haven't I met her before?"

"You will make up for all lost time," mused Fay Lord smoothly.

Richard Hood threw back his head and laughed. It was a good laugh; humor laid its lively pattern across his squarish, educated face. "You know me very well, Fay."

"Shouldn't I?" murmured Fay, and then let her eyes trail around the room. One of her slim shoulders lifted with impatience. "This affair is beginning to sour. Let's run out to Tony's."

"Let's," said Richard Hood, steadily watching Eve Kerry. "All reformers need contact with crime."

The party eddied down to the cars, everyone talking at once. The city lay below, its lights jeweling the clear summer shadows and dying to a firefly wink

(Continued on page 53)

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Photographs by Ifor Thomas, Collier's Staff Photographer

They used to call Fiorello LaGuardia a dangerous radical: time has caught up with him. Now he's mayor of the City of New York—as colorful as ever, but hardly able to believe his eyes

Cinderella in City Hall

By Ray Tucker

Collier's Washington Staff Writer

THE career of Fiorello H. LaGuardia is the fairy story of American politics, as he is one of its most colorful and provocative figures. The new mayor of New York reached his present eminence by breaking all the political rules as casually and deliberately as godmothers armed with fairy wands violate the laws of nature.

It is almost incredible that this violently Italianate rebel with the snapping dark eyes and untamable mop of black hair should emerge as boss of a metropolis where machine politics have tended to blot out the irregular ever since the days of Aaron Burr, most notable of Tammany Hall's founders. Sometimes Mayor LaGuardia himself seems to share Cinderella's fear that the clock will strike midnight and awaken him to a realization that the power and glory and official limousine is just another insurgent dream.

For the politically ambitious he set an example of how not to do it. He rarely conformed to any code or pattern except his own, and he rarely ran or ranted with the mob. He has run for office as a Republican, a Progressive, a La Follette Independent with Socialist indorsement, and a Fusionist. Savage in a speech, sensational in action, fanatically earnest in his passion for reform and social justice, and often too critical of the current national mood for his own good, he has been a taunting, five-foot-four gadfly to both major parties since he entered public life as consul at Fiume thirty years ago.

A Discouraged Reformer

Only a protective sense of humor, utter recklessness of personal consequences, a natural bent for politics and what he calls "guts" saved him from discouragement and dropping out of sight long ago. Then, with almost elemental irony, the voters of his Harlem district denied him reëlection to Congress on the very day in 1932 when they elected a President whose social views run parallel with his own.

Ten months ago he left Washington a defeated and dejected man. Sitting, boylike, with one leg curled under him, he deplored, without bitterness but with keen regret, that his exciting political days seemed to be at an end. Recalling the many fights he had waged for causes which appealed to him as worth while, even though unpopular at the moment, he said in an odd voice, as if he did not want to believe it: "I tell you, it's damned discouraging trying to be a reformer in the wealthiest country in the world."

Fiery, dynamic Fiorello LaGuardia, New York's new mayor and herald of a new order in municipal government

In the afternoon he met a few old friends in his small apartment. His books and statues and belongings were boxed, and it was a cheerless place. Although he is a connoisseur of food, and an excellent cook, his supply of hors d'œuvres was exhausted. "That's politics," he mourned. "Here I am on my last day without food or drinks for my friends."

What made his retirement hardest to bear was the fact that public life is his only hobby. He gets a thrill from the rough-and-tumble of debate and the clash of ideas, and he derives the same pleasure from writing, reading and analyzing legislative measures and documents that other men find in detective stories. For public office he has the same attachment that an artist has for some masterpiece, an actor for some favorite rôle. Even in the most serious moments, the most slashing encounters, he never misses the human elements of humor or tragedy, and with remarkable memory and histrionic instinct he dramatizes these fragmentary incidents—and himself—for his own and others' entertainment.

Detesting the formality of the courtroom—he has impeached more judges than any House member in years—and despising the dank atmosphere of the law office, he forsook the bar to make politics and government his play and profession. Knowing that he took every bill, no matter how trivial, as his special charge, members used to entrust pet measures to him while they skipped out early to the baseball game or the golf course. Although a great fan—Babe Ruth and Tony Lazzeri are his heroes—he goes only when it does not interfere with his official fun.

Even when defeated, he refused to seek a "lame duck" job, which might have been forthcoming, or to return to the law. "I want to do creative work," he cried almost plaintively. "I want to teach or write."

An Experiment Worth Watching

As chief executive of the country's greatest city, he hopes to set an example in the one kind of government at which American cities have made a mess of things. He wants the name of Fiorello LaGuardia to mean something worth while and lasting in the realm of municipal government. His experiments ought to be worth watching, especially as he does not fear the "radical" label. Recent trends at Washington and his own experience convince him that it is an extremely relative term. Like Senator George Norris, with whom he has frequently collaborated, he feels that the times are catching up with him, and he has seen many of his dreams come true.

Now only a few call him "wild" or "irresponsible," as almost everybody used to do, when, with characteristic forcefulness, he says:

"You can't sing the Star-Spangled Banner on an empty stomach! Political freedom and religious liberty don't mean much if you haven't got economic security."

Such plain speaking, especially as it was always accompanied by direct and spectacular action, often hurt him in the past. In the flag-waving days of 1917 he introduced a bill providing death for war profiteers, and he opposed all censorship and espionage proposals. Even when red-white-and-blue Democratic parliamentarians reminded him that President Wilson wanted these weapons for prosecution of the war, he shot back: "Yes, and a very feeble justification for this and other things we will some day regret!"

After serving as an aviator on the Italian front, he rushed back to demand an immediate spiritual and material demobilization of the fighting machine

(Continued on page 43)

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Thunder in the Dust

By Alan LeMay

The Story Thus Far:

ON HIS Flying K ranch, in the Valley of the Witch in Mexico, Tom Cloud is confronted with two difficult situations: He is in love with Kathleen Boyce; and Kathleen has a husband—John Boyce, whose cold cruelties have made his wife loathe him. And the Flying K is being beset by marauders, who are carrying away the herds.

The thieves Cloud disposes of by the simple expedient of taking a Mexican partner—a mysterious personage known as "El Fuerte," who promptly intimidates the raiders into inactivity. But his other problem? Cloud can only wait, hoping.

A strange man, El Fuerte. A swaggering, boastful fellow, his followers adore him. And Tom Cloud observes, presently, that at times Kathleen Boyce seems unmistakably under the spell of El Fuerte's personality, seems almost hypnotized by him. Vaguely perturbed, he wonders *who* the Mexican is, *what he is*. . . . Meanwhile, troubles multiply at the Flying K. By accident, El Fuerte kills the son of old Solano, a neighbor, who, because of his vast wealth and power, is not an enemy to be taken lightly. Cloud knows of that tragedy. He does not, however, know that his new partner (who, with his "secretary," one del Pino, makes numerous mysterious rides by night) is secretly organizing the natives, arming them, *plotting to overthrow the government of Mexico!* "Old Beard," a rancher who likes Cloud, tries to warn him. But Cloud merely laughs at him. El Fuerte lead a great revolution? Ridiculous. "Horsefeathers!" he says—and dismisses the warning from his mind.

Then comes a shock—for Kathleen and Tom Cloud. John Boyce is murdered, shot to death in the Boyce hacienda. One Pepe, a mule-man, is missing. The Rurales arrive. They capture Pepe. He "tries to escape"—and is killed. But Pepe, the mule-man, did not murder John Boyce as Tom Cloud believes. The murderer—as Tom Cloud does not suspect—is—*El Fuerte!* But only El Fuerte knows it. . . . With his partner, Cloud rides to the near-by town of La Partida. A remark made by Kathleen—"Sometimes I think I *hate* El Fuerte"—is vaguely worrying him. Wondering, he follows the Mexican. A fiesta is on. "Come," says El Fuerte, "I have something to show you." His voice is cordial; but his eyes are hard. And Tom Cloud, watching him, prepares for trouble.

VIII

THEY pulled up their blowing horses as they neared the foot of La Partida's street. Before they could enter they had to pass through the welter of a dense encampment, where a hundred or more crude shelters had been improvised of blankets, bits of canvas, boughs, palm thatch and grass. Thirty or forty men rose from their heels to watch them, and a ragged cheer went up as El Fuerte rode by. El Fuerte grinned, made his horse prance, and waved his hat.

They pushed on, stirrup to stirrup, into the thronged street. The people parted to let them pass, and closed behind them again, so that they were the constant center of a moving open space which traveled with them.

El Fuerte rode high in his square bucket stirrups, and the silver on his saddle and bridle flashed brilliant in the sun. He seemed to swell bigger than ever, straighter, broader, more powerful. His left hand worked gently on taut reins, making his pony fret and sidle and pick up its two front feet. His right hand, heavily gloved, waved to everyone, everywhere. El Fuerte grinned broadly, showing all his teeth; his eyes laughed, the eyes of a man who knows when he is in his own country, and appreciated there.

Suddenly an uneasy chill went through Cloud; he could no longer refuse to see that he was looking at a born leader of these people, perhaps a great natural leader. El Fuerte leaned down to sweep up a pretty Indian girl with an arm about her waist, kissed her mouth, and set her down again—and the crowd cheered. There was nothing that he could do that did not please the hundreds who had come to this town, nothing which did not stir them to cheers.

El Fuerte kept pointing out particular men in the crowd. "That's Julio Moreño—you hear more of him pretty soon. . . . That's Manuel del Sol. . . . That's Torreon, the black one; he brings forty men or more. . . . That's Alcazar—he has only twenty, but good horses. . . . That's old Teotac, the Yaqui scout. *Recristo!* There's the old man that answers my Yaqui song that time—remember? A charcoal burner from the hills. *Ay, padrecito mio!* Are those your songs?"

"I never knew Baja had Yaquis," Cloud said.

"No, Mister; they don't grow here, much. But some of these come a long way."

WONDER as to what had brought all these people to La Partida left Cloud's mind, for now he knew. These people were the tinder of action—and El Fuerte was the flame. These people were here because El Fuerte was here; somehow some unknown password—perhaps even a command—had gone out over the long grapevine telegraphs to bring them here—started by del Pino and Bravo, no doubt, but self-perpetuating and self-multiplying, until there was no corner of the hills for a hundred miles where it was not known that a new and great leader called his people to La Partida!

Now an impromptu band gathered behind El Fuerte—first an excitable barefoot singer with a guitar, then four more, then two small boys who drummed intricate trap rhythms upon a box. An enormous bass viol was produced from somewhere; a *mozo* in pajamas carried one end of it, and a little wizened old man under an enormous hat staggered under the weight of the neck, sawing vigorously. They struck up a swinging military song, a marching, fighting song for cavalry; the beat of hoofs and the crack of rifles were in it, together with the wild, long yells of hillmen on the warpath. All along the street voices took up that song, inchoate in note and tone, but full of a swinging, slashing rhythm. What had started out to be a ride through a street had spontaneously turned itself into a celebration, a demonstration, a triumph.

The thing Cloud was looking at was as surprising to him as if it had come in upon his own cow camp. Basically, perhaps, it was *fiesta;* but in its extension it was something more—something of unknown potentialities, that might be as dangerous as a giant diamondback in coil.

EL FUERTE'S spontaneous procession of triumph proceeded the full length of the street; and ended at last before a house with a tile roof, a little more impressive than the others, set almost in the shadow of the church.

This was the house of the La Partida *alcalde*, and a new unrest came into Cloud as he saw that a dense concentration of unencumbered men had focussed here. He saw at once that a sort of headquarters had been formed here for El Fuerte—in the very heart of what official authority was available to this little town.

El Fuerte waved his hat once more to the crowd and swung down from the saddle. A dozen hands disputed for the honor of holding his horse. Cloud followed him as he stepped through the doorway into the cool interior of the tile-roofed adobe. A *cantina* had been set up here in the earthen-floored ell—evidently an exclusive one, for it was half filled with none but spur-heeled horsemen. They fell silent and moved quickly out of the way as El Fuerte strode through.

"Everybody out of here," El Fuerte ordered in Spanish; "bring in only the musicians—everyone else must go."

When half a dozen of the troubadours had been admitted the place was cleared of general riffraff, until only two of El Fuerte's own lieutenants remained—del Pino and the pleat-faced Carlos. The shutters of the deep-set

Illustrated by Ronald McLeod

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windows were already fastened against the heat of the day, and now as the heavy door was closed and barred the interior suddenly became crepuscular.

El Fuerte walked through the house to a little high-walled patio in the rear, where a shallow, open cistern held a placid brown mirror of stagnant water. A lean-to of palm thatch here made a cool and airy place to eat and drink; the sun, splashing through crevices in the thatch, made scraps of brilliant light on the hard-beaten earth below. A fighting cock tied by one leg to a post, fixed bea yes on El Fuerte's feet, bristling combatively as he flung himself into a splint and rawhide chair.

"Now we can talk," said El Fuerte.

Cloud sat down on the opposite side of a little table, rested his elbows on the edge, and looked poker-faced. At a wave of El Fuerte's hand the musicians went across the patio and set up shop in a stable shelter on the other side, squatting about in its dirty straw.

"El Fuerte," said Cloud, "I guess I better be knowing what goes on here."

El Fuerte grinned exuberantly. "What you think of it, eh?"

"I don't aim to think anything until I know more about it."

THE *alcalde* appeared with his arms full; he was a little saddle-colored man with earnest, unperceiving eyes and a bushy gray mustache. He set on the table a big pitcher of *pulque*, two big blue glasses, two little blue glasses, two pottery mugs, a bottle of golden tequila, two different wine bottles.

"There's a boy in the street selling little pieces from a roast calf's head," El Fuerte told the *alcalde*. "Bring the calf's head here."

"*Si, señor.*"

El Fuerte took a stiff drag of tequila and chased it with the sour-smelling *pulque*. Even in the heat of the day nothing ever seemed to affect that man's head. Cloud himself took a stiff snort of the stronger liquor, then made his glass ring on the table top.

"El Fuerte, I realize it's you that got all these people here. Now I want to know what you figure to do with 'em."

El Fuerte smiled with great relish and spread his hands in jovial dissimulation. "How can I help it if they come? You think maybe they come because I am here? Maybe so."

"You sent for these people," Cloud insisted.

"Can I help it," El Fuerte said sententiously, "if wolves follow the lion, and coyotes follow the wolves?"

The troubadours in the shade of the stable shelter were beginning to sing again, crooningly, not too loudly, but with a rich, sustained flutter of the guitars. They were gravitating naturally now into the songs of love and sorrow to which Mexican troubadours are forever turning—esteemed especially suitable now as an accompaniment for the eating and drinking of distinguished gentlemen:

"Nada espero, porque pienso—"

"I hope for nothing, for I think
That your love is like a sigh—"

"What I want to know," Cloud persisted doggedly, "is what comes next."

El Fuerte leaned back with his hands locked behind his head. For a few moments he gazed unwinkingly, almost dreamily, into the blazing blue of the sky. "This is my country," he said. "This is my own country. I have stay too long away."

Suddenly, with a singularly catlike movement, he let his chair down and leaned across the table toward Cloud. His face was exultant, his eyes glimmered. "Mister, I hold Baja in the cup of my hand—so!"

"What the devil are you talking about?"

"You don't know what I'm talking about?" El Fuerte chuckled. He hesitated, then lifted his head sharply, listening. "Come here with me—I show you something more!" He seized Cloud's arm and almost dragged him through the house to the door of the ell, which he flung wide.

From the foot of the street went up the long, hazing yell of the vaqueros, and a dust cloud shot up beyond the throng. Up the broad band of dust between the houses charged five horsemen, the tall figure of Bravo in the lead, the others strung out. The thud and slam of the hoofs upon the dust of the street rose to a rumble, then a drumming thunder that seemed to vibrate the massive adobe walls. The dust sprang up in a choking cloud, obscuring the rear horsemen, and before the roaring hoofs the throng parted alertly, but with that well-calculated leisure of movement peculiar to people who have lived with horses all their lives.

BUT there was another sort of movement all up and down that street—a subtle, instinctive movement, sensed rather than seen. There was no cheering now, and except for the rising thunder of the cavalcade there was sudden quiet. But men not in the way of the horses moved quickly, unconsciously, jerked suddenly alert. In the scant shade of the ancient palms Cloud saw half a dozen men take hurrying steps toward their picketed ponies. A standing horse reared high as a ragged youth seized the reins and vaulted into the saddle. And all up and down that street ran a queer electric thrill, as if an unheard answering drumbeat had sounded in the brains of all these people—a drumbeat that answered the thunder in the dust.

Suddenly Cloud remembered the words of El Fuerte—"I have only to gallop down a street with four or five men at my back, shouting 'Rise *compadres*,' and they will rise and follow, not asking who I fight or where I go!"

And now Cloud knew that what El Fuerte had said was true. Drum of running horses, hazing rebel yells, a few impassioned catchwords of revolt, and these people would swarm into the saddle, wild, reckless and ready to fight—drawn irresistibly by the thunder in the dust.

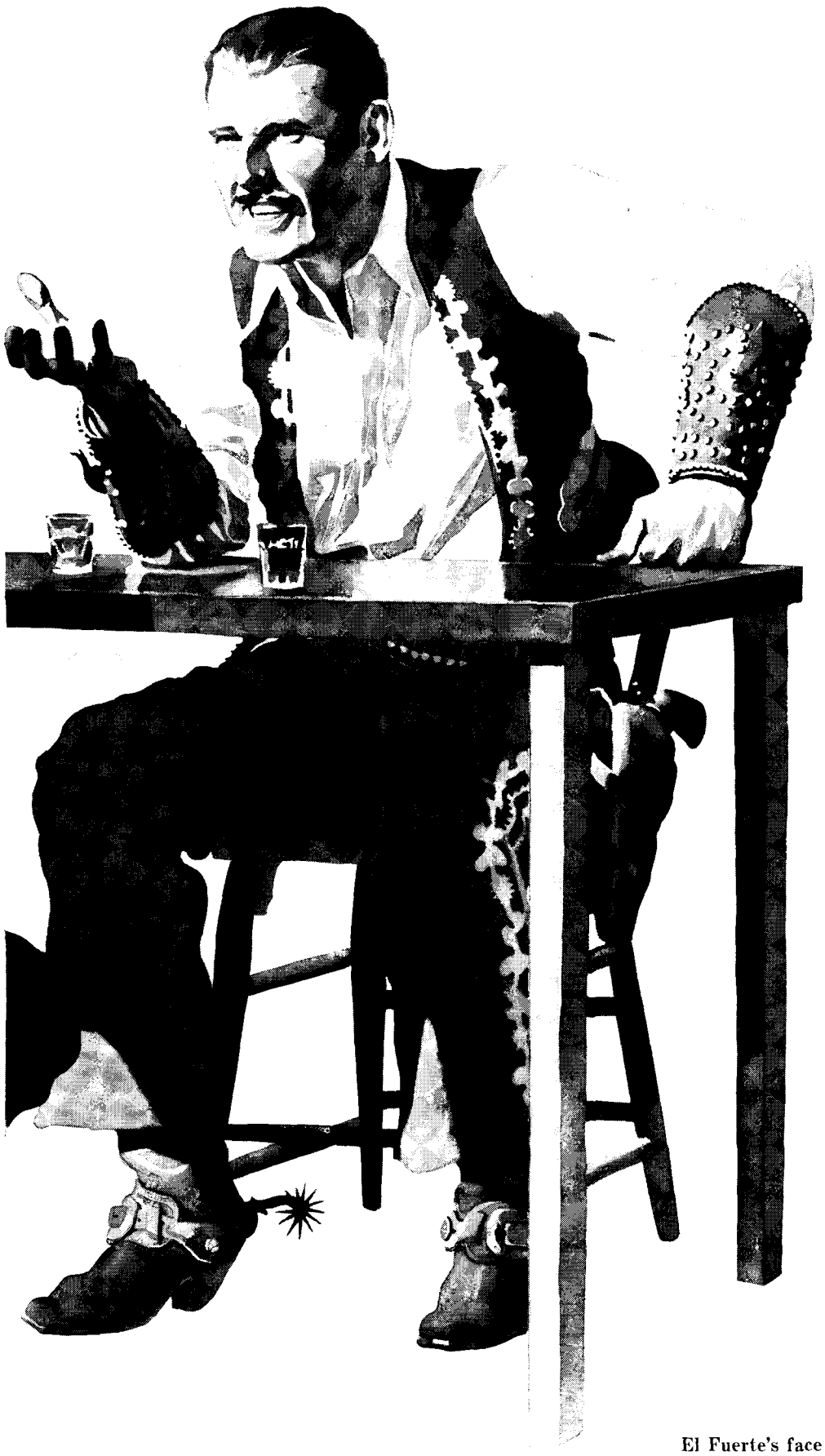
El Fuerte's eyes were on the rush of the dust-ghosted riders, and there was a glow as of red fire behind his eyes. He flung one arm about Tom Cloud's shoulders, clamping him in an affectionate and mighty grip. "This country is our country," he said, his voice purring. "There is nothing we cannot do here, my frand! Nothing!"

He waved gayly at Bravo, but shut the heavy door against the dust as the riders pulled up sliding, with froth-dripping curbs. Expansive and light on his feet, El Fuerte strolled back through the house again and dropped himself beside the table.

FOR a long moment Cloud stared at him. Outwardly he was still relaxed, at his ease; but within he had turned as taut as rawhide stretched, drying in the sun. No joke here now. No blur of distance to make a futile burst of revolt seem funny. No chance to laugh off a thing which, as Beard had pointed out, might well end in the destruction of everything Cloud owned. Nothing here now that was not real, immediate, inevitable. The explosive forces that La Partida contained were as real as the hard, brown, living flesh that filled the street; as real as the reek of sweating horses; as real as the blood that would drip into the dust if these horse people pitched themselves into a crazed war.

Cloud realized now that El Fuerte could raise five hundred armed and mounted men out of this district at a wave of his hat. No chance, either, to smile at the smallness of a revolt started with only five hundred men. Dodging and twisting in these broken hills, five hundred tough riders with a practiced guerrilla leader could cost any government millions of dollars before they were put down. And apparently El Fuerte had succeeded in bringing here

(Continued on page 50)



El Fuerte's face was exultant, his eyes glimmered. "Mister, I hold Baja in the cup of my hand—so"

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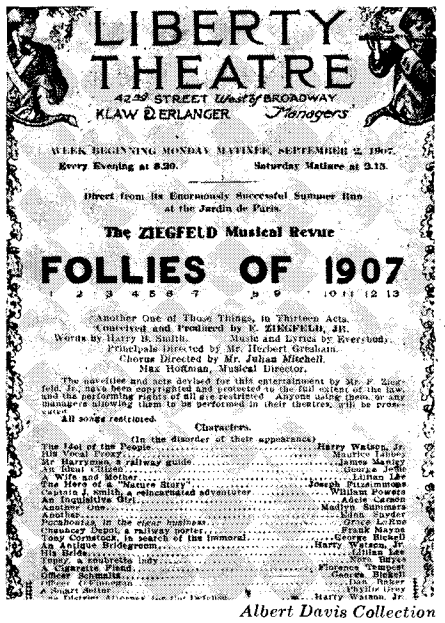
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THEATRE
42d STREET West of BROADWAY
KLAW & ERLANGER Managers
WEEK BEGINNING MONDAY MATINEE, SEPTEMBER 2, 1907.
Every Evening at 8.30. Saturday Matinee at 2.15.
Direct from its Enormously Successful Summer Run
at the Jardin de Paris.
The ZIEGFELD Musical Revue
FOLLIES OF 1907
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13
Another One of Those Things, in Thirteen Acts.
Conceived and Produced by F. ZIEGFELD, JR.
Words by Harry B. Smith. Music and Lyrics by Everybody.
Principals Directed by Mr. Herbert Gresheim.
Chorus Directed by Mr. Julian Mitchell.
Max Hoffman, Musical Director.
The novelties and acts devised for this entertainment by Mr. F. Ziegfeld, Jr., have been copyrighted and protected to the full extent of the law, and the performing rights of all are restricted. Anyone using them, or any managers allowing them to be performed in their theatres, will be prosecuted.
All songs restricted.
Characters.
(In the disorder of their appearance)
The Idol of the People ..... Harry Watson, Jr.
His Vocal Proxy ..... Maurice Tabor
Mr. Harrymore, a railway guide ..... Adams Manly
An Ideal Citizen ..... George Jeffe
A Wife and Mother ..... Lillian Lee
One Hero of a "Mature Story" ..... Joseph Fitzsimmons
Captain J. Smith, a reincarnated adventurer ..... William Powers
An Inquisitive Girl ..... Adele Carson
Another One ..... Madlyn Summers
Another ..... Edna Snyder
Pocahontas in the clear business ..... Grace LaRue
Chauncey Depew, a railway porter ..... Frank Mayne
Tony Cornstock, in search of the immoral ..... George Bickell
An Antique Bridegroom ..... Harry Watson, Jr.
His Bride ..... Lillian Lee
Topsy, a soubrette lady ..... Neon Bryce
A Cigarette Fiend ..... Florence Tempest
Oliver Schmaltz ..... George Bickell
Officer O'Donovan ..... Dan Baker
A Smart Setter ..... Phyllis Gray
Harry Watson, Jr.
Albert Davis Collection

The Follies of 1907 was the first of many successful Ziegfeld revues

Culver

Ed Wynn in the 1927 George White production, Manhattan Mary

Albert Davis Collection

A literary conference. Eddie Cantor, author, and Flo Ziegfeld, critic

Culver

Bert Williams, comedian, the greatest entertainer of his day

Ziegfeld and his Follies

By Eddie Cantor
and
David Freedman

Anna Held wasn't starred in her first American performance—Ziegfeld was too clever a showman for that. Instead he buried the name of the little French girl deep down in the program and let the critics and the audience believe they had discovered her. Here is the story of the first Follies and a back-stage view of that première of premières — a Ziegfeld opening

FROM 1896 to 1910, America successfully fought through the Spanish-American War, annexed the Philippines, overcame the 1907 panic, but in turn was conquered single-handed by a little French invader, Anna Held. For a generation America succumbed to the Anna Held craze. There were Anna Held corsets, facial powders, pomades, Anna Held girls, Anna Held eyes and even Anna Held cigars.

She toured the country like a conqueror and no matter where her private car stopped, she had to step out on the observation platform and greet laborers and shop girls who had waited since daybreak to catch a glimpse of her before reporting for work. Anna Held was the most buoyant and cheerful spirit that ever swept across our stage. To this day stage-hands doff their hats at the mention of her name.

When Florenz Ziegfeld first met Anna Held she was twenty-two. She had already achieved a measure of fame in every capital of Europe and was a guest-entertainer at the homes of peers and royalty. Up to that time she had overcome all the obstacles prescribed in every success story. Instead of marring her beauty, the struggle had only enhanced it.

Anna was a child of grim poverty, born into a French glove-maker's family already sagging under the burden of six other children. Her emotional, passionate qualities were contributed by her mother, a Polish Jewess, and her vivacity and wit came out of the common heritage of France. In the early days while sewing buttonholes in a dreary Paris factory, she dreamed that Sarah Bernhardt's queenly mantle would slip gracefully around her chic and voluptuous form. She was convinced that she would become a great tragedienne.

Her father failed in the glove business and was given a chance to open a restaurant. He failed again. Then he failed in health and was not given another chance. Anna's widowed mother took her seven children to London, where she had some relatives, and they all piled into a single room near the Princess Theater on Oxford Street. There Anna received her first job on the stage. She was engaged not as a tragedienne, but as one of the chorus. She couldn't speak English, but her beauty was eloquent in any language.

Later she joined a traveling company, played in Holland and Germany and finally made her début in Paris in 1889 at the age of sixteen. She could sing Spanish, French, German and Polish songs and her art of pantomime made them universal.

After Ziegfeld signed Anna Held for her first appearance in America, he promptly ignored the fact that he had no money. He was sure he had a sensation in Anna Held. Along with her he had a great comedy team, Evans and Hoey. He also had decided on the vehicle. The rest was simple. He cabled Diamond Jim Brady and there was the money!

Flo always knew men of finance who helped him readily and lavishly. While they never understood how one human being could spend so much, I'm sure they had a vague feeling that he was the only person who used money wisely. For just as Midas' touch turned dross into gold, Ziegfeld's touch turned gold into dreams.

That Beauty-Bath Ballyhoo

Even Abraham L. Erlanger, who could calculate faster than and as accurately as an adding machine, sensed the mysterious magic of this man and in some of the later Follies shrewd Abe put up as much as one hundred per cent of the production costs for only thirty-seven and a half per cent of the profits.

Ziegfeld did not star Anna Held on her first appearance. After stirring up an intense public curiosity about this unique little singer of songs who had taken Europe by storm, he let her drop modestly out of sight. This was masterly showmanship. He gave the starring position to Evans and Hoey in the revival of Hoyt's famous farce, A Parlor Match. Then he featured Miss Minnie French and Miss Allene Crater, who played the ingénue and later became Mrs. Fred Stone. He announced three new faces—Beatrice Tate, Millie Tate and Gracie Scott. He proclaimed the Helene Sisters, who would appear in specialties.

Then, as if it were an afterthought, he said there would also be Mlle. Anna Held. She would sing a few French songs during the entr'acte and translations could be found in the program. This humble introduction made her triumph twice as sensational. It gave the critics and the audience a feeling that they had discovered this obscure little performer and lifted her out of the crowd onto their shoulders. Once she had scored her sweeping success, he set the machinery of ballyhoo into motion.

Suddenly a lawsuit was started against him by a milk dealer in Brooklyn. He charged that Zieggy had failed to pay him for fifty cans of milk delivered to the Hotel Marlboro at the rate of two cans a day. People wondered why Flo should want to drink the output of six cows every twenty-four hours.

An enterprising reporter traced the mystery to Anna Held's apartment. Then the story leaked out. Nobody drank the milk. Anna Held bathed in it and Zieggy put in a defense that the milk was sour and spoiled her complexion.

The Anna Held beauty bath became one of the classic publicity stunts of all time and was as purely imaginary as his most fantastic themes in the Follies. A Ziegfeld press agent had arranged the entire hoax, including the suit. Yet many misguided women afterward bathed in milk and felt sticky all over.

Anna Held's ability entitled her to the rank of an international star, but Zieggy occasionally applied the star-polish and brightened its luster. Her most famous songs were Won't You Come and Play Wiz Me? and I Just Can't Make My Eyes Behave. Neither could Flo. A year later they were married.

After A Parlor Match, which opened at the Herald Square Theater, September 21, 1896, she appeared in a series of light farces that made box-office history. La Poupée, Papa's Wife, The Little Duchess, The Parisian Model and Miss Innocence were some of her outstanding successes. Wherever she toured she broke house records.

Broke Again

Anna's one failure was Mlle. Napoleon, and oddly enough, it was Zieggy's most extravagant production up to that time. It cost him $175,000, and while it did capacity business at the tryout in Philadelphia, it slumped to the dimensions of a total flop in New York.

Opening night Zieggy stood in front of the theater just before the curtain went up. Jake Fields, a famous Wall Street operator in his day, approached him and said, "How are things, Flo?"

Zieggy replied quietly, "I'm afraid there won't be a show tonight."

"Money trouble?" inquired Fields.

Flo nodded and Fields wrote him out a check for twenty thousand dollars. The show would have gone on just the same. But I guess Zieggy was simply practicing not to lose his power over men of finance.

In 1904, when Anna Held appeared at the Weber and Fields Music Hall, Flo was rich enough to retire. He had money in many banks, and villas scattered over the face of the earth. He went to Paris, Biarritz and Trouville. Then he went to Monte Carlo.

(Continued on page 26)

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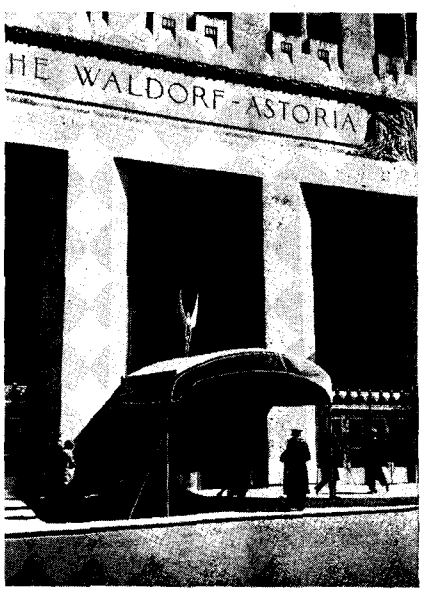
8000 Feet of Evidence

Shows the Waldorf How to Build its Bars



New made-to-measure beverage units "follow the lead" of a mile-and-a-half of Monel Metal food service equipment in New York's most modern hotel

CHIEF of the Waldorf's public dining rooms are the Empire Room, the Sert Room and the Norse Grill.

The food served in these rooms is prepared in the Waldorf's ultra modern kitchens.

Kitchens outfitted with the last word in food equipment. Arranged to minimize lost motion and wasted steps. Furnished for swift production with least effort. Patterned after an automobile assembly line.

Splendid Service Record

From oysters to ice cream, every dish is handled on, or served from, Monel Metal. Shelves, cooks' tables and plate warmers are all made of that silvery Nickel alloy. Refrigerators are lined with it.

And when Repeal came along, calling for beverage dispensing equipment, Monel was the material chosen by the hotel's executives.

The specially-built bar that dispenses beverages to the Sert and Empire rooms, the cocktail bars in the Norse Grill and in the hotel's beauty parlor, and the portable bars that are wheeled into the various private banquet rooms, are *all* Monel.

And why not? Nearly 8,000 running feet of Monel Metal equipment in three-times-a-day use for the Waldorf's *food* service testifies to Monel Metal's fitness for *beverage* service.

Even on their cooks' tables the Waldorf's executives couldn't find a sign of rust or corrosion. They concluded that Monel *must* be the best possible material for bars. They haven't discovered anything that dulls its platinum-like sheen: neither lemons, limes, oranges, charged water, ice, brine, eggs, fruit or syrups.

Strong, Solid, Wearproof

Cleansers . . . even the harsh, gritty, alkaline cleansers used in the hourly clean-ups of a big hotel's kitchen . . . can't mar Monel. And, since it is a solid metal, with no surface coating to chip or peel, the coarsest cleansers can't *wear away* its good looks.

The Waldorf's five tap bars, where beer, ale and porter have been dispensed since last spring, prove the toughness of Monel Metal and show how it stands up in beverage service under the punishing bangs of heavy steins and seidels.

Not only the Waldorf but thousands of other hotels and restaurants have discovered that Monel, preferred above all other materials for food service equipment, is obviously *the* metal for bars.

It is not surprising that hotels, restaurants and other big scale "housekeepers" use Monel Metal so extensively. Think how *grand* Monel is in the modern scientifically planned kitchen of your own home; for sink, cabinet tops, table, range top, and kitchen tools. And down in the basement; for hot water tank, washing machine and laundry table.

• • •

Actual illustrations of recent installations, data on newest developments, and a wealth of interesting facts about beverage service installations for hotels, restaurants and clubs are available to interested executives. Write for literature containing latest information.

THE INTERNATIONAL NICKEL COMPANY, INC.
73 Wall Street New York, N. Y.

MONEL METAL

Monel Metal is a registered trade-mark applied to an alloy containing approximately two-thirds Nickel and one-third copper. Monel Metal is mined, smelted, refined, rolled and marketed solely by International Nickel.

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"All right Mr. Chrysler, we'll look at your 1934 Plymouth Six"

"But don't think we're going to be easy to sell. We'll spend our hard-earned dollars in a hard-headed way."

"WE'VE HEARD ABOUT your new Plymouth, Mr. Chrysler. And frankly, we're interested.

"We're one of five million families. Just a young couple needing a new car . . . but without a lot of money to spend for one.

"We've watched Plymouth grow. To tell you the truth, we think Plymouth is going places.

"That's why we're starting out today, to see what your 1934 car is like.

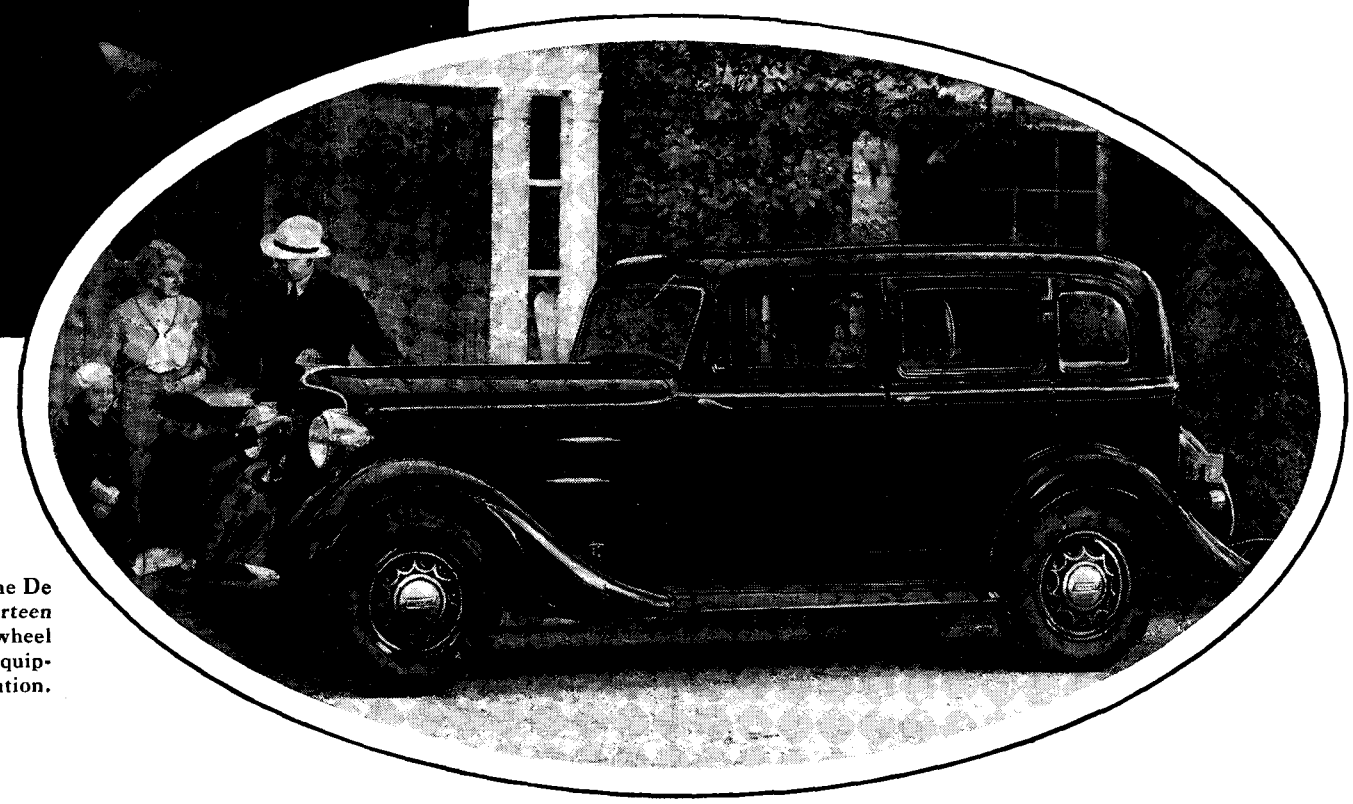
"We want a sturdy car . . . so we can keep it a long time. We want one that's economical, too; we can't afford a gas eater. Or one that's always in the shop

"We've got a couple of youngsters . . . so we want room. We want comfort, for them and for ourselves. And you can bet your bottom dollar, we want to feel *safe* while we're riding. That's one reason why Plymouth appeals so much to us.

"And let us make this point perfectly clear — we know you build good cars, but other people do too. We want our money's worth. We want economy, safety, performance and above all value.

"So, Mr. Chrysler, we will look . . . and if you have got the goods, we'll buy."

What do Mr. and Mrs. America want in their next automobile? Read what they say above — see how it compares with *your* wants — and then read Walter P. Chrysler's answer and his description of the New Plymouth Six.



America's biggest low-priced car . . . the De Luxe Plymouth Six. One hundred and fourteen inch wheelbase, 16-inch wheels and Airwheel tires as standard equipment. Regularly equipped with perfected all-weather ventilation.

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"That's Fine—AND I KNOW IF YOU RIDE IN A PLYMOUTH, YOU'LL BUY IT!"

"Because Plymouth is the Best Engineered Car in the Low-Priced Field... Because it's the only car with Individual Springing, Floating Power, Safety-Steel Body and Hydraulic Brakes."

"YOU'RE QUITE RIGHT in what you say. I think people have stopped taking cars for granted . . . or buying them from habit.

"They're looking and riding . . . and that's why our Plymouth has been so successful.

"This year the ride is particularly important. Our engineers have eliminated the old front axle. They have given each front wheel its own individual spring.

"Our great effort has been to build an easier riding, more comfortable car. And remember . . . we have the individual front wheel springing on ALL Plymouths. Even in the lowest-priced models, it is standard equipment.

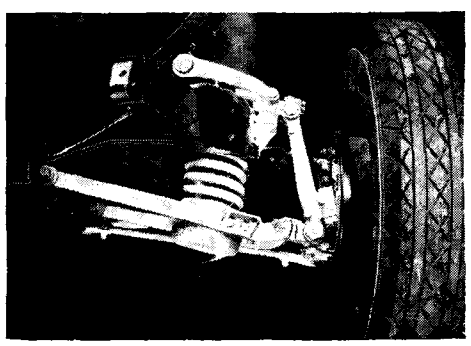
"In addition, we have given you a 77 horsepower engine . . . which is 7 more horsepower than last year. The bodies are bigger . . . the whole car very much more beautiful.

"And right here I want to stress one point. Again in 1934 Plymouth will be the only low-priced car with Floating Power engine mountings, Safety-Steel Body of steel reinforced with steel and Hydraulic Brakes. Only in Plymouth can you get these 3 vital features.

"Naturally, I think this new Plymouth is a fine car. I think it's the best engineered car in the low-priced field. But you must be the judge. I hope everyone interested in automobiles will ride in a Plymouth before they buy."

Walter P. Chrysler, famous automotive engineer and builder, invites you to see the 1934 Plymouth Six that will be displayed soon.

Perfected ventilation—on all De Luxe models—the whole front window drops and the windshield opens. Comfort in all kinds of weather.



Individual Front Wheel Springing as used on the Plymouth is simple, rugged and reliable. It ends the bumpy ride, does away with shimmy.

On display Soon—

AT DODGE, DE SOTO, CHRYSLER DEALERS EVERYWHERE

NEW PLYMOUTH SIX

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(Continued from page 22)

Toward the end of 1906 he was ready to return—broke again. It seemed that on the eve of every great effort he had to be broke. He had no money before he discovered Sandow. He was wiped out before he found Anna Held. And now he was clean once more. Zieggy set to work to make his third and greatest fortune.

While abroad he had seen many European revues. Most people believe that the Folies Bergère gave Flo the idea for his Follies. That isn't true. Zieggy considered Parisian revues altogether too daring for the American taste. Besides, it worked the other way. The Ziegfeld Follies achieved such international fame that the Folies Bergère, which had never been a great success, basked in the reflected glory.

Flo's Indecision and Extravagance

It was Anna Held who inspired Flo to undertake his first Follies. In fact, the original beauties of his chorus were known as the Anna Held Girls. She told him: "Your American girls are the most beautiful in the world, if you could only dress them up chic and *charmant*. You could do a much better revue than the Folies Bergère in this country."

Spurred on by her, Zieggy went abroad and selected six French dancing girls as the nucleus for his show. Anna Held was then playing in The Parisian Model at the Broadway Theater. After the performance Flo gave the girls an audition. In the theater, besides Anna and Flo, were three men closely associated with him. One, Frank McKee, was to own a third interest in the Follies, and A. L. Erlanger another third. Jerry Siegel represented Flo.

Siegel, a typical Broadwayite and bon vivant, was a genial companion for Zieggy and handled his financial affairs whenever the latter went abroad to secure talent. Siegel's job was to stay home and receive a flood of cables and letters concerning the all-important question of money, for Flo would invariably be stranded and need the fare to get back.

This select little audience sat down to watch the French dancers. The girls did some lively stepping, but Zieggy *shipped them back to Paris.*

It was a typical Ziegfeld experience. He was destined alternately to buy and discard more talent, costumes and scenery than any other ten producers. He once decided to import the famous Lilliputians, a midget act from Europe. For six weeks he hammered away at his press agent, burning up the wires to get publicity for his Lilliputians. Finally they arrived in a blaze of glory. That night he saw them in the show for the first time. Immediately he started to work to throw them out. They had an iron-clad contract, but for six weeks he burned up the wires to reduce the midgets' act until it was finally erased from the show.

Zieggy's greatest difficulty was to make a decision. Lew Brown, the song writer, once came into Flo's office and noticed a large box of licorice candies. "I didn't know you liked licorice drops," observed Lew.

"I'll tell you why I eat them," said Zieggy. "They're all black so I don't have to make up my mind which color I like best."

This very indecision involved him in vast extravagance. Rather than lose a good thing he would take ten bad ones along with it. Joseph Urban, his scenic creator, told me that Flo was like a man who gazed at a jewelry display in a window, couldn't decide which stones to buy, so he bought them all. Then, by a process of elimination, he kept two or three stones and threw the rest away.

When Flo put on a show, art triumphed and business held the bag. Sometimes there were as many process-servers in front of the New Amsterdam Theater as ticket speculators. Zieggy had an almost pathological disregard for piling up debts. He told me once, "There ought to be a sign on every letter-box, 'Post no bills!'"

But he always paid when he could. He never intended to defraud any creditor, and, in the sum total of his ventures, he made more for others than for himself. But primarily he was always putting on a show and no emperor entertained his guests more generously than Zieggy did his.

No wonder that the three words in the English language which Ziegfeld liked most were, "Glorification—Femininity—and Pulchritude." If he saw the word "Pulchritude" in a press agent's story he didn't read any farther. He knew it was O. K.

But from the way the Follies started, no living soul could ever have predicted its ultimate development. On June 9th, the Jardin de Paris, a small variety house perched on the roof of the New York Theater at Broadway near Forty-fourth Street, announced its weekly vaudeville bill. At the bottom of the ad in a single line of small type this note appeared:

"Very soon—the Ziegfeld Revue—Follies of 1907."

A Summer Success

The Jardin de Paris was a small roof-garden with a stage, an orchestra of fixed seats surrounded by a semicircle of tables where guests could order sodas while watching the show. When it rained people brought umbrellas which they held overhead during the performance to keep out the water that leaked through the dome.

On the evening of July 9, 1907, the first Follies opened with the following cast: Emma Carus, the Sophie Tucker of her day; Grace La Rue, a singer who later married Hale Hamilton, the actor and playwright; Bickell and Watson, a burlesque team for whom this was a Broadway début; Mlle. Dazie, Charles J. Ross, Lillian Lee, Dave Lewis and several others. The chorus consisted

(Continued on page 47)

Culver

Anna Held's ability made her a star, but Ziegfeld occasionally applied the star-polish to brighten the luster

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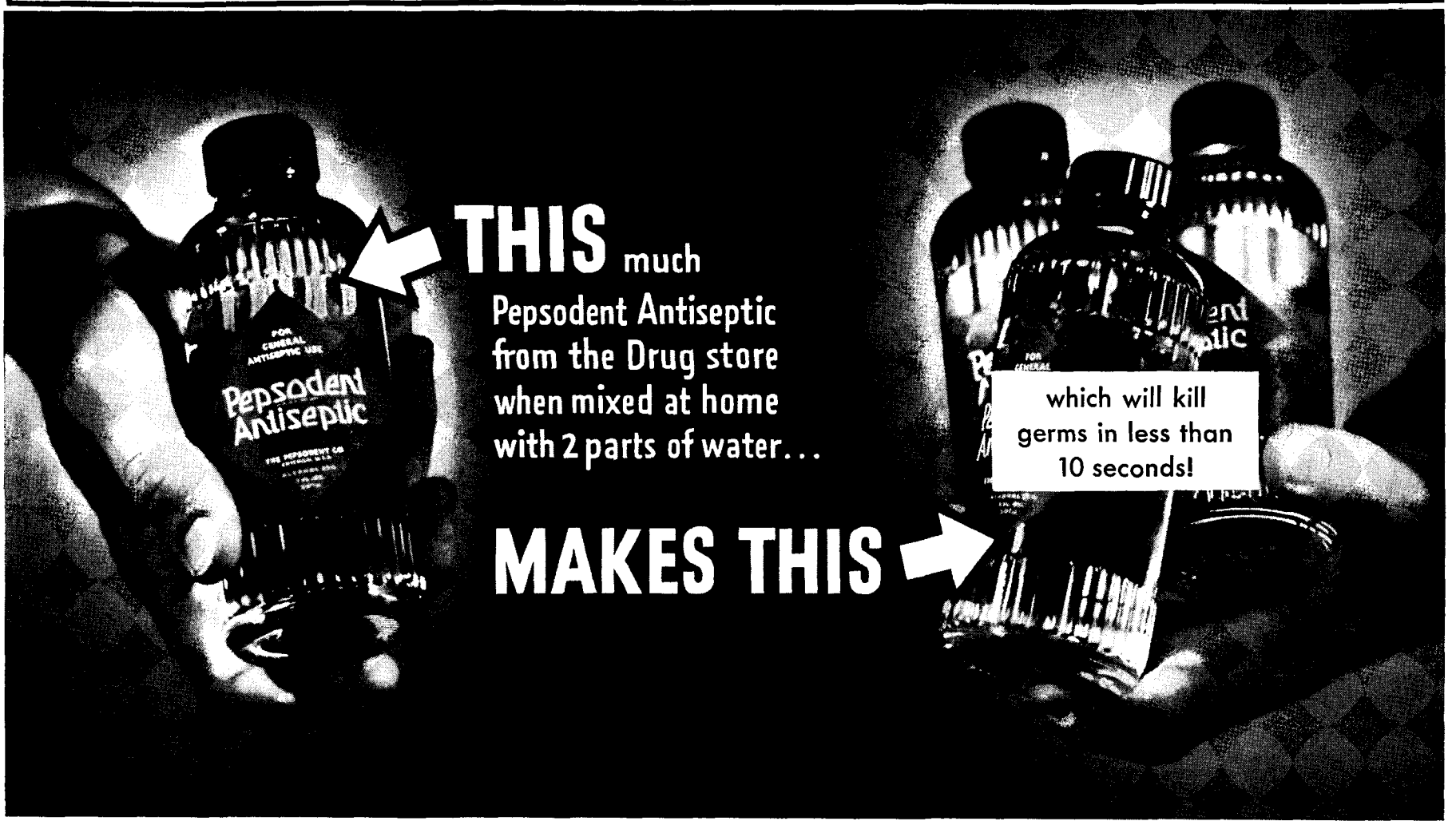
A lesson in Saving Money

See why 50c worth of Pepsodent Antiseptic equals $1.50 of other leading kinds.



Pepsodent Antiseptic gives you 3 times more for your money

Because—Pepsodent Antiseptic is 3 times more powerful in killing germs . . . therefore it goes 3 times as far when mixed with 2 parts of water

IT'S just plain common sense that's causing millions of people to switch to Pepsodent Antiseptic. Instead of buying $1.50 worth of ordinary antiseptics, they buy 50c worth of Pepsodent. Then they add 2 parts of water and put $1 in their pocket. That's a great discovery in these times.

People have found, too, that Pepsodent gives greater protection against germ infections, colds and unpleasant breath. This extra health protection and extra money-saving are the results of Pepsodent's astounding germ-killing power.

What you ought to know

What you should clearly have in mind is this: *there are two kinds of mouth antiseptics.* One kind kills germs when used full strength. It should *not* be mixed with water—even in equal parts.

But Pepsodent—the other kind—can be mixed with water. Two equal parts of water can be added and *Pepsodent will still kill germs in less than 10 seconds.*

Thus Pepsodent goes 3 times as far. Gives you 3 times more for your money. Makes $1 do the work of $3. That saving mounts up mighty fast!

Be safe!

Saving money is only half the story. Diluting weak antiseptics fools you by a false sense of security. When treating colds it's better to be safe than sorry. That holds for unpleasant breath (halitosis) as well. The assurance of a pure sweet breath for 1 to 2 hours longer is what Pepsodent Antiseptic offers you by virtue of its greater power and higher efficiency.

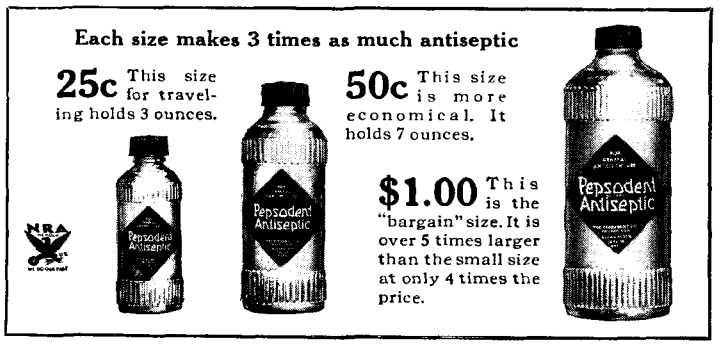
Use the antiseptic that is *safe* when used full strength—but still kills germs when mixed with water. Rely on Pepsodent Antiseptic. Science's greatest discovery in antiseptics in the last 50 years. Be safe—safeguard your health and save your hard-earned money.

Each size makes 3 times as much antiseptic

25c This size for traveling holds 3 ounces.

50c This size is more economical. It holds 7 ounces.

$1.00 This is the "bargain" size. It is over 5 times larger than the small size at only 4 times the price.



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A Snack in Time

By Ruth Seinfel

Here's how to prepare for the unexpected—quick ways of concocting surprise dishes for guests who turn hungry at odd hours

Photographed for Collier's by Redell

A simple midnight lunch: Cheeses of many sorts and crackers to eat them with. Good? Try them!

WHEN the hour is midnight or thereabouts and there is a look in the guests' eyes that suggests it is time to eat, it's the simple things from the larder that the hostess can dress up on the inspiration of the moment that make the hit—as one Manhattan gentleman-about-town will sadly testify. Not long ago he gave a party in honor of a great lady of the stage and screen. The chief ornament of his table was a jellied duck—a magnificent, a resplendent duck which had been prepared to his order and of which he was justly proud.

There were other things to eat, of course, sandwiches and salads and miniature hot dogs, very small but still recognizable. At the end of the evening everything was gone, devoured—except the jellied duck. It stood on the despoiled table, alone and unsullied. And, somehow, pathetic. Since then, every time a jellied duck appears at a party in that set, the rumor goes around that it is the same jellied duck, being rented out by its owner in the forlorn hope of getting rid of it.

It may be awe of such a magnificent dish that keeps the guests from cutting into it, but whatever the reason, it is the simpler things that are always sure to be eaten. And their success depends not on hard work, but a flock of little tricks for making ordinary things taste extraordinary.

Antonie Dadone, who himself supplies whole roast guinea hens, pheasants and grouse and what not for big supper parties, speaks with enthusiasm of simple things to eat, and, like many connoisseurs of foreign origin, he has more respect for strictly American delicacies than have Americans themselves.

"For instance, American cheese spread on crackers or toast, with a sprinkle of Worcestershire sauce, placed under the broiling flame for a few minutes—it is an excellent dish," he says. "And for sandwiches, there is nothing more delicious than ham."

And when Mr. Dadone says ham, he means not the aristocratic imported Westphalian or Italian varieties, but our own Virginia. "*Mamma mia!*" exclaims Signor Dadone while slicing the rosy meat and delightedly sniffing its fragrance, "but it is a delicacy!" And he recommends it for all occasions, even the most elegant.

The same with the shrimp. The shrimp is an American crustacean that has been sadly neglected, he holds. The shrimp is superior in flavor to crabmeat and lobster—take an expert's word for it—and it is far less expensive.

A can of shrimps in the pantry can be invaluable to an impromptu hostess. She may wish to serve them in salad, or to chop them and make a sandwich spread. Or she may, on a cold night, prefer to prepare something hot. So much the better, says Mr. Dadone. Let her make curried shrimp.

Mr. Dadone recommends that little ones be cut in half lengthwise to keep their graceful crescent shape, and then quickly browned in a little butter in a pan, together with salt and pepper to taste. When they are brown, add a small tablespoonful of curry powder and a cup of cream, give them five minutes to simmer and serve them at once on toast.

Veal or lamb kidneys, sweetbreads or thinly sliced meat can be prepared with equal speed and success. Brown it or them in butter, not forgetting to season; then add one cup of chicken broth or water, and a small glass of sherry, Madeira, Marsala, or—in the manner known as Bordelaise—red wine.

There's Nothing Like a Hamburger

These are French classics. There is an American classic which has been developed by a certain famous showman to an equally inspired level. If you should ask S. L. Rothafel—Roxy to you and us—he would tell you that there is nothing, after all, like a hamburger steak.

But when Radio City's Roxy says this he is very nearly right. There is practically nothing like one of Roxy's hamburgers.

The first step toward the perfect hamburger involves the right cut of meat; it must, says Roxy, be either chuck or round steak. Next, it must be chopped. Not ground in a meat grinder, mind you, but chopped by hand in the pre-machine-age way with a couple of old-fashioned cleavers. A large Bermuda onion should be chopped with the meat. Also, there should be included a few fragments of grated garlic and a small quantity of water, just enough to keep the meat moist and smooth-textured.

Now a bit of butter in a hot spider—the fire, however, should not be too hot—and in goes the meat, molded in a flat pancake just about five eighths of an inch thick. Let it lie for about twenty seconds, then with a smart twist of the spatula turn it over and let it lie on the other side. Turn it thus at twenty-second intervals, three or four times, and by that time it should be exactly right, with a thin thread of rare meat running through the middle. You know when it is done, says Roxy, just as you know the precise moment at which to ring down the curtain on a scene. This, with soft rolls and butter, dill pickles, and a bottle of beer for those who like beer, is the ideal midnight meal as evolved in Rockefeller Center.

There is no shame in seeking the coöperation of the corner delicatessen; the only shame is to allow anything to "taste delicatessen."

"You don't just dump things out of a can. You trick them out, to make them just a bit different." Thus simply does Ruth Hammond, one of the leading members of the association of impromptu hostesses, enunciate an entire philosophy of emergency cookery.

Miss Hammond, who is Mrs. Donald MacDonald outside the theater, has a number of tricks up the sleeve of her evening gown. To the delight of Frank Sullivan, who is a frequent after-theater visitor to the Hammond-MacDonald establishment, she invented a baked-beans dish. The trick is to empty a can of baked beans into a baking dish and cover them generously with molasses before putting them in the oven for a few minutes to become a fragrant delicacy, rich and brown and succulent.

Omelet by Italy

If there is a pound of cheese in the refrigerator, we might dip into tradition and concoct that famous old midnight dish, a Welsh rabbit.

There is a myth about rabbits to the effect that they are difficult to make. A well-known cheese expert smiles when anyone suggests that the myth may be true. For answer, she gives the following soothingly simple directions (for four servings):

Mix half a tablespoon of Worcestershire sauce, an eighth of a teaspoon of paprika, half a teaspoon of dry mustard, a dash of cayenne pepper and a little salt, to a smooth paste in a chafing dish or the top of a double broiler. Add half a cup of beer and heat slowly. When the beer is hot, crumble your cheese into it—and for a perfect rabbit the cheese should be sharp and well aged. Stir, always in the same direction, until the cheese is melted and the rabbit bubbling hot. Then serve without a moment's delay, pouring it over crisp dry toast in a very hot, deep dish.

(Continued on page 47)

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You won't believe your ears when you hear the price!

With due regard for the value of each word, Hudson believes that the following statement cannot be successfully challenged:

"The new 1934 Hudson Eight will out-perform every other eight-cylinder stock car ever built."

Yet this Hudson, whose performance on the road has amazed even the engineers who designed it, costs you only a few dollars more than America's lowest-priced cars.

Study its new, swift, air-speed lines of grace—and you will get a hint of what it will do on the road.

Drive it—and you will find yourself lifted to a new world of motoring thrills.

For here is a Hudson, not only away beyond all the other great Hudsons of history, but beyond all other cars you have ever driven—

—FOR COMFORT (big, roomy, double-steel safety bodies; individualized Road-leveling equipment; patented splayed springs; Axleflex independent springing is available; deep, luxurious armchair cushions; oversized low-pressure tires)

—FOR DRIVING EASE (two-finger steering, adjustable seat and steering-column, illuminated eye-level instruments)

—FOR PERFORMANCE (built on the principle of Unit-engineering which last year brought to Hudson-built cars every important official record for hill-climbing, acceleration and ruggedness in the United States and Canada—now with the most powerful and economical engines in Hudson's 25 years, and the exclusive Hudson *airplane ratio* of power to weight)

—FOR CONVENIENCE (built-in Luggage Vestibule; the most advanced year 'round ventilation system ever devised; latest radio equipment, especially designed for Hudson)

—FOR ECONOMY (the lowest fuel and oil cost per horsepower ever achieved)

The 1934 Hudson Eight has instantly become the price-surprise and value-sensation of the year.

Your nearest Hudson and Terraplane dealer has his new models in stock. See them. Drive them. Compare them. Then ask him the price!

We repeat—*you won't believe your ears!*

Hudson Motor Car Company, Detroit, Michigan.

The 116″ Wheelbase HUDSON 8, 108 Horsepower.
The 123″ Wheelbase HUDSON 8, 113 Horsepower.

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The *THRILL* of the lowest price field Gangway! The

★ No other car in the last 10 years has won so high a percentage of its first-year market.

★ No other car has ever won more official *AAA* Performance Records in one year.

Last year, hundreds of thousands of marvelling motorists Terraplaned to new peaks of pleasure, and stirred up such a wave of enthusiasm as has greeted no other car in ten years.

But *here* are new Terraplanes the like of which you couldn't have imagined a year ago—

The biggest, roomiest, most comfortable and powerful Terraplanes ever built.

Settle back in the seat of one of them.

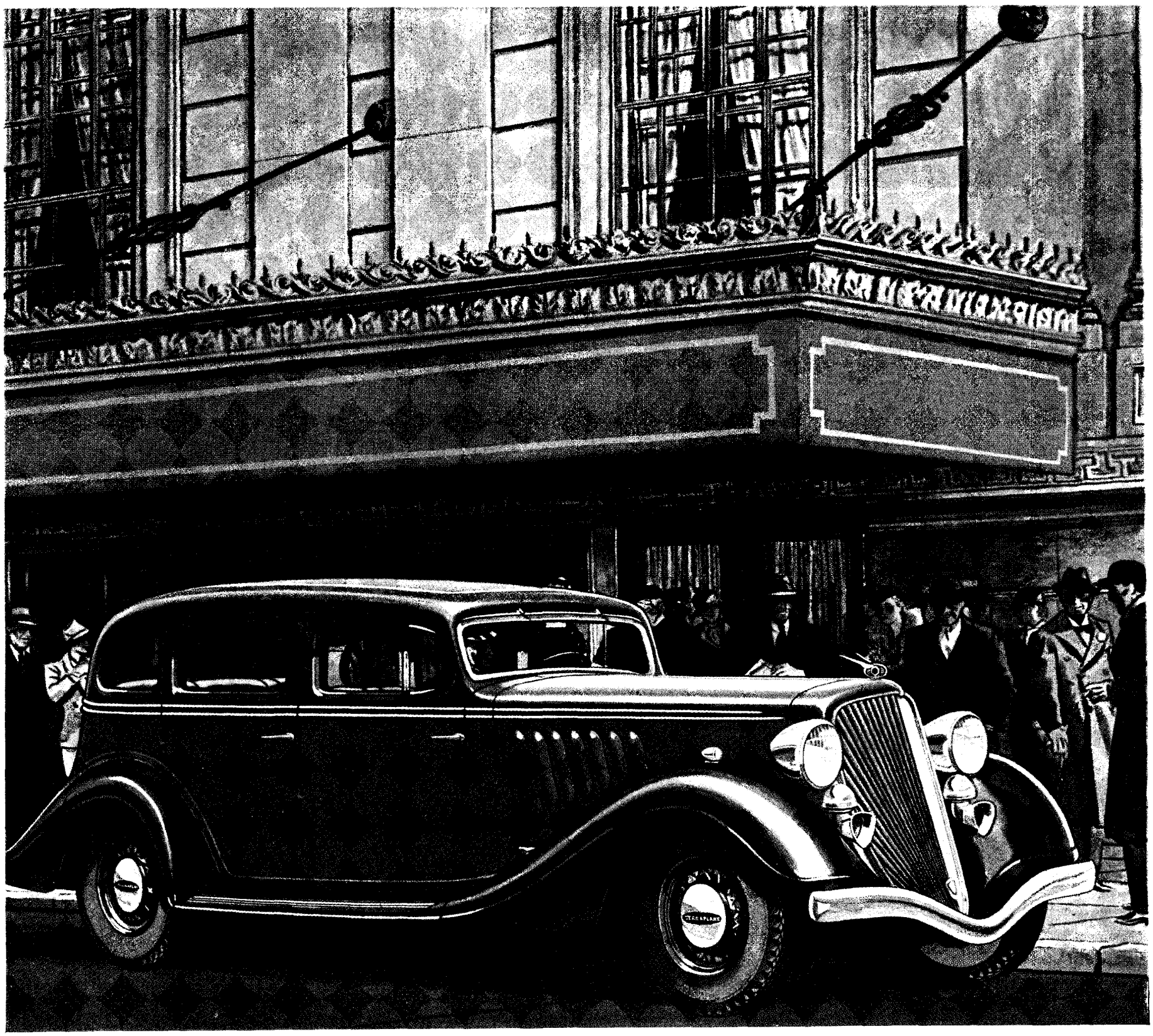
A finger-touch, and the quiet Terraplane engine starts. A smooth shift of gears, and away you go!

Deftly you weave in and out of traffic. . . In the Terraplane you slip through swiftly, safely—unchallenged.

Red light! You come to a soft, quick Terraplane stop.

And when the light turns green, you glide instantly away from the cars around you into the free road ahead.

In the open country, trees and houses seem to sweep towards you. You scarcely know you're moving—so smoothly do you fly.



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New 1934 Terraplane.!

A steep hill? A touch of your toe, and the hill becomes a level road.

That's Terraplaning!

You are driving the world's champion car—holder of more records for hill-climbing, acceleration and ruggedness than any other car in history—

NOW STYLED in new, wind-sculptured beauty of double-steel, with fresh, youthful air-lines of speed and power . . .

NOW EVEN MORE COMFORTABLE, with its big, roomy body protected from road shocks and sidesway by four new individual Road Levelers and patented splayed springs . . . Axle-flex independent springing is available . . .

NOW VENTILATED for year 'round weather control by an absolutely complete system of modern ventilation . . .

NOW POWERED with bigger, more powerful 85-horsepower engines that turn economical miles into silken minutes . . .

AGAIN PRICED SO LOW that any new-car pocketbook can buy one!

Back of all these new Terraplane contributions to motor-car value stands the Hudson principle of Unit-engineering that means more efficient use of weight so that surplus dead weight is eliminated, greater strength gained, and the airplane ratio of power to weight achieved.

Just look at the price tag on the model you want, ride in it, drive it, and learn from your own experience what people mean when they say—

"That's Terraplaning!"

Hudson Motor Car Company, Detroit, Michigan.

RADIO—AND ALL! . . . Here is the world's most beautiful instrument panel. All dials, buttons, signals together under the eye and hand of the driver. Left to right: Light switch, gas gauge, oil signal flashlight, speedometer, electrical system flashlight, water-level gauge, finger-touch starter button, three-way windshield lifter and lock, radio dial and controls, ignition switch, front-compartment floodlight switch, cowl-ventilator control, arm-deep package locker.

ALL 1934 TERRAPLANES AND HUDSONS HAVE—

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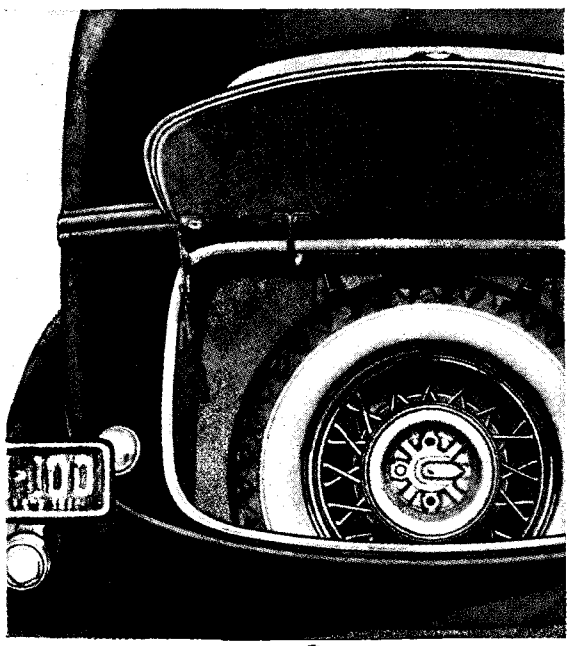
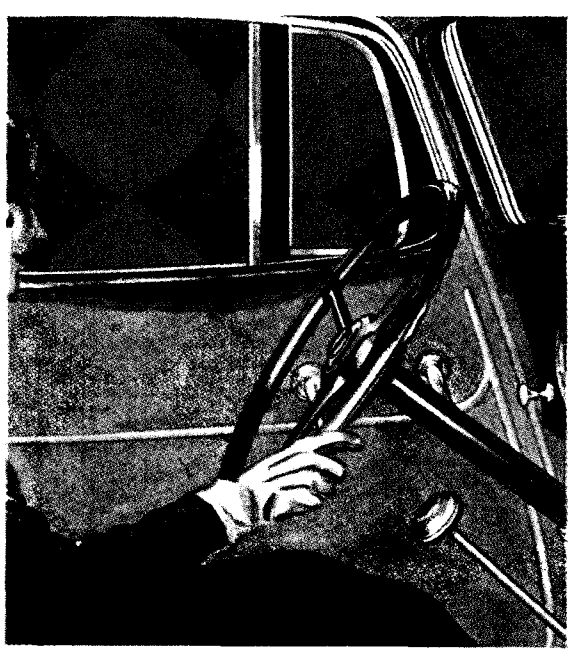
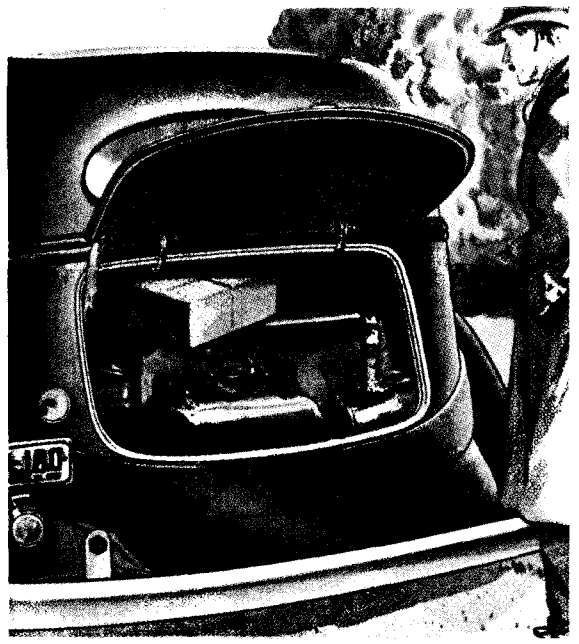


THE LUGGAGE VESTIBULE . . . This new safe-deposit storage space provides ample room for the extra wheel and tire, plus packages and bundles. The wheel may be carried in the fender well—then you can put additional luggage here, safe from dirt, dampness and abduction.

• • •

CONTROL YOUR OWN WEATHER! . . . Every Hudson and Terraplane passenger gets fresh air by a slight turn of the front wind-deflector handle or the rear sliding-window handle. No cold drafts. No fog on windshield and windows. Smokers cause no discomfort to other passengers.





BAGGAGE CHECKED HERE! . . . Compartment Models bring bags and suitcases *indoors.* This roomy, electric-lighted, built-in dust-rain-theft-proof Baggage Compartment is a *part of the car.* Without outside evidence, it will hold enough baggage for a cross-continent trip.

• • •

PREPARE FOR HEAT WAVES NOW! . . . Streams of fresh, cool air! A two-finger touch locks your windshield in any of three open positions. Wind-deflectors become windscoops, or disappear completely into the door—an *exclusive* feature. Rear-quarter windows slide back. A light push, and the wide cowl-ventilator cools your ankles.

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Bull's-eye!

Listen! When I talk to you, I am looking you right plump in the eye. Yes! I look every drinker of Clicquot Club right in the eye and grin at him when he pours out his drink from the bottle.

Once upon a time a man made the first drink of Clicquot Club Ginger Ale ever made in all the world. His friends told him it was awfully good. The man named it Clicquot Club Ginger Ale. It was the truly gingery kind.

Yes siree, fifty years ago it was just exactly as good as now, except that now we mix ginger and other flavors and put them in a great big clean tank for six months to get thoroughly acquainted with one another. In the six months they keep blending more and more and make the real Clicquot flavor—always just the same.

Gee, isn't ginger grand to pep you up and make you feel alive! That's why I always smile at you when you see a Clicquot Club bottle.

Here's a secret. I am on every bottle, so I can see everybody who drinks Clicquot GOLDEN. Who drinks it? I'll tell you. There are lots of kids who get thirsty playing games and lots of big strong men and girls and women who play tennis and golf and swim and such things. All these people like a really truly gingery drink. They are nice people. I like them. Maybe I like them because they like me.

Yours ginger-ly,
Clicquot Kid

Clicquot Club
"GOLDEN"
GINGER ALE

NRA MEMBER U.S.
WE DO OUR PART

CLICQUOT CLUB COMPANY · · MILLIS, MASSACHUSETTS, U. S. A.

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An Evening's Fun

Continued from page 11

bent on making a career of telling how much money they had tied up in closed banks, they took to games which forced people to leave the premises—like scavenger and redeeming."

"Do you think that bridge is losing its appeal too, Mr. Buck?"

"Yes and no," said Mr. Buck. "Bridge is now played in self-defense. You've got to play it to get out of talking to the intellectual female who doesn't play but lurks on the side lines ready to cook you with European literature and politics, with the chances pretty good that you hadn't even suspected that Europe had any. But from all I see, bridge is due for a new deal—for the better too. The trouble with bridge has been that you no sooner learn the latest rules than you are passé; the heavies having got together and short-changed the game. I wouldn't be surprised if we got back to auction again or plain whist. Did you ever play euchre? And I understand that bridge lamps are going to be made so that you can see your cards by them. The reason for all this is—" But we had our own idea about that. After much research we had come to the conclusion that our guess was as good as his and that yours is as good as anybody's. As you have probably suspected, the world is just a trifle less sane and more goofy than it was before the war.

The Big Shift

The world's viewpoint changed about 1920 in practically everything from private morals to public pleasures. Perhaps America's method of amusing itself departed more radically from the prewar formula because of its altered drinking habits; the chances are good that it did. If you drink in a public place your inhibitions are likely to last longer than they would if only your friends, who know you only too well anyway, are your audience.

Managers of game and puzzle departments of several of the country's largest department stores assure me that home entertaining had grown to such proportions during prohibition that it had become almost a new industry. One of these gentlemen had gone so far as to search the subject for comparative statistics. He found that even checkers had gone in for expansion. Before America tried prohibition, he discovered, such games as bagatelle with its scores and scores of variations were almost exclusively child pastimes. Moreover, the sale for these innocent pleasures was pretty well concentrated—Christmas bringing by far the greatest demand.

Since, he found, the sale of these games has been steady and, until November, 1932, on the increase. Naturally, I asked him about the slump that started (for him at least) in November, 1932. He gave it as his opinion that the country sensed radical changes with the election of Franklin Roosevelt, and that "all business, conventional and otherwise, came to an expectant standstill."

However, have it your own way. Make your own deductions. Of this you may be certain: the trend for the past decade has been a restless one. Before the war it was a vastly simpler matter to entertain one's guests, whether for an evening or a week-end. There were plenty of week-end parties then, of course, but it was nothing unusual in those relatively innocent days for a guest to be asked whether he would care to be amused and, if he said no, be left to his own devices. Incidentally, perhaps, this explains why so many men speak so feelingly today of "the good old days."

The good old days, when you could spend your evenings and week-ends enjoying your particular brand of dreariness and neither inflict it upon others nor be forced to suffer the dull vacancies of a fellow guest, were banished and you had either to be bright or endure the mechanical or pilfered brightness of others. Presently and inevitably the populace struck (at least this is what I get out of all this listening I've been doing) and we began to eschew anagrams, charades, redeeming and scavenging and plunge forthwith into the serious mysteries of life.

Robbing the Nursery

Economics, for example, was to become the world's most popular game. Whole convention halls of men and women could play at it, spending days and nights on end batting the subject back and forth. And most of its lure lay in the fact that nobody won, or at least nobody ever knew whether anyone had the right answer. Not satisfied to have robbed the nursery for our adult party entertainment, we parents of what we hope is a rising generation went so far as to appropriate hide-and-seek and paper chase. At least the supposedly better element of society did. And I am told that it was played by the Park Avenue set much more purposefully and with far deeper imagination than we used as children. Naturally I wouldn't know about that.

"Oh, Egbert! For the treasure hunt—just what we need—a gun!"

W. H. Mann

If all that I am told is based on knowledge, we are about to see the movies cut back toward that almost forgotten era when no really first-class hero lived with anybody but his mother, whom you could always identify by the shawl and rocking chair. And even the villain was not allowed by the censors to smoke cigarettes.

As I get it, the racketeer and gunman film is no longer popular and the trend is toward the Richard Harding Davis school of calcimined romance. While the world is getting no wealthier, they say, it is getting healthier, and the movie producers are supposed to be pondering ways and means of inserting a little ventilation into the pictures.

In other words we're on the way up—up to what, remains to be seen—but Mr. Buck, who is not usually a bitter man, assured me that "we can get nowhere going up as easily as going down." Nevertheless, I gather that we've had our big swoop and that, in the theater as elsewhere, we seem to be mounting. Two years ago practically all actors were playing either police or gunman parts. Even if they lisped the public accepted them on the theory that cops and racketeers had as much right as anybody to lisp. And no movie of any box-office pretentions dared emerge from Hollywood without a speakeasy scene. With a penthouse, a barroom, a warehouse and plenty of ammunition you had all you needed to make a super-film.

The same underlying principle, but with more imagination and consequent variety, ruled the legitimate theater during the worst of the bootleg era although the stage showed signs of revival before the movies awoke to the fact that pineapple pictures were getting a bit tiresome. I talked to both sides and it's pretty complicated. A producer in the legitimate theater assures me that "the movies are journalism and therefore their product is ephemeral whereas the true theater is literature and as lasting as the classics." A movie magnate assures me that "with rare exceptions the biggest flops in the movies are the literary treats we misguidedly bought from the so-called legitimate stage and, while I'm not sure what the difference is between journalism and literature, I can tell you how we know that the public's taste is changing if that's what you're after."

"That's what I'm after," I said.

"Very simple," he replied. "Very simple, very expensive and, one might say, a bit dumb. We pay much more attention to what our neighbor is producing than we do to public opinion, which never bothers us until the public tells us what it is by staying home. If our neighboring producer hits a box-office wow, we all make that kind of picture. And the first producer makes a second one on the same lines and so do we.

"A Great Artist"

After a while we receive reports that the public is getting sick of it and is staying away in large numbers. Then there's a lull until somebody turns out another wow and the damned merry-go-round is going again. Or maybe it's a star who becomes suddenly the rage. Well, we all try to get somebody who looks like that star or we try luring the star into our own lots. But a star lasts so long too, the public soon getting pretty tired of a pretty face and a bag of tricks. And then it's something else. The real trouble is—"

"Mae West," I suggested.

"A great artist," he cried. "But her vogue will last just so many pictures and nobody knows it better than Mae. That's the reason why she's demanding a cut of the box-office as well as top salary—and getting it. She plays the gold digger but the old gal's a gold mine."

"Then you don't think she represents the change that's about due?"

"No, she's the last word in a phase about to leave us, although there will always be somebody to depart from the routine. Do you think the public would have stood for Mae West's stuff ten years ago? Don't answer; I'll tell you. We don't know. But would they have got this Mae West stuff? Would the producers have released it? Not a chance. And just after the Fatty Arbuckle incident and after Will Hays got his trick job of patting the public with one hand and the politicians with the other, there would have been less chance than that. And the same goes for lots of the racketeer pictures which, while not noticeably sexed, offered much less excuse than a Mae West for being exhibited. So what? Why, the public demanded them—and Mae West."

"What do you mean—the public demanded them?" I asked. "How did you know what the public demanded? You just said—"

"I know, I know," he replied impatiently. "I've just been telling you. We made them, offered them and saw the public eat them up. And the demand we found was so great that even Will Hays couldn't say no. Funny thing. Those gangster films and now Mae West seldom had trouble passing local censorship boards—censorship boards which, before that, cut out kisses that lasted more than ten seconds, refused to permit us to show shots of gals working on baby clothes, wouldn't stand for clothes lines if they had underwear on them. And so on. Explain that off."

Stop Jigging

I didn't try. You do it. Just as I was wondering whom to ask next, I met the dancing master who has six hundred thousand pupils. His name is Murray—Arthur Murray. His establishment in New York City with its hundred and forty teachers is merely a small part of his school. By mail and through hundreds of teachers who relay his steps and gyrations to their pupils, this enormous number of men and women dance under his direction. According to Mr. Murray, the conventional trots and glides we knew in the days of Irene and Vernon Castle are not merely returning but are here again.

The fact is, according to Mr. Murray, they never left us; they merely fell upon evil days and dancing, particularly among the young folks, became something that only a girl of exceptional ruggedness emerged from intact. There was the shag, the black bottom, the Charleston, the varsity drag and an assortment of wrestling holds calling themselves collegiate. And presently the rhumba. These children of the pre-war turkey trot, grizzly bear and shimmy were, says Mr. Murray, mere symptoms of an out-of-joint day which produced the racketeer picture and the heat-wave lyric. Symptoms and nothing else. With the return to sanity comes the revived popularity of the decorous trot and the more intimate but still sanitary waltz. Very definitely, says Mr. Murray, such unpleasantries as the Peabody and the Lindy Hop, swift developments of the public dance hall, are out. And why?

"What we are, we dance," says Mr.

(Continued on page 34*)*

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(Continued from page 33)

Murray. "I mean that our character, our temper, our attitude toward life, comes out in our dancing. Now we are low in mind and spirit and our dancing degenerates. Again we are cheerful, uplifted, out of our doldrums, and our dancing is pleasant to behold, even dignified. We have passed through the worst when our tastes, our pleasures, our desires were of the worst in us. Proper dancing is the demand and this is the sign of the change we are undergoing."

And Mr. Murray told me that by far the greater part of his vast class are men and that the men are learning to dance as seldom before.

"Because," said he, "with the return of wines and liquor, which means the revival of public dining, there will be public dancing once more. To be sure, there was public dancing during prohibition. But it was huddled nonsense on night-club floors with a hundred couples trying to occupy space which twenty couples could not dance on correctly. There will be honest public dancing now, on more spacious floors in many places. Therefore the men are learning to dance because, after all, a woman does not have to know the dance as the man must. She has merely to follow him. He leads and therefore must dance."

"Of course," I said, "they may want to do the Lindy Hop, the Peabody, the drags, shags and rhumbas anyway."

"Some of the youngsters, perhaps," said Mr. Murray. "But I should know the trends. Well, mark my words and keep your eyes open. This nation is coming out of its huddle."

I wasn't able to do much with the orchestra conductor. As I said, the fellow was downright discouraged. As I see it, his trouble was his lack of patience. The larger part of his audiences are women and, while he would like to play Stravinsky, Respighi, Ravel, Prokofiev and similar moderns, he was being bedeviled by the ladies to encroach no further upon their tolerance than Bach, Beethoven and Wagner with now and then a little Brahms which, he said, "is magnificent music but, as the farthest north, doesn't allow you much latitude."

"But *don't you think*," I persisted, "that our tastes in music are changing?"

At the Mercy of Women

"I suppose they are," he admitted grudgingly, "but the symphonic orchestra in a popular theater is at the mercy of its audiences, which are principally women. And women run on their emotions, not intellect. Women don't like music, just tunes. No doubt about it, though. Even women will stand for music that you couldn't get away with ten years ago—better music. But it's still a battle. All the big music was written by men. All the big orchestras are composed of men. Most of the instrumental soloists are men—ninety per cent of them. But the audiences for this man-made, man-played music are predominantly women. Why? Because the women have more time to go to concerts? Because a man looks for amusements which do not tax his mentality, reserving his mind for business? You figure it out. Maybe women will grow up to the modern composers. I do know the demand is for better music played by better musicians. But I'm getting pretty tired of playing von Weber overtures and excerpts from the lyric operas. It gets me down. Does that help you any?"

"Some," I said. "You admit our music tastes are changing?"

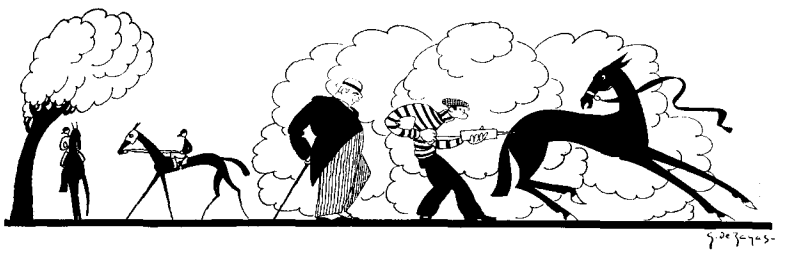
"Oh, sure."

"Why?"

"Well, you just can't go on consuming Victor Herbert generation after generation, can you?" he said. "Changes in music tastes come slowly. I'm not talking about torch stuff, see, but music. But if anybody thinks America's taste isn't becoming sophisticated, that it isn't growing hair, look at the popularity of the more ambitious George Gershwin and at Ferdie Grofé's tabloid tone poems. Still and all, outside of the big towns Cadman has them topped for American music and that Pittsburgh guy, Nevin, still lays them in rows."

"In spite of the increase and steady health of the symphony orchestras throughout the country and all their broadcasts?" I asked. "Minneapolis, Cleveland, San Francisco and the rest of them. They're swell orchestras and don't play much tripe."

"You're right," he agreed. "But it takes time. I'm talking about the big orchestra in a popular theater—in a big movie house, for example. But don't let me discourage anybody. I've caught a hell of a cold somewhere around this joint. And say," he shouted as I was leaving, "for God's sake don't mention my name. Just say everything's going swell with me."



Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

In this country today, the doping of race horses is so prevalent that Hialeah Park has just installed a "dope box." The name of one horse is secretly selected before each race, and after it is run, the horse is taken to the "box" and examined for stimulating drugs by a federal chemist.

During the World War, hundreds of women, disguised as soldiers, managed to get to the front and to conceal their identity until they were wounded or killed. France has a record of 389 of them, one having been awarded the Croix de Guerre for an act so brave that she was permitted to keep it after her deception was discovered.

Nearly every big bank in Wall Street maintains a shooting range in its basement for the target practice of its armed guards. There are 5,000 guards in the financial district and they not only practice constantly but they have a league of teams which holds frequent matches, the winners being awarded cups and medals.

One of the most enigmatical groups of people in the world, numbering about 3,000, lives in Cherchen, an oasis on a Tibetan plateau. They are the last living representatives of about a hundred extinct races and nations, and not one of them possesses any knowledge of his ancestry.—*By Anna Reutersward, Point Loma, California.*

Expert breeders of prize mice now are able to produce them in a variety of colors such as red, blue, blue and tan, lilac, fawn, champagne, chinchilla, black, black and tan, silver gray and sable.—*By Ruth Devine, Butler, South Dakota.*

In Abyssinia, where the one religion is a "mixed" form of Christianity and the church owns one-third of all the land, numerous temples of worship are surmounted by a cross with ostrich egg shells stuck over its points—an ancient symbol of the primitive belief that the world was *created from an egg.*

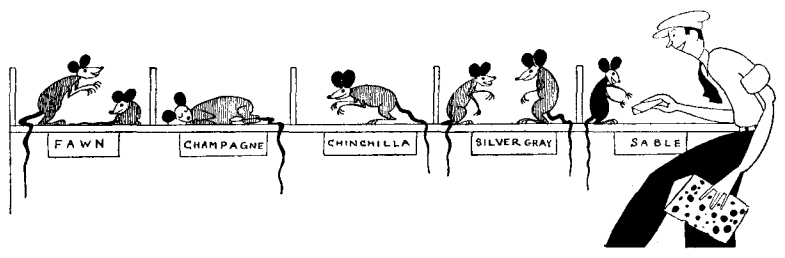
Clouds, "masses of visible vapor," contain far less moisture than most persons imagine. The densest of them are not more than one part of water to 30,000 parts of air.—*By Ethel D. Bones, Parker, South Dakota.*

As late as 1885, one of the world's most incredible methods of healing the sick was still prevalent among the Kukis, a tribe in the Bengal province of India. The physician, not the patient, took the medicine or treatment that he prescribed. Usually it was a dinner of fancy food.

A most peculiar type of brain disorder is auditory aphasia, or word-deafness. In rare cases a person afflicted with it hears perfectly and comprehends all sounds — except spoken words, which are no more understandable to him than those of an unknown language.

American inventions: An electrical instrument that measures the freshness of fish; a burning glass with 30 lenses that melts steel with the rays of the sun; and a photo-electric cell unit that turns automobile parking lights on and off automatically at the proper time.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.



Now the débutante and that dance orchestra leader to whom seven hundred women had proposed marriage. But we had better let Mr. Buck analyze their testimony.

"The kid," said he, referring to the débutante, "doesn't count. Probably one of the most honest opinions you got. But it isn't her crowd that cheapened the theater; if the hot shows depended upon her they'd cool off before you could get downtown to see them. Look over the audiences in the nudies. Kids? Nuts. The seats are filled with middle-aged—the die-hards. See? And they didn't ask for what they're looking at. The people take what's offered. If they don't like it they don't take much. If it's something they wouldn't ordinarily like but done so cleverly that they can't help liking it—well, it will last a while. But anything like that is bound to be imitated, and imitations are never as good as the original. And the more imitations the rottener they get and pretty soon the customers throw them in the river and we have something else. See?"

"Sure," I said, "but this dance orchestra leader says—"

"I know, I know," said Mr. Buck, pressing several call buttons on his desk. "Seven hundred mash notes. I'm not saying he didn't get them, mind you, but what of them? Women began to write mash notes away back when the first man to get up on a platform and sing a moon song let it be known he had an address. I don't know how long ago that was, but I'll bet David began getting them the day after he made that first appearance before the king with his harp. I'm only saying, mind you.

Efficiency at Home

"Listen—about this mash note business. I know a guy like this dance orchestra leader you've seen. This guy melts women by the hallful. He gets more mash notes than General Johnson gets kicks. All he has to do is to tuck his fiddle under his chin to reduce to complete imbecility half the women in the place and listening to the radio. Maybe that's a little too strong but after all it isn't so bad. It doesn't hurt the gals any. Gives them a kick and lets them clean up their emotions. Anyway, this guy gets hundreds a week—maybe a couple thousand. As long as he gets them he knows he's going big. So just to see that they keep on coming, he decided to get somebody to answer them all and agitate more. He had to get someone with brains, someone who understood what all this fan mail and mash notes and proposals meant to him in his business. He tried a couple of high-pressure guys and they muffed it—thought these letters were nothing but more reasons why the government ought to build a lot of insane asylums. Then he got a gal to take the job—a gal who had his best interests at heart. She not only answered them all but in no time she doubled his mail. In one week more than two hundred women asked him to meet them in Reno."

"A girl like that," I thought it necessary to observe, "must have commanded a pretty good salary."

"He turned everything he got—all his dough—over to her," said Mr. Buck. "She practically doubled that too."

"She wasn't his wife, was she?"

"I thought you'd guess it," said Mr. Buck, pressing the whole row of call buttons.

"You dismissed the entire office force some time ago," I reminded him.

"I forgot," said Mr. Buck. "In that case there's no use of my hanging around here. Let's go to a show and see if we can find any of this change we've been talking about."

And that's all I know about the subject.

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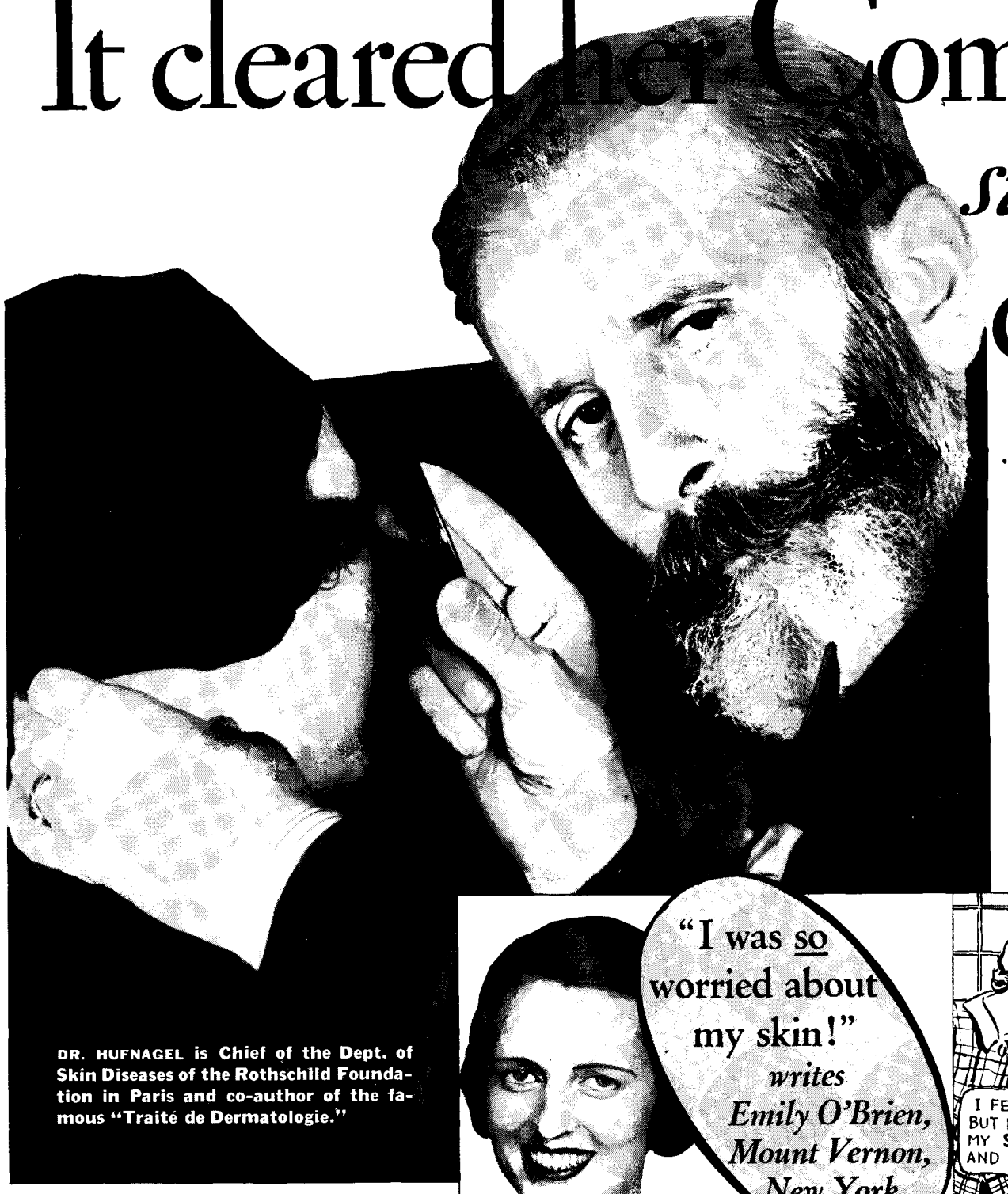
"It cleared her Complexion *surprisingly* quickly"



DR. HUFNAGEL is Chief of the Dept. of Skin Diseases of the Rothschild Foundation in Paris and co-author of the famous "Traité de Dermatologie."

DR. HUFNAGEL,

the noted Paris Dermatologist, describes a typical case!

The famous skin specialist, Dr. Hufnagel, reports this case from his practice:—

"MLLE. D.—typist. Persistent furunculosis (boils) and pimples on face and neck. Complained of severe headaches.

"Patient had been subject for years to constipation. X-rays showed intestines weakened by use of laxatives. I prescribed yeast.

"In 3 weeks evacuations became normal. Skin eruptions dried up. Headaches disappeared and digestion improved."

"I AM A TEACHER," writes Miss O'Brien (above). "I had become run-down . . . had indigestion. Felt miserable . . .

THANK GOODNESS SCHOOL IS OUT FOR ANOTHER DAY! THOSE CHILDREN WOULD TIRE ANYBODY...
I FEEL MISERABLE! BUT IT ISN'T THE CHILDREN — MY STOMACH IS SO UPSET — AND LOOK HOW MY FACE IS BREAKING OUT!

"THEN MY FACE BEGAN TO BREAK OUT in eruptions. I was simply horrified, and worried about it—terribly . . .

"A POOR COMPLEXION," states Dr. Hufnagel, "is usually a sign of poisons in the system. External treatment, therefore, is not enough. The *cause* of the trouble—intestinal sluggishness—must be treated.

"I advise people suffering from constipation and skin affections to add to their diet a remarkable food —yeast. *It is the surest corrective for skin eruptions that I know.*"

Eaten daily and over a sufficient period, Fleischmann's Yeast exercises an amazing effect on the intestines. It strengthens their action, softens the clogging food residues . . . promotes the regular, daily evacuation of bodily waste that is so essential to a clear skin, health and abundant energy.

Won't *you* try it? Just eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast daily—before meals, or between meals and at bedtime—plain or dissolved in a third of a glass of water.

You can get *Fleischmann's* Yeast (rich in the three health-giving vitamins B, G and D) at grocers, restaurants and soda fountains. Add it to your diet today!

THIS X-RAY CONFIRMS MY DIAGNOSIS. POISONS FROM WASTE MATTER IN YOUR INTESTINES ARE CAUSING YOUR INDIGESTION AND SKIN TROUBLE. YOU SHOULD EAT FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST DAILY.
IS THAT ALL I NEED?
EAT A CAKE EVERY DAY
FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST
VITAMINS B G D
BEFORE OR BETWEEN MEALS
IT IS HEALTHFUL
NRA

"I WENT TO MY DOCTOR. He advised me to eat Fleischmann's Yeast. I did so—faithfully . . .

3 WEEKS LATER
I HAVEN'T GONE TO A DANCE IN AGES.... I FELT SO BAD AND WAS SO ASHAMED OF THE WAY I LOOKED.
YOU NEEDN'T BE ANY MORE, EMILY. I'VE NEVER SEEN SUCH A LOVELY SKIN AS YOU HAVE NOW! AND YOU'RE SO FULL OF PEP AGAIN, TOO. THOSE DOCTORS MUST BE RIGHT ABOUT YEAST!

"VERY SOON MY HEALTH IMPROVED. My indigestion left. And my skin was getting clear. It was wonderful!"

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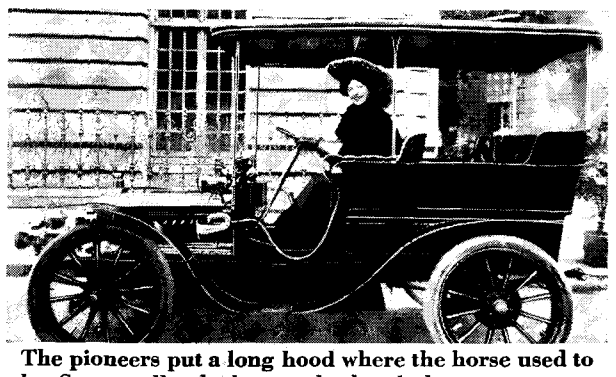
Goodbye "HORSELESS CARRIAGE"

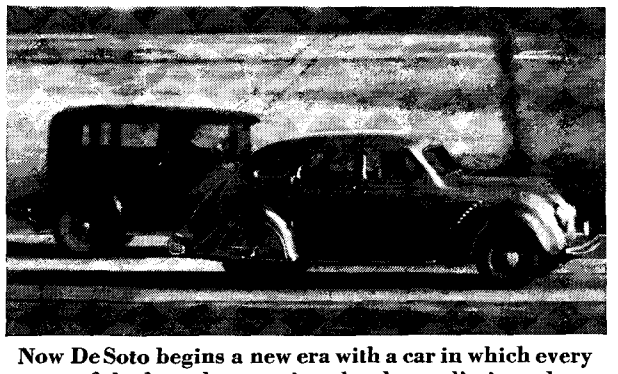
The conventional automobile of today is the direct descendant of the old-time horse and buggy.



The pioneers put a long hood where the horse used to be. Supposedly, the longer the hood, the more power.

Despite vast mechanical improvements, the "outline" of the horse and buggy has persisted for 30 years.

Five years ago De Soto engineers built a wind-tunnel that proved the inefficiency of ordinary car design.



Now De Soto begins a new era with a car in which every trace of the horseless carriage has been eliminated.

It's a New Kind of Motor Car . . truly Aerodynamic in Design . . with a Sensational "Floating Ride" . . a Popular Priced MODERN Car for Modern People

FOR MONTHS, America has been reading amazing stories about a *new kind* of automobile . . . the AIRFLOW De Soto.

And now this car is completed. It is being presented this week at the New York Automobile Show.

You will be interested to know what has been accomplished . . . how this car differs from others . . . and what unique advantages it offers to the motorist.

A New Kind of Beauty

You will immediately notice the close resemblance between the AIRFLOW De Soto and the most modern airflow planes and trains. It has the same thrilling lines . . . because it follows the same *true* aerodynamic principles.

Open the big, wide doors. You'll find the same exciting modern treatment. Deep seats framed in gleaming chromium . . . a new reading lamp to match . . . improved arm rests . . . and the very last word in ultra-smart instrument panels.

A New Kind of Ride

True, the AIRFLOW De Soto *looks* different. But you will never know why it is the biggest piece of news in the motor industry today until you *ride* in it. For it is this ride, even more than the appearance, that makes the conventional car you've been driving seem old-fashioned and out-moded.

To begin with, all passengers ride in the *middle* of the car. This fact . . . plus a totally new distribution of sprung weight . . . means that "straphanging" days are over. There are no hand-straps in this car because nobody would ever use them. For the first time in your life you can relax completely at any speed. Except for the passing scenery you will hardly know you are moving. At 80 m.p.h. *over a dirt road,* you can read a newspaper. You can write a letter more easily than in a Pullman car.

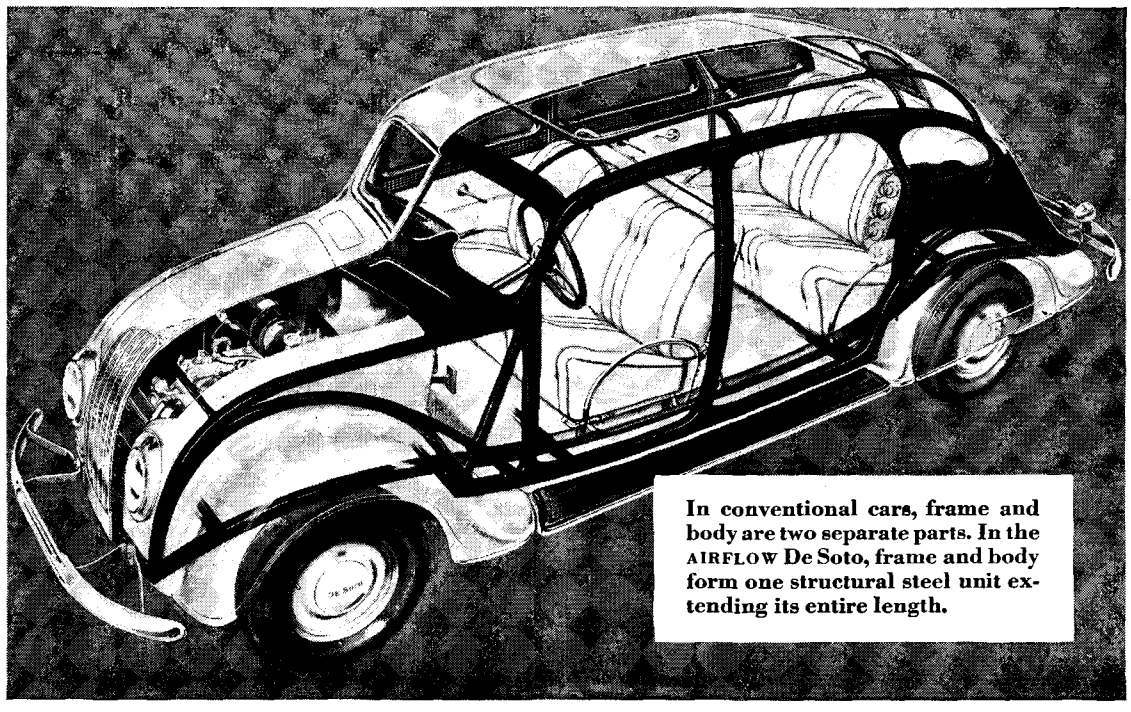
A New Deal in Safety

Without any question whatsoever, this is the safest type of car ever built. Its new all-steel, bridge-trussed frame and body, built as a single unit, is at least 40 times more rigid than frame and body in ordinary cars. The wide angle windshield increases the driver's visibility by 25%.

The hydraulic brakes are bigger, more powerful than ever before. The steering wheel is in a more comfortable position.

Lower center of gravity permits taking curves at high speed without sidesway. But we have only just *begun* to mention the advantages of the AIRFLOW De Soto.

Ask your local dealer for a copy of the book that describes this ideal car in detail. And make a date with him now to take a ride as soon as the first model arrives.



In conventional cars, frame and body are two separate parts. In the AIRFLOW De Soto, frame and body form one structural steel unit extending its entire length.

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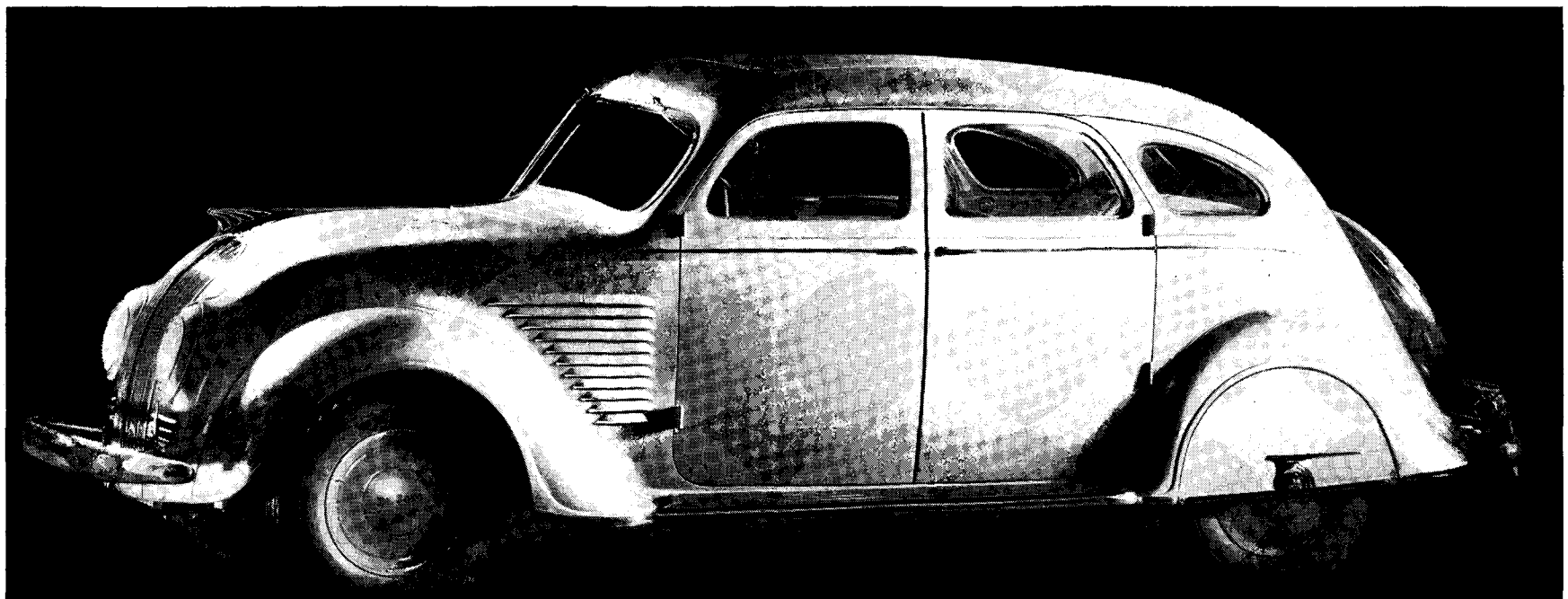
Here's the NEW AIRFLOW DESOTO!

*© 1933 BY CHRYSLER CORPORATION



1 IT BORES A HOLE THROUGH THE AIR

2 IT CRUISES AT 80 MILES AN HOUR

3 FLOATING POWER *PLUS* FLOATING RIDE

4 BRIDGE-TYPE STEEL GIRDER-TRUSS BODY

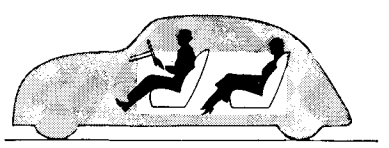
NEW FEATURES

Automatic Ventilation for all passengers in all weather; Enclosed Luggage Compartment; Girder-Truss All Steel Sound-proof Body; Airwheels; Wide-Angle Vision; Longer Springs; 100 Horsepower Aluminum Head Engine; Floating Power Engine Mountings; Automatic Clutch; Free Wheeling; Hydraulic Brakes; All-Silent Transmission; Flexbeam Lighting; Starting Button on dash.

Four AIRFLOW De Soto Models

4-Door 6 Passenger Sedan • 4-Door 6 Passenger Town Sedan • 2-Door 6 Passenger Brougham • 2-Door 5 Passenger Coupe

NO MORE "STRAPHANGING"...Here's how you ride in a conventional car... and pity the passengers who ride over that axle.



And here's how everybody rides luxuriously "amidships" in the new AIRFLOW De Soto.

Three is no crowd in the front seat of the new AIRFLOW De Soto. *It is just as wide as the back seat.* It holds three as easily as a conventional front seat holds two!

Did you ever see an automobile with so much room in it, front and back? Easily accessible behind the back cushion is a large enclosed luggage compartment.

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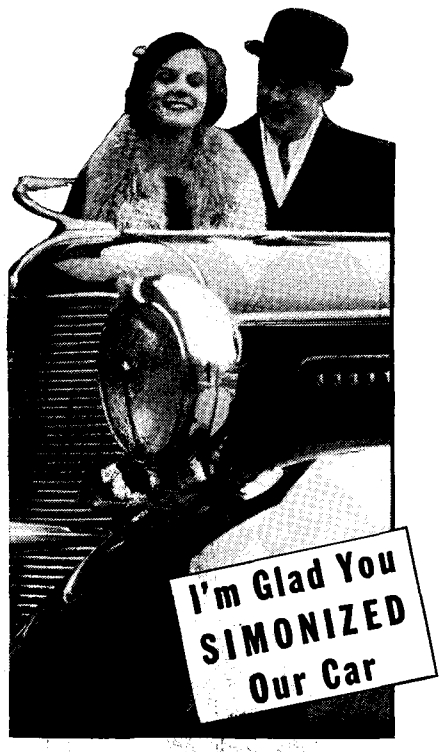
"SIMONIZ Certainly keeps Cars Beautiful!"



You can rely on Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener to keep your car new looking and beautiful for years.

Millions of motorists say, "The sooner a car is Simonized, the better." They know there is nothing like Simoniz for guarding a car's beauty. It's harder, more durable, and made to withstand all conditions of weather. That's why it gives perfect protection to the finish, makes it last longer, and keeps the colors from fading.

So, by all means Simoniz your car. Then you know it will stay beautiful.

Simonizing a car is easy. You'll enjoy doing it yourself. If the finish is dull, a few strokes with the wonderful Simoniz Kleener make it sparkle like new again. A remarkable new cleaning feature does away with all hard rubbing.

After cleaning the finish, apply Simoniz. It takes but a few moments and keeps your car always beautiful.

Motorists Wise

SIMONIZ

THE SECRET OF LASTING BEAUTY

Marriage for Revenue

Continued from page 17

"Easily enough," said Eleanor. "I simply told them the truth—that I had a date to play with you."

"But you thought I wouldn't be here."

"Oh, no. I saw you caught in a jam on the Avenue, headed north. It took me twenty minutes to call up Dirck, borrow some clubs and catch a train."

"Even if you saw us," said Abbott, puzzled, "you couldn't have known—"

"That you were coming here? Oh, yes, I knew." She turned to let her eyes rest on Regis, poised for a stroke. "You may be a cad and a liar, Adsit, but you're never stupid. I realized you couldn't take Miss Mulholland anywhere else, but that wasn't all I realized."

"WHAT are you driving at?"

"You," said Eleanor, letting her blue eyes dwell thoughtfully on his troubled face. "You're hooked, Adsit. Your days as a gay young-old dog are over. Just as surely as you had to bring her here, you'll have to lead her to the altar—or nowhere."

"Bunk!" exploded Abbott.

"I'm telling you," continued Eleanor's even voice. "You have the choice between exactly two roads—one straight back and the other straight ahead into the collar." Though her face did not change, her eyes suddenly laughed. "You'll be married, and how married! You'll have to toe and walk the line. It will be funny."

"Bunk!" said Abbott again, but the exclamation lost force in repetition. "You women can hang more on nothing than a man can find room for on an entire hatrack."

"Like my knowing you would have to come here, for instance," murmured Eleanor.

The game went badly for Abbott and his partner since Regis, though she made an excellent shot, was badly out of practice on her short work. As between Abbott and Reuter, the latter would have had a shade the better of it even if Abbott had been at the top of his form. Reuter had the manner of a professional, if not quite the skill, in everything he did—in the way he played any game, in the way he danced, in the way he talked to women. He had never paid a greens fee or a supper check in his life. The light began to fail before the foursome had completed six holes and as the party abandoned the match and started toward the clubhouse Regis found herself walking ahead with Eleanor beside her.

"You have a lovely swing," said Eleanor.

"No better than yours," said Regis. "You may not hit as far but you keep straight down the line."

"Yes," said Eleanor thoughtfully, "I'm good at doing just that. Have you played with Adsit before?"

"No, never! He has the look of somebody who could do much better than he's done today."

"You're quite right. I'm afraid I put him off his game."

"Oh, no; I didn't mean anything like that."

"Didn't you?" said Eleanor. Walking with her head half turned, she regarded Regis from close by, noting the high color in her cheeks, the shining animation of her face and the well-being with which her entire body seemed to glow. A flash approaching pity lit for an instant in Eleanor's eyes, but almost immediately they hardened. "Oh, yes," she continued, "I'm sure I put him off his game—both his games. You see, we had a date to play today, but he telephoned he was detained by a conference that might mean a fortune to him."

"Oh," said Regis, coming to an abrupt halt. She considered for a moment whether Eleanor might be lying and decided not. "I'm sorry; of course I didn't know or I wouldn't have come," she continued as she started on again. When they reached the car she turned to face Abbott, her color gone but her eyes and voice steady. "I've persuaded Mrs. Raglan to join us, with Mr. Reuter," she said firmly. "It would be foolish for them to ride back in the train."

"No, it wouldn't," snapped Abbott, at the end of his patience. "I'll run them down to the station, but they probably have plans of their own, just as we have."

"You're being rude," said Regis with astonishing calm. "You can run me down to the train at the same time."

Abbott felt stunned. Out of a sort of isolation he saw Reuter's raised eyebrow and the way he flicked his cigarette in the manner of a man of the world bridging an awkward moment. Rotter and sponge! Then Eleanor's smile—not vindictive, nor triumphant, nor anything nasty—just the pleased smile of one who has paid top price for a front seat and finds the show well worth the money. Finally Regis. He had considered himself an adept at handling women, whatever their station. Had he not shown a nice sense of discrimination on the way out? All that had gone for nothing. She had done what no girl had ever done before—slapped him in public. Whatever other charge might be laid against him, he was no coward. Now he met her eyes squarely.

"Nothing," he said, "could suit me better."

DORA had certain qualities which were self-evident, among them an unquestioning acceptance of convention for convention's sake, a subservience to the right thing not in any moral sense but as decreed by the fashion of the moment. To her there was nothing fragile about rules of deportment; they were as rigid as barbed wire set in concrete. What the right people did she could do; what they didn't was automatically banned.

While Raglan might be ignorant of the extent of this peculiar form of subjection, he could not fail to sense its presence and he was more than a little worried as to what it might demand in the way of a marriage ceremony. Consequently he approached the subject with some trepidation on the afternoon succeeding her first visit to the house off Stuyvesant Square.

"How shall we go about getting married, Dora? Would you be satisfied to have it simple?"

"The simpler the better," she replied promptly.

"Just the two of us—cross over to Jersey, walk in and get it over with? Like—like going to the dentist?"

She laughed. "That's a funny way to put it, Larry, but if it's what you want, it's what I want."

He swept her off her feet into his arms and romped around the room, ignoring her cries of protest until they assumed a sudden note of sharpness startlingly strange to his ears. He set her down at once.

"What's the matter? Don't you feel like celebrating?"

"Not that way," she answered, fighting to recover her smile.

His exuberance died within him and for an instant his senses seemed to hang suspended as if they were being offered a last chance of genuine discovery. But the impulse—if anything so aimless could be called an impulse—passed in a flash, leaving him face to face with the conception of her he had formed on the evening before. Like many another man he proceeded to pour the bodily presence before his eyes into the mold of an accepted vision. The child he had held in his arms and taken to his heart could not have spoken in that strangely acrid tone except through fright. Immediately all became simple—he had frightened her. He was careful not to do so again.

He attended personally to all the details of preparation so that their excursion across the river three days later seemed as smooth and uneventful as a ride around the park. So robbed was the venture of incident, solemnity or the least touch of romance that at its end Dora stood in a daze, unable to believe the thing was over. He laughed, genuinely amused by the puzzled look in her eyes.

"Well, Mrs. Raglan?"

"We're—we're married?" stammered Dora.

"Of course. Haven't you the lines in your hand to prove it?"

Abruptly she crumpled as if some core of strength had been withdrawn from her body. He caught her just in time and stood leaning against the wall, supporting her whole weight until he felt the slow return of animation to her limbs. Walking firmly himself, he urged her toward the exit, but she moved only by the mechanical reflexes of habit. As soon as they were safe within the shadows of the cab, from peering eyes, she collapsed completely. Outwardly she was very still, but her little brain was in a clamorous whirl. She had done it! She had won her race—reached her goal!

She was happy to the limits of her capacity and Raglan, misreading her abandonment, was no less happy. In her apparent utter dependence on his strength he found merely a renewal of the forces which had enslaved him. He handled her tenderly, lifted and almost carried her from the taxi, up the steps and into their barnlike living-room. There he placed her on the couch before the fireplace and set a cushion at her back.

"Take it easy," he said. "You'd better do nothing but rest today."

"I won't," murmured Dora, sinking back luxuriously.

HE LEFT her and went to the office, surprised to find he was scarcely half an hour late. He handed Happy a ten-dollar bill and Kit a twenty, laughing at the fishlike expression on their startled faces. In his own office he drew down the top of the window and stood for a long while looking out across the peaceful graveyard far below into the chasm of Wall Street beyond. The spire of Trinity barred the narrow gorge and led his eyes upward to the blue of the clear October sky. He was happy, everything was well with him and the careering world. He turned to find Regis standing beside his desk.

Four days had elapsed since her encounter in this room with her sister-in-law, but he had scarcely seen her, and noticed her not at all, during that interval. Two matters had absorbed his attention—Dora and the exhaustive synopsis of the set-up of Amalgamated Tungsten. Now, in a sense, Dora was off his mind and he could give all his attention to the business coup for which he had been preparing. He started pur-

(Continued on page 40)

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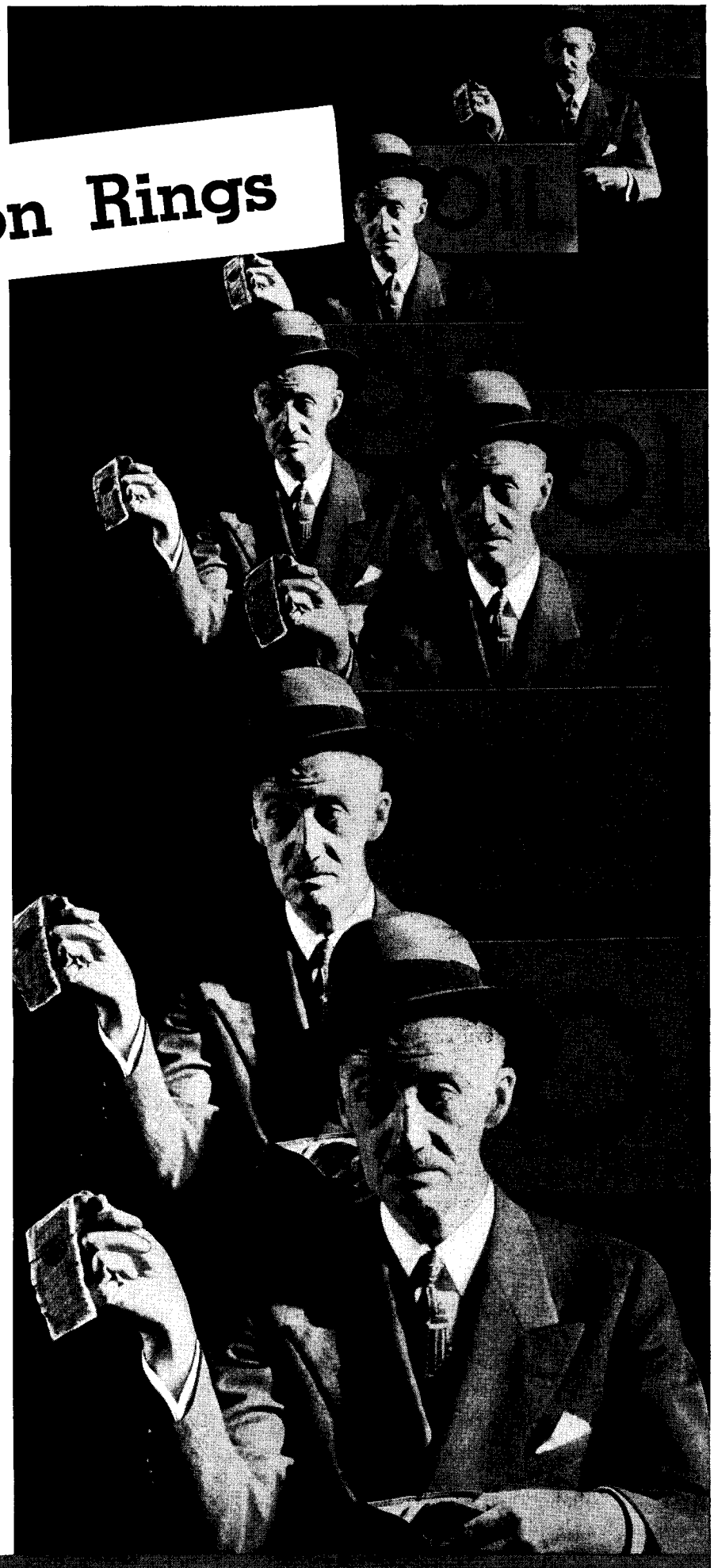
You pay- and pay-and pay- with Paralyzed Piston Rings



Energized Piston Rings stop oil losses

Piston rings run oil consumption up—or *hold it down!* Paralyzed piston rings prey upon purse and performance. Energized Piston Rings keep the oil in place—and your hand *out* of your pocket.

> To "deprive of the power to act"—that's what it *means* to paralyze.
> To "deprive of the power to act"—that's what wear *does* to the ordinary *un*-energized piston ring.

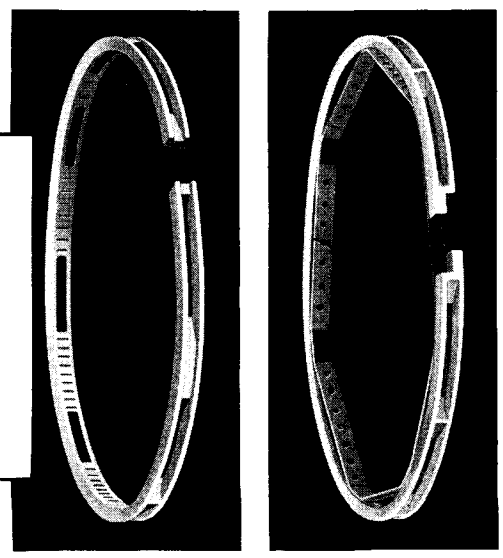
Paralyzed piston rings make you pay and pay and pay for power *you never get*—pay and pay and pay for oil you *shouldn't need!* So take them out—and keep them out.

Change now to American Hammered Energized Piston Rings for a *complete change* not a mere replacement. Learn to your complete satisfaction—to your own profit—the value of reserve energy that means more power in your car, more money in your pocket. Remember, too, that its "inside secret" is entirely a matter of *inner tension.*

American Hammered Energized Piston Rings mean *increased* power and *decreased* oil consumption for motor driven vehicles for land, water and air travel. And for *your* car—there is an American Hammered Piston Ring to correct any condition of cylinder and piston. The American Hammered Piston Ring Company, Baltimore, Maryland.

NRA WE DO OUR PART

THERE IS AN AMERICAN HAMMERED ENERGIZED PISTON RING TO CORRECT EVERY CONDITION OF CYLINDER AND PISTON



American Hammered ENERGIZED PISTON RINGS

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★ On United Air Lines, distances that sound like two- or three-day trips can be traveled overnight. Now, between sundown and sunrise, you can fly from New York to Salt Lake City—from Chicago to the Pacific!

Three-mile-a-minute Wasp-powered Boeings—a new large fleet of planes—make possible these remarkable new schedules—the fastest multi-motored service in the world.

In night flying experience, United Air Lines leads the world. All flights are made over lighted airways—with directive radio beam. Two-way radio communication. Two transport pilots on every multi-motored plane.

You travel in comfort on United Air Lines. Spacious, quiet, heated cabins. Reclining seats for relaxation or for sleeping during night flights. Stewardess service. Economical fares include lunches aloft.

CALIFORNIA TO NEW YORK. . . . . 20 HRS.
3 flights daily each way
CHICAGO TO NEW YORK . . . . . 4¾ HRS.
10 flights daily each way
CALIFORNIA TO CHICAGO . . . . . 14¼ HRS.
3 flights daily each way
FT. WORTH-DALLAS TO CLEVELAND . . 9 HRS.
2 flights daily each way
LOS ANGELES TO SEATTLE . . . . . 8 HRS.
2 flights daily each way
(Westbound schedules slightly longer due to prevailing winds)

Consult new United Air Lines' time table for direct and connecting service to 137 cities.

★

For schedules, tickets or reservations to 137 cities . . call United Air Lines' ticket offices, Hotel Porters, Travel Bureaus, Postal or Western Union. For information on air express . . Phone Air Express Division, Railway Express Agency, Inc. Use Air Mail—it speeds business.

UNITED
AIR LINES
Subsidiary of United Aircraft & Transport Corporation

60,000,000 MILES FLYING EXPERIENCE

Marriage for Revenue

Continued from page 38

posefully toward his desk but stopped, arrested by a sudden perception of Regis, not as his secretary but as an individual. He perceived that she was changed—not her features, nor her clothes, nor any detail of her outward appearance—yet she was changed. It was as though some form of strength had been drained out of her to be replaced by another.

"Is anything the matter, Miss Mulholland?"

"No. You told me to remind you to—"

"Yes, yes," said Raglan quickly, "I remembered that myself. But that isn't what I meant. You look played out—as if you were riding on your nerve. Is the work too much for you?"

"Why, no," said Regis. Though she had seemed abnormally pale she now turned paler, blinked her eyes in desperation and bit her lower lip as if to force it to steady itself. "Don't worry about me, Mr. Raglan; I'm quite all right. Since you remembered about the bonds for yourself, is there anything else?"

"Yes," said Raglan. "Have Kit get in touch with Tony Allerton on the side and tell him I want to see him. She'll know how to do it."

TEARS sprang to Regis' eyes; a single drop overflowed and trickled down her cheek without her raising a hand to brush it away. "All right, Mr. Raglan."

"What's the matter now?" he cried, moving toward her quickly. He took her by the arm to force her to a chair, and even in that instant, with his mind absorbed in other matters, the conviction streaked across his brain that he had never touched anything so cool, smooth and firm as her flesh. "Sit down. I want to talk to you."

"What's the use?" said Regis with an odd despondency, almost as though she spoke to herself. "Perhaps you're right—perhaps the work is too much for me. I'll tell Kit about Mr. Allerton."

"You're talking nonsense," said Raglan, seating himself at his desk. "Though we've been together so short a time, I can assure you you're the most valuable assistant I've ever had. I wouldn't say a thing like that to anybody else for fear of spoiling a good thing. But there's something so straight about you, Miss Mulholland, something so lashed to sincerity, that no amount of praise could bend or spoil you."

Regis dropped her face in her hands and began to cry soundlessly. He regarded her for a moment in silence and then continued: "You can count on a job with me as long as I'm in business. Anybody who can't get along with you—including Tony Allerton should he join us—will have to get out. I'm the head of this firm, but the office force is going to be built around you. Run along now, and think it over."

Regis left hurriedly, thankful that he should have taken her collapse in such a matter-of-fact manner, and Kit came in presently to ask if he could see Mr. Allerton around one o'clock. "Sure," said Raglan, a twinkle in his eyes. "Quick work, Kit; how did you fix it?"

"I invited him to lunch with me," said Kit.

Knowing Mr. Allerton, Raglan laughed aloud. "How did he take it?"

"Just like you—laughed his head off and said he'd come."

"Charge it to the office, Kit."

"Me? You think I'd feed any man? There'll be no charge because he'll get exactly nothing to eat or anything else."

Kit flounced out of the room, to be replaced at the appointed hour by Mr. Allerton. "Hello, Tony," said Raglan without rising. "How are you?"

"Fine," said Allerton, standing at attention. "How are you?"

"The same," said Raglan. "Sit down. I want to ask you a question."

Allerton took the chair beside the desk. "Only one?"

"It may lead to others. Why did you wait for me to send for you?"

Allerton's lips twitched in a half smile. "I wanted to come, of course; but I realized if I did you'd never get over thinking I was dumb."

"Dumb?" exclaimed Raglan, puzzled.

"That's the word," said Allerton, grinning. "Isn't the brain you sent for worth twice as much as the same brain if it had rolled itself under your big feet? It is to me!"

Raglan threw back his head with a jerk, his mouth opened as if he were going to laugh, and then closed again. "You win, Tony. I was going to offer you a fat salary, but that's all off. Here's the new proposition: twenty-five a week and ten per cent of the profits."

"A partnership?" asked Allerton quickly, a gleam lighting in his eyes.

"Not exactly," said Raglan, "because I'll insist on a clause that permits me to fire you at a premium of fifty thousand dollars any time I feel like it."

Allerton sat in frowning silence for a long moment, trying to puzzle out the portent of Raglan's strange reservation. Fifty thousand was a lot of money and opened several vistas at once to his mental gaze. Whatever way Tony looked at it, it seemed one of those deals where the taker has all to gain and nothing to lose, and that very thought made him cautious.

"I'll think it over," he said, rising and turning toward the door.

"That suits me," drawled Raglan. "I'll give you thirty seconds."

Allerton whirled, his jaw sagging; then a laugh lit in his eyes. "One for you, Mr. Raglan. I accept."

"Make it Larry from now on," said Raglan. "When can you come?"

"Any time you say. You see, I filed provisional notice with Smith two months ago."

"Hot dog!" murmured Raglan admiringly. "Let's say Monday."

ALLERTON settled into the organization with a smoothness which made it seem as if he had been part of the mechanism from the start. He liked everybody and everybody liked him. He interfered with nobody, least of all with Regis. As it happened, for several days following his interview with Raglan she was absent from the office. As a result he had fallen naturally into the habit of using Kit as his secretary and Happy as his medium for all communications. In Raglan's phrase Tony was a spider-worker—he sat in his office as in the center of a web and managed to have every variety of provender come to him.

It was not his advent, however, that lay at the bottom of Regis' absence. While Raglan may have imagined such to be the case, and though he worried himself to the point of irascibility over the matter, Kit knew better. Unfortunately, with every desire to put her employer straight, her tongue was tied. All she could do was to assure him that Regis had every intention of returning as soon as she was able, and that though she was really ill, none of the long string of specialists offered by him at his own expense could possibly prove of the slightest benefit. Driven almost fran-

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tic by his queries on successive days, it was all she could do to keep from shouting: "There's nothing the matter with her except she's been hit over the head with an axe, and you swung it!"

She had gone through some dramatic moments with Regis before, but never again, in this life or any other, would she wish to experience such a crisis as had been precipitated by the publication of the laconic Raglan-Mulholland marriage announcement. Raglan's divorce having been so quietly arranged, his remarriage had failed to appear to be news to the editorial eye, especially since his second venture was not with a divorcée but with a widow. One or two of the evening papers may have conceded the incident a paragraph, but the newspaper subscribed to by the two girls in partnership contained only the bare notice under the general head of Marriages. It was Kit's omnivorous eye that had spied the familiar names. She had debated with herself for a long moment before she decided to call Regis' attention to the item.

WHAT followed proved a nightmare she would gladly have erased from memory while at the office had not Raglan's constant harping on Regis' absence kept it alive. But through hours of wakefulness, of nights spent in the constant changing of ice packs until she herself tumbled forward with weariness to sleep on her knees with her arms and head fallen across Regis' writhing body, never for a moment did she toy with the idea of calling in medical help. Knowing Regis to be as healthy as any girl alive, she felt instinctively that what she was witnessing was a terrific struggle between strength of body and strength of mind in violent collision. The mind wandered, but it was anchored—so firmly anchored that inevitably it would have to come back.

It did. On the third morning Kit awoke to find her head, in Regis' lap, being gently caressed. Regis herself was sitting propped up against three pillows, her body peculiarly still except for the fingers that moved with a soothing motion across Kit's glossy black hair. It was a stillness with no suggestion of weakness—the stillness of a vessel that has come unharmed through storm to rest on the quiet waters of a sure haven.

"You've been a wonder, Kit," she murmured, sensing that her little friend was awake. "It's been terrible—terrible in a way nobody could understand but me. It would have been bad enough if it had been anybody else. But Dora! No, I can't make you see it. I shall never be able to see it myself. There's only one thing on earth to do, and that's to look the other way."

"Sure," said Kit. "Forget it, and go on."

"You were right about falling in love," continued Regis evenly. "It's horrible. It can be unbelievably ugly. It can tear you loose from all the old foundations—faith, and hope, and things like that. It can blind you to beauty as if somebody had thrown vitriol in your face. But there must be some way out and I'll find it—some path that leads away from torment to where you can see trees and skies and water again."

"You've got it bad," murmured Kit sympathetically.

"You mean I had it," said Regis. "You can tell Mr. Raglan I'll be back on Monday."

With her return a load seemed to fall noiselessly from Raglan's shoulders. In the office he became a changed man. His irascibility not only passed but was forgotten with the swiftness with which the memory of rain is banished by a blazing sun. He was his competent, smiling and effective self once more. He could lay his plans with a sure touch, balance the chances of success against failure with unerring judgment of the odds, and make up his mind to a daring throw. That was in the office; but at home things were quite different.

From the beginning of their life together Dora had puzzled him. Her quiescence was amazing. It would not have surprised him had she gone in for a thorough rest in the sense he himself had suggested when he made her comfortable on that first morning. What astonished him was that she seemed to have established her residence on the couch as if its limits were the bounds of her new world. Seeking to fathom her strange mood, he offered to have moved at once any and all objects she desired from her old apartment. Her eyes swerved to meet his for an instant of curious inspection.

"Oh, no," she said. "Please don't do that. Please—please leave everything exactly as it is."

"That's all right with me," said Raglan. "It will make it easier to rent for the balance of your lease. What about it? Have you had any applications?"

"No; not yet."

Something in the manner of her answer stirred him to vague suspicion. "Did you call up and put it in the hands of an agent?" he asked.

"Yes," she lied with only the merest suggestion of hesitancy.

"When?" asked Raglan.

"The very morning we came here," replied Dora promptly.

"That was three days ago," said Raglan thoughtfully. "You'd think they would have had some sort of inquiry by this time. Shall I call them up?"

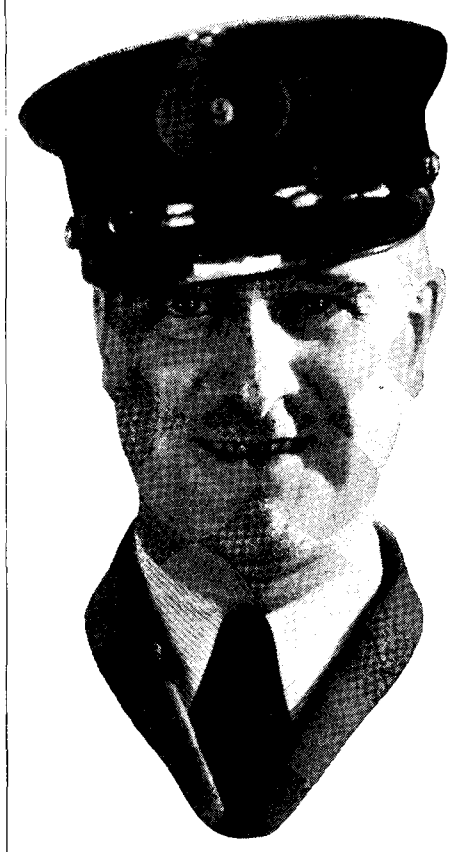
"Oh, no," said Dora, half rising and falling back again. "Why should you bother? You have plenty to do in the office without worrying about me."

He frowned, still dissatisfied with her answer. What puzzled him was not her attitude toward her empty apartment; lots of people were lazy when it came to tending to troublesome matters like that. The thing that troubled him was her strange reaction to her new surroundings. Why was she not alive with interest? Why was she not out morning, noon and evening, ranging the stores, seeking out materials, dickering with dealers and upholsterers? He had expected to come home every night to an excited face, to find her eager to put before him the discoveries and ambitions of the day. He had planned to battle with her on certain matters but to yield on others, trusting to his own tact to keep their relations on an even and friendly keel. But her enduring quiescence baffled him. No longer did it appear a mood; gradually but surely it was taking on the attributes of an embattled position.

THE mere thought was so disturbing it forced him to plunge into realities in search of its origin. He studied Dora with a detachment never before possible. To his annoyance he gained an impression that while she knew she was being studied she felt no inclination to help him out. Something was wrong, but what was it? He was by nature a patient investigator. With a single exception, patience in gathering all the possible information on a given subject was perhaps his outstanding quality; the single exception was his ruthlessness in striking when patience was at an end. What had he got out of his bargain? A complacent wife in the legal sense, granted; but what else.

He recoiled from answering that question even to himself—made a deliberate effort to escape from answering it. He went so far as to invent a game. Dora had the ways and the manner of a kitten. She purred with contentment over little things—a satisfying meal, a

(Continued on page 42)



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We can make such an offer because experience has proved it works out to our advantage. Already over half a million men have accepted it. Practically all of them, apparently, remain our steady customers. One recent sample tube we know of has actually brought us five new customers. The man who got our 15-shave tube liked Listerine Shaving Cream so well he talked about it to his friends. You can see what happens when newly made acquaintances begin working for us that way.

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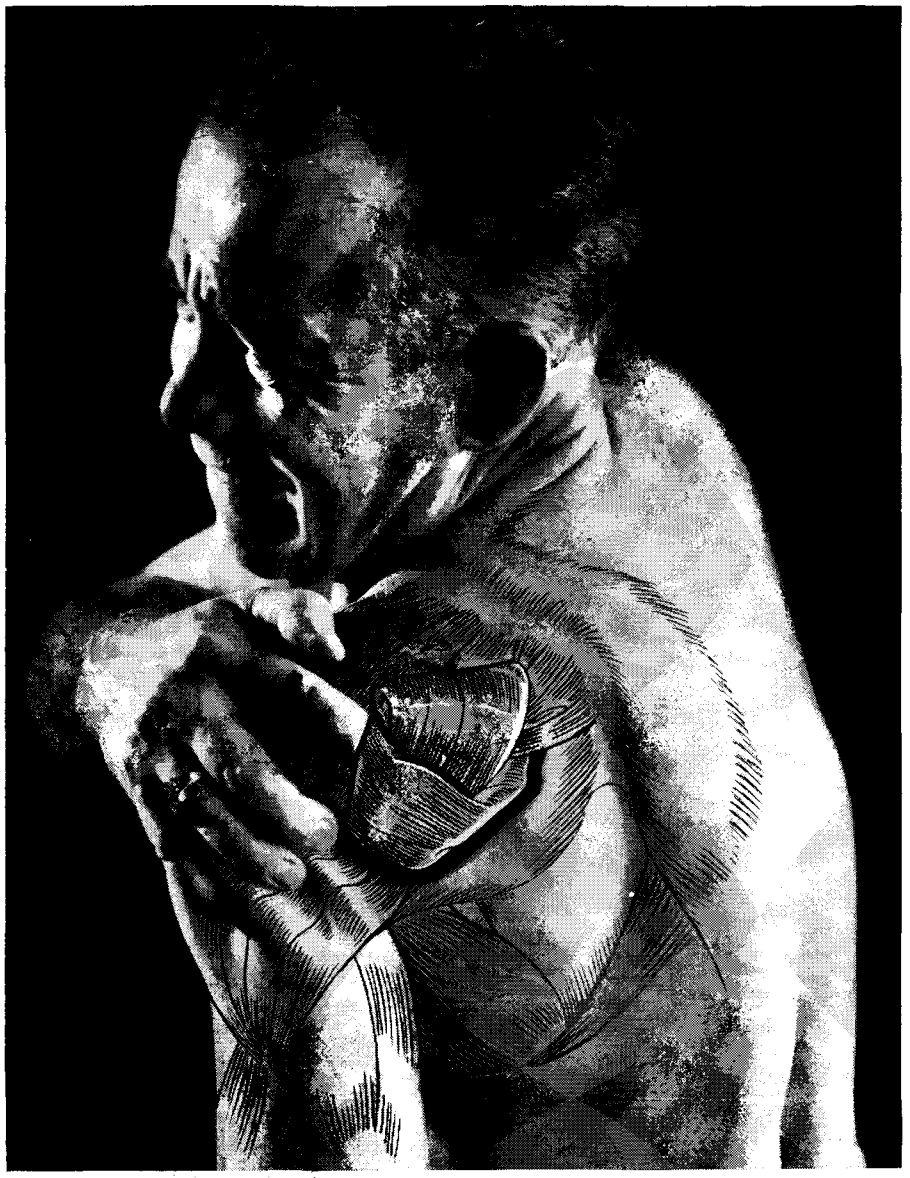

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PAIN is like a knot in muscles—an angry knot of congestion that can be quickly smoothed away with easing, relieving Absorbine Jr.

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The muscles lose their tautness. They loosen up, become relaxed and supple again—as warmth steals in and pain steals OUT!

That's why for 40 years Absorbine Jr. has been the favorite of coaches, athletes and trainers. If you haven't a bottle on your bathroom shelf, go to your druggist for one. Keep it handy for sore, aching muscles, bruises, strains and sprains, and other muscular ailments. It's also a wonderful antiseptic for cuts and burns. Price, $1.25. For free sample write W. F. Young, Inc., 357 Lyman St., Springfield, Mass.

ABSORBINE JR.

For years has relieved sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, burns, cuts, abrasions, sprains, sleeplessness

Used by Thousands for "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

(Continued from page 41)

good movie, the softness of a cushion or merely the correct temperature of a room. She had a feline way of curling herself up, of waking and stretching. She was smooth to the touch—smooth as fur. Well, he would accept her as a kitten and start from there. What did a kitten think about? How did its mind work? Why, for instance, did it cling to an abode rather than to people? By what necromancy of the homing instinct could it return infallibly along an unknown way? That trend of thought inevitably carried him back to the matter of her apartment.

Gazing into her inscrutable eyes he asked abruptly, "What agency is handling the renting of your apartment?"

Her gaze seemed to flicker and then to seize upon his own with abrupt decision. "Not one of the big agencies," she said. "I put it in the hands of a friend of mine."

"What friend?"

"Kate Morriston."

"Is she in the telephone directory?"

"Of course. Why?"

"I'm going to call her up."

"I wouldn't do that if I were you," said Dora, her eyes unwavering.

Almost as much to escape from their grip as for any other reason he sprang to his feet, went to the telephone, looked up the number and called it. While he stood waiting he glanced over his shoulder at Dora, who was still looking fixedly at the chair he had abandoned.

"Mrs. Morriston," he asked, "or Miss?"

"Miss," she answered.

A moment later he was saying, "Can I speak to Miss Morriston?"

"This is Miss Morriston," replied a languid voice.

"I'm speaking for Mrs. Raglan."

"Mrs. Raglan?"

"She was Dora Mulholland."

"Oh, yes. Well?"

"Have you had any inquiries about the apartment?"

"What apartment?"

"Hers." He strove to swallow a lump in his throat. "Dora's."

"No, I haven't," said the voice after an appreciable pause. "But if I do get any I'll have to say it's a frowzy little hole."

RAGLAN almost dropped the receiver, caught it just in time and set it in its cradle. He sat for a moment, staring at the telephone, using the instrument as a point on which to focus his scattered thoughts. Finally he turned with an odd lifting of his shoulders, crossed behind the couch and resumed the chair in which he had been sitting. To his astonishment he found Dora's eyes fixed on his exactly as if he had never moved.

"What did you find out?" she asked in her soft voice, so barren of inflection.

"That you lied to me," he answered, watching her face intently. Its expression—if such immobility could be termed an expression—did not change, nor did her eyes waver. "Why?" he asked. "Why did you lie, and why did you let me telephone?"

"Because it seemed as good a way as any other."

"As good a way for what?"

"To bring you to your senses. Now, Larry, don't make a scene; and for heaven's sake quit staring at me as if you were a hungry owl and I a dead mouse. I'm not a mouse; I'm a woman."

"What's that got to do with it?" asked Raglan almost inaudibly.

"Everything. Though I'm your wife, and you have a right to expect certain specified things of me, I'm still an individual with rights of my own. One of them is a choice as to where I'm going to live."

"A choice—" began Raglan and choked. He could feel his eyes starting out of his head and the arteries in his neck swelling to the point of bursting. He locked his hands together as if he foresaw some danger from which that grip might save him. "What did you say?"

"You heard me. I've been lying on this couch for days wondering just one thing—how a man of your intelligence could dream that Eleanor, or I, or any woman with the slightest sense of the fitness of things, would ever consent to be buried in a smelly slums simply on account of a ramshackle old house."

"That's strange," said Raglan very quietly. "Strange, I mean, that you should wonder. If I dreamed it in regard to you it was because you said, almost under oath, that you loved this old place as you adored me." His lips twitched to the oddness of that last phrase, then straightened into a hard line. They looked as if they would never smile again—his whole face had the appearance of the tortured mask of a fighter, struck a savage blow below the belt. "That, too, was a lie, I suppose—all of it!"

"STOP looking like that!" snapped Dora, her own endurance nearing its end. "Stop making a martyr of yourself as if you were being nailed to the cross instead of being offered a chance to live a normal life with somebody who can be as good a wife to you as any man ever had."

"You lied to me," breathed Raglan, his eyes glazing with the intentness of their gaze, his fingers twined and locked together so tightly that they were drained of blood.

"Yes," murmured Dora, vaguely conscious of a first inkling of approaching danger, "I—I loved you enough to lie."

"Loved me!" shouted Raglan, and sprang at her. His left hand shot at her throat, choking off the possibility of a cry. With the other he slapped her more than once with stinging little slaps that were but preparation for the one cataclysmic blow into which he would pour all the crushing strength of his disappointment and rage. His arm swung back to strike it, but at the command of his will, his doubled fist fell from midair, his fingers opened and his hand hung lax at his side. He rose from the couch and stood staring down at Dora, intelligence creeping back into his eyes. She gasped, making odd sounds in her throat, but she was too frightened to cry and her vocal cords remained wholly incapable of speech. He dusted his hands, one against the other, as if he were wiping them clean.

"You're dirty," he said in his natural voice. "You're more than a liar—you're a black-headed, black-hearted double-crosser. I've stepped on many a snake in the way of business but I've never before sunk up to my knees in filth. Get up and get out of here before I throw you out. Go back to your frowzy hole of an apartment. Send me a shyster lawyer whenever you feel like it, the sooner the better for you. Get up. Move. If you don't I'll lift you by the hair."

Dora struggled to a sitting posture, her big eyes wide with terror. "Now?" she whimpered.

"Yes, now," said Raglan. "Pack and get out. I'll promise to stay here unless I think you're taking too long about it."

Suddenly her feet found the floor, actually felt it. She sidled away from him around the end of the couch, then scuttled for the door. She ran like a frightened cat, the full skirt of her black chiffon dress giving the appearance of a tail in air. Raglan threw back his head and gave utterance to a reverberating laugh—the first full-throated laugh those walls had echoed since the days of his far-away youth.

(To be continued next week)

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Cinderella in City Hall

Continued from page 19

overseas and at home. By an unexpected motion to strike all appropriations from the War Department bill, he blocked the bipartisan program for a huge standing army of regulars, reserves and trainees; he insisted upon prompt abolition of war-time taxes, especially on wage-earners.

During the Coolidge-Hoover era he was even more of a maverick, earning a reputation as a "dangerous radical." He sponsored extremely high taxes on earned and inherited wealth, advocated government ownership and operation of essential public utilities, and demanded federal control of coal production in time of strikes. At the head of a score of insurgents, he opposed such traditional Republican policies as excessive tariffs and a benevolent air toward big business.

In political controversy he can be unpleasantly cutting and caustic. To her face he dubbed a dainty House millionairess a "fine egg" because she voted for a three-cent tariff after a tearful plea for a lower duty so that "the kiddies of the tenements can have cheap candy." When a dull and pompous Democrat riled him, he flung back: "If the gentleman will devote as much attention to polishing his mind as he does to polishing his façade, he will make a more useful member."

Basting and Lambasting

Weaving in and out of debates like a halfback going through a broken field, and shaking off hecklers with vicious repartee, those were his happy days. "You can keep me off committees," he gibed Republican bosses when they threatened to exile him for backing "Old Bob" La Follette in 1924, "but you can't keep me out of debate." When, as punishment, they placed this East Side member on the public lands committee, he did not sulk; he studied conservation problems of the West as if his seat depended on it. Social and political conventionalities mean nothing to him—he characterizes the great ones of his party as "gold-spooners"—and when, quite by accident, he got invitations to White House receptions from Republican Presidents, he distributed them as mementos to the kids in his district.

He has a Latin flair for melodrama, and he is, in one sense, a prima donna, a show-off. In his frequent demonstrations of his theatrical and rabble-rousing tendencies, he has brandished blood-red steaks and pork chops on the floor, made an underground tour of the Pennsylvania anthracite district in miners' clothes, descended to the ocean bottom in a submarine.

He gives every crusade the aspect of an escapade for a definite reason. Since he fights so frequently on the unpopular side, and is so often ahead of the crowd, he depends for results on these individualistic methods. Thirty years in public life, he says, convince him that people can be aroused only by striking gestures and appeals. Politicians slow to sponsor liberal and humanitarian reforms, he declares, must be dragged into the court of public opinion, and in performing before this tribunal, he is admittedly an expert showman.

Away from the political scene and office there appears a LaGuardia the public rarely sees. Then he is a man of charm, strange contrasts, simplicity and extreme tolerance for others' views. One of this insurgent's closest friends is the only prominent Republican of western Pennsylvania who supported "Boss Bill" Vare in the 1926 slush fund election.

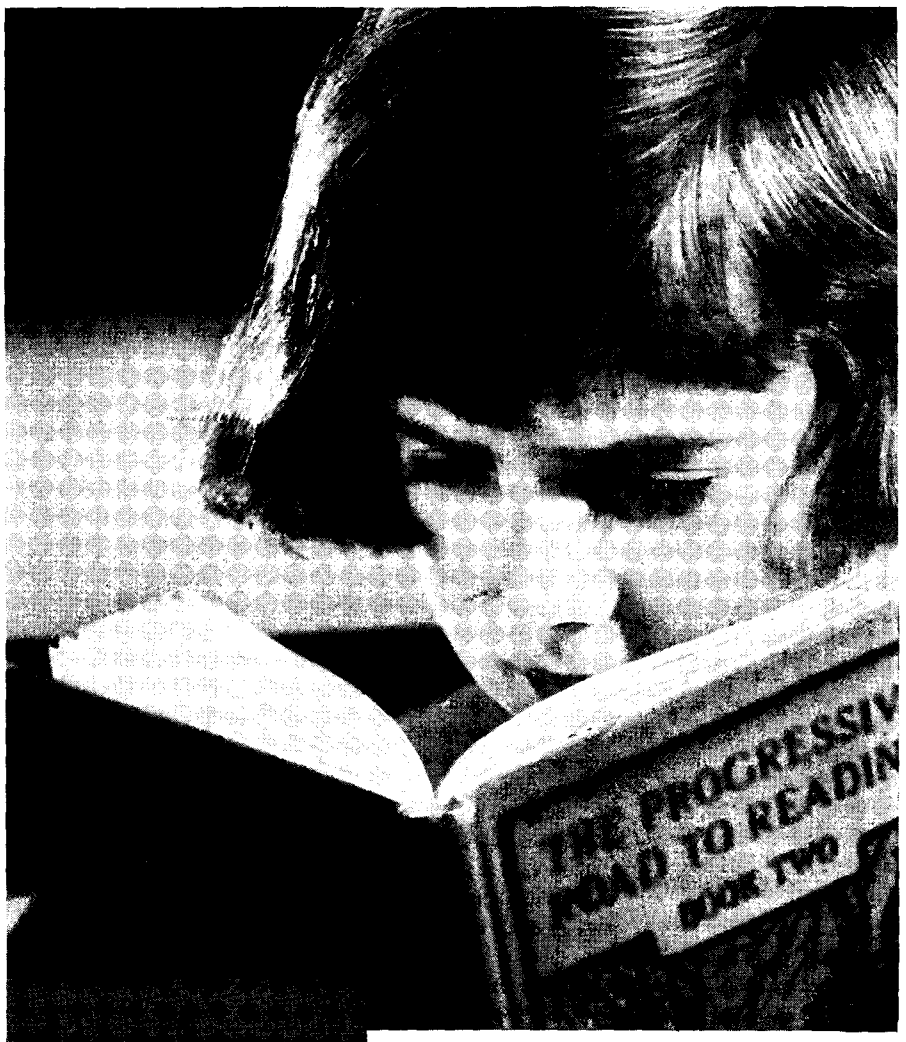
Feuds are forgotten once he shuts the door of his apartment and begins the evening by crawling about the floor with his adopted daughter, Jean, mounted on his broad back. Beneath the political swashbuckling and sensationalism there is a rich vein of sentiment, almost of sentimentality, of personal shyness and childlike naïveté.

At small Sunday evening supper parties he is happiest in the combined rôle of host and cook. Putting on a chef's apron and hat, bustling about the kitchen, which he bars to guests lest they see and sniff his surprise dishes in advance, he loses himself in the artistic preparation of a minestrone soup, a curry of rice, a mess of ravioli, spaghetti, exquisite but peppery sauces; he is as skillful at basting a stuffed capon as he is at lambasting stuffed politicians. Assembling a salad dressing from a half-dozen bottles—and he insists upon mixing them at the table for all to see—is a solemn ritual with him, but the wait is worth it. Although he pretends to deprecate public references to his culinary accomplishments, praise his salad dressings and he will give you the key to the city of New York.

"Is it fresh? Say, I hit this one this morning coming to work!"

Reamer Keller

What makes the little girl squint?



Good light costs *less* when you use good lamps

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People can't afford to take a chance on exposure when

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All the risks people take in exposing themselves to the weather are increased when they are in poor physical condition or when their resistance is low.

They should provide a defense against winter—the *inside* kind. Strong inner resources—*good resistance*—is the first line of defense they can offer against the hazards of winter.

But the trouble is that many people do not pay any attention to their physical condition at the right time. They wait until they're miserable before they think of building up.

Don't let this happen to you. Why not improve *your* resistance now? Take Squibb Adex Tablets-10 D!

A concentrate of the vitamins in halibut and cod-liver oil with Viosterol, they offer you important resistance-building values never before combined in any one product.

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Now at any good drug store. Squibb Adex Tablets-10 D. And insist on *Adex!* Prepared exclusively by E. R. Squibb & Sons, manufacturing chemists since 1858.

Oriental Moonlight

Continued from page 8

"You'll do it and like it," said his chief. "Boy, where's that drink? Why . . . what've you mixed? I said—"

"Champagne cocktail," said the Chinese suavely. "Velly fine."

Johnny grabbed one of the glasses; it was tall, and pale like a frozen summer moon, lighted in its depths like grapes in sunshine. He waved down Kendall's protests; he said, a shade too loudly:

"Li Tsüi's dead. I shouldn't have called him an old goat. That's no way for a son to talk . . . not even an adopted son. He's dead. It's all in the letter." He held it up. "He left his estate to his newly adopted son. That's me. Johnny Li Tsüi. Yellow-button mandarin. The money's in England. I . . . I tried to keep him alive, you know. And a minute ago I was sick because I was going to be sacked! Ha! Sir Robert knew about it. The letter's from British solici . . . sol . . . lawyers. He wasn' bein' funny."

JOHNNY had forgotten about the proposed toast. He gulped down the subtle, bland mixture, and almost instantly electricity seemed to flow through him. The sensation was extremely agreeable.

"I hope he left you enough for your passage home," Kendall said shortly. Which, the E-I manager believed, ought to snap Ransom back to truth.

It was the bar-man who said, "Eight million dollah! Gold—not Mex. Lotsa money."

The sound of a letter being slipped back into its envelope became very loud. Suddenly Ransom laughed, as if the champagne had bubbled over; a new and intoxicating idea had come to him, an entirely delightful idea. "My regrets to Sir Robert," he said to the silent men. "I find I have a very 'portant dinner 'gagement. Canton boat's in. Lady's on boat. Old Man's daughter. Old Lady M'thus'lah. Got to show her Oriental moon. George says so. Glad t' help George out—"

"We'll take care of her," Kendall smiled.

"No, sir. Gonna take her out. Get sappy. Me. Her." He looked puzzled, and then remembered: "Gonna make her think Esterley Import can't get along 'thout me. Tha's it. Then"—what a magnificent notion!—"gonna say t' her, 'T' hell with th' Old Man. You better be nice t' me. Otherwise won' work f'r old goat. Ha! E-I's in trouble. No trade. No money. I'll help out, but you better be sweet 'nd give me li'l kiss.'" He began to laugh again. "C'n you beat 'at? Me forgettin' she's 's old 's Confoo . . . Con . . . you know who I mean. Er . . . gen'lm'n . . . goo'night . . ."

"But, Johnny, old fellow—"

"Don' 'old fellow' me," shouted Johnny. "Minute ago you wanted kick my pants. You can' go 'round kickin' millionaires, George. Bad taste. 'S impolite, too. Goo' night."

JOHNNY, in the hotel, spoke sharply to the clerk. "Want to see Miss Esterley," he said. "Have boy take me up." His head had cleared a bit. Not much. Just what he was going to do, and why he was going to do it, had become hazier, and, in the lift, he found it necessary to concentrate on the reason why he had left the Nanking Club and a good dinner. . . . The boy knocked on a door in the quiet corridor. Johnny straightened up and marched in like a grenadier.

In a corner of the room a girl had been removing dresses from a wardrobe trunk; she had one in her hand as she stepped back from the door she had opened. A crimson dress, which contrasted with the black frock she herself was wearing. To Johnny this was just a black dress, with white at the neck. She was young; she was very, very pretty. Johnny was able to figure this out without any trouble. From what she had been doing, and from the simple attire, he supposed that she was Miss Esterley's maid.

Bowing deeply, he said: "Nice evening. I'll hang up dress for you. 'S hard work. I'm Mr. Ransom. Where's the old girl?"

At the sound of his voice, someone in the next room shrilled words in French. Johnny didn't understand them; he said distastefully, "That's her, is it? Got to take her out an' feed her. Hmm. Wish I could take you."

The girl replied, in French also, and then said to Ransom, in a sweet, husky voice, "Miss Esterley says that she is too tired to leave the hotel. She will dine in bed. So you're Jo . . . Mr. Ransom?"

Johnny thought this out. He began to grin. "I am," he said. "Put on a coat and we'll go places."

Mary Esterley said. "But I'd lose my job. I don't dare. My . . . I mean Madam will be angry. She is tired, and headachy, and cross—"

"I'll get you another job," Johnny informed her instantly. "Get you ten jobs. Fifty." Looking at her with increasing enjoyment, he forgot completely what had brought him to the hotel. He went on earnestly, "She'd fire you here, in th' Orient, would she? Ha! Just like her Old Man. Mean old devil. Now, the proper thing to do is—what?—the thing to do is have dinner."

FACE prim and demure, Mary demanded, "Do you know Miss Esterley?"

"Ninety-seven years old. Skinny. Big feet. Long neck. Buck teeth." Having already said this, Johnny scrupulously lowered his voice lest he be overheard. In amazement he continued, "An' I was goin' to show her the moon!"

"And you'd rather show it to me?"

"Show it to you? I'll get it for you if you want."

Bright dress still across her arm, Mary Esterley gazed at Johnny Ransom with a deeper, keener discernment than the man's. She saw just about what George Kendall thought she would see; saw past Johnny's cryptic and confused statements. She asked, "Weren't you supposed to be upcountry?"

"Was. Back. Famine country. That's why I'm hungry." This was all uninteresting to Johnny. "Always liked dark eyes," he said.

A door opened; Mary Esterley turned and began to speak rapidly in French; the older woman's face became a picture—first, sheer amazement, next, puzzled, surprised, and, lastly, an amusement which caused the girl to beg her not to laugh. Dutifully, the maid drew her face into an expression which did things to Johnny Ransom's knees. He breathed deeply when the door closed again.

"SO THAT'S her," Johnny said. There was nothing he could add to that bald statement.

Mary Esterley murmured, stroking the sleek crimson dress, "And you are going to entertain her, so you won't lose your job."

"Me?" The newest millionaire in the Orient drew himself up. "Me? You don't know who I am!"

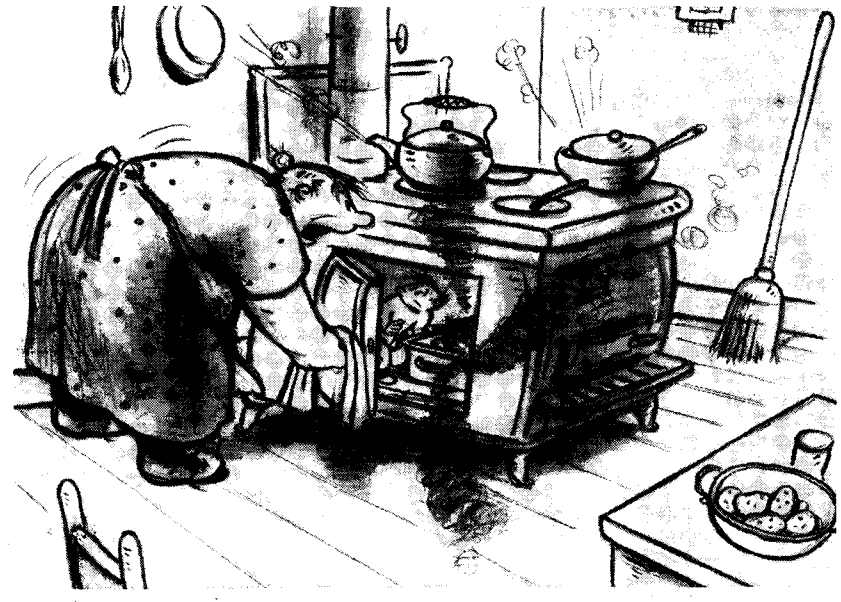
"Napoleon?"

"He's dead," said Johnny. "Ready?"

Discretion told her, severely, that it was unwise, and probably ridiculous, to venture out with a man whose thoughts wobbled, even if his legs appeared steady. This wasn't the States; this was China. Johnny Ransom was a wild Indian; her father had often said so. Wild, but of a steel which was slowly being tempered. Her father, the Old Man, had said that also. She, herself, found that she rather liked him . . . this, and curiosity, and amusement, caused her head to nod an agreement even as her lips were forming a negative.

She insisted upon dining at the prosaic, stolid hotel.

Johnny was willing to talk, he who hadn't seen a girl like this since he'd come to China. And he had tales to tell, about everything under the blazing Oriental sun except the strangest adventure of all, which had ended by the placing of Li Tsüi's fortune to Johnny's credit . . . about this, he said nothing, although he thought about it considerably. Always in connection with this girl across the table from him. Johnny's ideas went rather far. He had even decided that, after they were married, they'd go home by way of the Suez. He didn't want her to learn about Li Tsüi's



"So you stayed in there an' let the roast burn without tellin' Mamma!"

Frank Owen

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legacy; if she married him—*when* she married him!—it wasn't going to be on account of his wealth.

She was saying, "Your dinner was lovely. Now, I must—"

"You've got to go for a walk," Johnny protested, alarmed. "Everybody here goes for a walk after dinner. Down to the river. See the water lilies."

"I'd like to, but"—demurely—"this isn't my night out." Then: "Does it take long to walk to the river?"

It was when Johnny began to ask questions of his own—did she like working for Miss Methuselah? how long had she worked for her? how was it she had taken such a job? where was her home? —that Mary Esterley was forced to guide the talk to safer ground. Before he knew it, Johnny was again telling her about his last trip upcountry . . . of trees shorn of their bark, of grass stubble ripped from the earth, of houses taken down board by board and the wood sold for food. He told her how the farmers refused to eat their seed wheat, planting it even while they were starving.

SIDE by side, they had reached the end of a narrow way, which turned into a broader street, in which a motley throng had gathered—beggars, mandarins, clerks, petty officials, shopkeepers, tea-house proprietors, all listening to the lengthy, poetical singsong harangue of a portly Chinese who was standing on a small, cloth-covered platform. There was the penetrating odor of bitter orange peel, and the snap of cracked watermelon seeds; venders hawked their wares; a sweetmeat seller dusted flies from candied coconut . . .

"It's been a bad year," Johnny continued as they walked. "The people have been eating their girls—"

"*What?*"

Johnny lied hastily, "That's just a Chinese idiom." His head was much clearer since dinner; but, just the same, he was high in the clouds, for, to alcohol and eight millions, there had been added the subtle ingredient of this girl beside him. "Now," he went on stubbornly, "I'm going to tell you about the time I was up in Shensi, and—"

"Johnny Ransom! What does it mean . . . eating girls?"

Ransom pulled his eyes away from her. He saw the platform for the first time; saw where a juggler had taken the place of the orator. If he said "Damn!" it was under his breath. Aloud, he said, "Don't be so curious. Anyhow, you're too young to be told."

Mary Esterley seized Johnny's arm. She turned him so that he faced her. "Tell me."

It would have amused Kendall and the others to see Ransom now. He blinked. He gulped. Then the truth was pulled out of him: "Eating girls is selling them. To the *fan ren di*. The trader. He sells 'em in the cities. So now you know."

She demanded, "Mothers sell their daughters? I don't believe it."

Johnny shrugged.

"This is China," he said. "It's that, or watch them starve to death. I saw it done, once."

He was ready to turn back, to seek a different path to the river. But Mary's eyes had left his, and had settled on the spectacle on the platform. A girl had been brought to it; she was young, she was pale; her head, weighted down with a gilt headdress, beads and imitation seed-pearls, a mock-bride's ornament, was bowed and low.

The trader shrilled, "*Ho peng ki!* Very cheap! Observe her youth! She is very tender . . . well educated . . . docile . . . obedient . . . and cheap."

The bidding started, at first with coarse jests and laughter, then, as a merchant, a tea-house owner and an official ran the amount up, with seriousness. Mary refused to be drawn away. She asked, "How much will they pay for her?" in a small, tight voice.

Johnny was sobering fast. He said: "Not very much. Poor kid. She's pretty thin. A couple of hundred, Mex."

"I . . . I'd like to . . . to buy her."

Of course she'd say that. Johnny began to glow. But he said cautiously, "You can't go 'round upsetting Chinese customs. And what would you do with her?"

"I don't know. I don't care. It's horrible."

Johnny said, "Perhaps it's better than starving to death."

Her eyes blazed. "You're horrid."

Between her swift words and Johnny's rising voice there was almost no interval. He cried, in Cantonese, "Two hundred fifty."

Interested and amused heads turned at the new bid. Someone laughed; someone else pointed; the official blurted, "Two hundred and sixty."

Mary Esterley whispered, "Don't let him have her!"

Eight million dollars, the sheer power of it, danced before Ransom's eyes; eight millions, and one hand clutching at his arm. He covered it with his own before saying, "Shut up, darling. I'll manage this." He shouted then, "It is understood that I am bidding in gold, and not Mex."

In other words, he had doubled the bid. "She is yours," the trader said promptly.

But Johnny Ransom wasn't through. With Mary Esterley beside him, Johnny proposed finishing what she had begun in magnificent style. So far as alcohol was concerned, he was sober enough, but he was filled with the heady wine of the power of gold . . . and the girl so close to him. She wanted the sale stopped; he'd stop it. "I am tired of so much talk and so much bidding of small amounts," he said loudly. "Consider that all of the girls have been sold to me. Send them to"—the club? he'd never live that down!—"to the hotel for white men. I will give them my orders later." He tucked Mary's hand under his arm, and said to her, "That finishes it. They're all yours now. Let's finish our walk."

THE Chinese moved aside to let them pass; here and there, almost menacingly, a beggar whined for silver, forgetting that a copper coin was his customary contribution . . . here and there, also, heads went together. . . .

Johnny paid no attention to footsteps behind him; Mary Esterley was saying, "A gorgeous mess you've made of this! No wonder my . . . everyone says . . . that you—"

"I did what you wanted," Johnny said. He grinned. "Don't worry. Everything'll be all right."

"Yes. It will be simply wonderful!"

"Sure," Johnny agreed.

The houses ended suddenly in a long wall. Here also the gate was open and, through the trees, the river glinted like a softly polished piece of old silver. The pair passed through the wall-gate, and into complete quiet and delicious coolness.

The moon was high and white, the sky seemed very far away.

Johnny Ransom put his arm around her shoulders. He had forgotten everything now.

"You're sweet," he said.

Mary Esterley had forgotten nothing. It seemed to her, disturbed as she was by what had happened, that the man had penetrated her originally unintended disguise. Why else would he have bought girl after girl? He *knew* (she thought) that he couldn't pay for them, and that the Esterley's maid couldn't. And now he was going to . . .

(Continued on page 46)

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5c
LUDEN'S

(Continued from page 45)

"Is this your line?" she asked.

It was the wrong thing to have said. She knew that. Her thoughts were jumbled to a bitter-sweet incoherency. It was so lovely here. So still. They were (she believed) so completely alone. She had said the wrong thing; it came to her that she really didn't want to say anything. She had wanted to be kissed. Since Johnny was silent, she went on, feebly, unwillingly, "You want me to ask Miss Esterley to speak to her father—"

"I'll show you what I want," Johnny said unevenly.

He whirled her into his arms, taking a half-step forward as he did so; he was actually bending down to kiss her when the blow aimed for the back of his head descended, missed, because of his action, and struck him on the shoulder.

What happened next was much too fast for the startled girl to follow. Ransom had shoved her away; he had ripped out with a short blow which knocked the nearest of the assailants flat on his ragged back. Then, for a breathless moment, it appeared as if the white man were being borne to the ground, overwhelmed. It was all like a shadow-show. Johnny had given way . . . there was the flash of a knife in moonlight, a grunt as Ransom charged under the Chinese's stabbing arm and drove a fierce blow home, a short, agonized squeal of pain as the deflected blade slashed down into the Asiatic's own thigh. . . .

The three who were upright (the first Chinese was creeping away, holding his jaw and waggling it painfully in praise of the gods who had held him to life) made one more advance; Ransom feinted, twisted around, struck out . . .

There was a devil in the white man! He had no weapon, no knife, no blade, but his fists were like hurled rocks. . . . And then Johnny was speaking. "They were just bad boys," he was saying. "They wanted . . . er . . . money."

THE girl placed her own, and logical, interpretation on this. She thought, "The Chinese knew I was an Esterley." Aloud, she said, "They'd have held me. For ransom. Taken me away—"

"I'll hold you for ransom," Johnny grinned. "That's a bad pun. Almost as poor as the fight." She was, he saw, trembling. "I remember one brawl, up-river, when—"

Shaken, Mary said: "Please. Take me back to the hotel. It's all been terrible. About the slave girls. The sale. What'll I ever do about it? I shouldn't have let you think I'm . . ."

"Married?" Johnny demanded, so urgently that she smiled faintly, and shook her head.

"You've been sweet," she pleaded. "Don't make love to me."

"If you're under contract to that old she-devil"—sober, Johnny couldn't forget the face in the hotel room—"we'll arrange that. The Old Man'll be glad enough to be bought off. Don't argue. You can't fool me. You're not a regular maid. I mean it isn't your regular job. I mean that even if it were, what of it? Why, I love you."

She showed him a white, distressed face.

"Back to the hotel it is," Johnny said promptly.

Even while they yearned toward each other, they walked apart; it was not until they were away from the silvery, placid river, and in a street lurking with shadows, that Mary placed her hand in his. In that manner they walked back to the hotel. Their thoughts were properly enough chaotic. The girl was at once positive, and doubtful, that he had penetrated the disguise he himself had originated for her; she saw in his performance at the slave market two things also—obedience to her wishes, and utter insanity; she saw him as completely sober, and as a boastful man whose head was so unclear that he talked about buying contracts; she saw him as a stranger, and as one who was familiar and dear. Ransom, on his part, was unassailed by doubts. This was his girl. The chaos in his head came entirely from his day-dreams . . . eight million dollars and one darling, worth vastly more. Sober as he now was, he had no intention of fooling her. Not a fair thing to do. Tell her. The whole story.

"I've something I've got to tell you," he said, as they neared the hotel. "You see . . . well . . ."

She drew her hand away, and, in natural voice, asked: "Are *you* married?"

"Me? If one of the bright young men of E-I asked a girl to marry him, she'd laugh at him. It'd be rice and fish and kisses. But now—"

All of her doubts returned, a thousandfold.

"I think," she began quietly, "that we've played out the joke, Mr. Ransom. If—"

The hotel was in sight; Johnny cut her off with: "There they are! Look, on the steps. My harem. Thank heaven this is China, and I can give chits for payment, until I have . . . I wonder if that's George Kendall driving up? He's my boss, and he can smell trouble all the way across Asia. He knows every time I—"

"It . . . it's . . ."

"The Old Man," Johnny whispered. "Well. Well, well, well."

The Old Man was batting his eyes; he saw the amused guests, he saw his daughter, he saw Johnny Ransom. He roared, "What've you done *now*, Johnny?"

Mary Esterley's head was high. "Hello, Dad," she said. "It wasn't Johnny's fault. It was mine. I—"

"What are you talking about?" Johnny demanded. "*I* bought 'em. I . . . say, what did you call the Old . . . Mr. Esterley?"

The Old Man's face turned first white, and then a flush showed on his cheek-bones, spreading all over his face. He tried to say something, but his lips uttered no sound. The words, whatever they were, could be dammed just so long; at the exact moment when they were about to burst with their own force from him a tall man made his leisurely way down the steps. How much he took in in his first glance cannot be known, but Sir Robert said, "Mr. Esterley. How are you?"

The Old Man swallowed with difficulty. His finger rose, perilously near Johnny's face, and trembled as he prepared to shake it under his employee's nose.

"Come to congratulate your young chap, eh?" Sir Robert, keen man, bent and whispered in the other's ear.

Esterley swallowed again, and almost choked on nothing. He stared at Ransom, he stared at his daughter, he stared at Sir Robert, he stared at the slave girls. He said at last, almost painfully, "I'd better have . . . a drink. Johnny Ransom! Eight millions! That's . . . a lot . . . of money."

Johnny Ransom's eyes were on the girl. He said, "You're Mary Esterley. You let me think—"

"You thought so yourself. You were . . . anyhow, I didn't say a word."

"You laughed at me."

"Only for a minute." She said quickly, hotly, "You didn't tell me that you . . . you had . . . so much . . ."

THEY argued, with curious warmth deep within, while Sir Robert looked at the moon, and Mr. Esterley glared at the servants; it was Mary who seized the man's arm and marched him down the street. "I suppose you want *everyone* to hear what a fool you've been?" she snapped. "What're you going to do with the girls? Do you *want* them? I'll bet you do. That's why you bought them. You've made me ridiculous—"

"Anyhow, I didn't dress up like a maid—"

"That dress came from Paris! It cost—"

"I'll buy you a dozen. Mary—"

"You made me feel sorry for you, because I knew you were going to lose your job—"

"Look here!" Johnny stopped her. "You can't talk to me like that. I only knew about the money a few minutes before I came to the hotel. If you don't stop calling names, I'll . . . I . . ."

"Go ahead and punch me. Like you did the Chinese. Names! Who called who an old devil? Who called who Miss Methuselah? Who said I was a hundred years old? Who—"

"If you don't shut up," Johnny said, "I'm going to kiss you. Right here. In the street. With everyone looking."

"You won't! You wouldn't dare!"

Sir Robert looked down the street, and saw what he saw. "Ha," he said to Esterley. "They seem . . . er . . . to have settled that argument, sir."

For Johnny had dared, and Mary Esterley's arms were about him so close that it seemed as if she would never let him go.

"When he gives yuh the hamburger, look at it sorta disgusted-like. He throws in another slice o' onion when yuh do that"

Jay Irving

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A Snack in Time

Continued from page 28

But perhaps there isn't any cheese in the refrigerator. Perhaps there's nothing but a lot of eggs, some milk and maybe the remains of a tube of anchovy paste. Scrambled eggs with anchovies, then, is your dish—only remember not to salt the eggs because the anchovy paste has quite enough salt to flavor them. A sprinkling of freshly ground pepper helps things, however.

Or if the gathering happens to have a fancy for omelets, the omelet they make in southern Italy is highly to be recommended. Eight well-beaten eggs, combined with two level tablespoons of flour, half a glass of milk and a pinch of salt, make the mixture, and it may be fried in oil or butter—the Italians prefer oil. When the omelet is nearly done it should be folded over with a spatula so that it is golden as the Italian sun on the outside and soft as the Mediterranean air within (we quote the lyrical Antonietta, prime omelet-maker of Naples). It may have a surprise like cheese or jam inside, or tomato sauce ruddying its complexion on the top.

A Cheese Boom

But an omelet, however superb, seems dull compared with two other dishes from that imaginative part of the world. The mere sound of a culinary poem like Cheese in a Carriage, or Eggs in Purgatory, is enough to keep guests entertained for the few minutes it takes the hostess to prepare it.

For Cheese in a Carriage, then, soak slices of white bread from which the crusts have been trimmed, first in milk, then in whole beaten eggs. Make sandwiches with thick slices of your favorite cheese (preferably a mild, easily melted variety), turn them about in a dish of flour and fry them in hot olive oil on a hot fire, very quickly, until brown.

Or, for Eggs in Purgatory, cut a small onion fine and brown it in a combination of butter and oil. Then add three large tomatoes, washed and sliced (for speed, a like quantity of the pulp of canned tomatoes) and cook them well, subsequently straining and adding, if necessary, a small amount of water so that you have a sauce with the consistency of a thick cream soup. Season this to taste—a bay leaf cooked in the sauce and afterward strained out is very much in the Italian manner. Break the required number of eggs into a greased casserole, pour the sauce over them and bake for a few minutes, or until the eggs are done.

It may be that the larder is well equipped for quick sandwich making. Mrs. George Jay Gould, for instance, is never without an assortment of sandwich pastes—sardine, anchovy, Virginia ham. Mrs. Arthur Whitney, of the well-known Whitneys, likes to serve little cream cheeses, cut in heart or other shapes, with preserved wild strawberries, but any fruit preserves would do as well. Mme. Frances Alda goes in for smoked salmon, as well as a variety of cheeses.

A great cheese boom is abroad in the land, the result, no doubt, of the advent of beer and everything else. Numerous dispensers of spontaneous hospitality set out one or two large boards laden with cheeses of many sorts and crackers or toast to eat with them.

Recently one of the midnight geniuses of the kitchen invented a new way of serving cheese—and now almost no supper party or tea party or bridge party in the neighborhood is complete without its platter of cheese potato chips. The cheese may be Roquefort mixed plentifully with cream cheese, or cream cheese with chopped chives and a faint dash of Worcestershire. Heap the cheese generously on the chips, choosing large, shapely ones and being careful not to break the delicate golden shells.

Perhaps the popularity of the dish is partly due to the fact that it is beautiful as well as good. Its decorative value, however, is short-lived—it is usually the first dish to be emptied. But that is only another point in its favor, for nothing gladdens the heart of the impromptu hostess so much as an empty dish.

Ziegfeld and his Follies

Continued from page 26

of "Fifty Anna Held Girls," charming and slender and daintily attired.

Next morning one newspaper said: "Mr. Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr., has given New York quite the best mélange of mirth, music and pretty young women that has been seen here in many summers. There is not a dull moment in the entire show. The many ensembles, songs and dances and the costuming of the principals and chorus carried the new review to success and assured it a long residence on Broadway." It was a smash.

Up to this time all theaters would close May 31st and stay closed until after Labor Day. Zieggy was the first to play through an entire summer and later moved the show to the Liberty Theater, because the roof had been previously booked for another offering.

The week Zieggy transferred his first Follies to the Liberty, Billie Burke was making her début on the American stage, playing opposite John Drew in My Wife, at the Empire. While Flo and Billie were only three blocks away from each other, it wasn't until seven years later that they met.

Erlanger, the senior partner of the combination, enjoyed a unique position. Whether because of his money or his status as virtual dictator of the theatrical business, he believed he could easily sway Zieggy. What Erlanger didn't know was that everybody who met Zieggy believed they could sway him. In his soft-spoken, gentle manner he gave the impression of being the original Yes-Man. But while he could be swayed, he swayed right back. He would say "Yes" to everything and then do the opposite.

A Fooler Fooled

The third Follies looked so good at Atlantic City that Erlanger decided to have a little fun with Flo. Erlanger, always the Emperor, rode a white horse to heighten the resemblance and took his riding partner, Hepner, who made the wigs for the show, into the plot against Zieggy.

Both of them being old horsemen because their horses were old, decided for some reason that Flo couldn't sit on one. Very casually they invited him out for a drive.

(Continued on page 48)

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(Continued from page 47)

"I ride two horses every morning," said Erlanger, to impress Flo.

"You do?" said Zieggy. "I never saw that done except in the circus."

He looked like easy pickings. The next morning Erlanger woke him at seven. That alone was enough to upset Zieggy, but later he himself acquired the habit and woke his actors and press-agents at six.

Foxy Abe fixed it so that Flo was given a horse with blood in his eyes, acute dyspepsia and the temper of a killer.

Flo mounted it and looked frightened as the horse's hindquarters rose higher than its headquarters.

"We better get him off before he's thrown," suggested Hepner, who was starting to feel sorry. But Erlanger winked and they both rode out ahead of Zieggy on their two tired nags that had been used all night for delivering milk.

Suddenly they heard the pounding of hoofs. They turned and saw Flo approaching at a full gallop. Then he deliberately began to ride complete circles around Erlanger and Hepner for the entire length of the trip as they plodded along the beach. It was lucky for them that he didn't have a lasso. That day the crowds from the boardwalk saw a funnier sight than anything in the Follies.

Opening Night

After the third edition, nobody expected the Follies to continue. The wise men of Broadway said the novelty had worn off. Ziegfeld himself didn't believe it was an important enough attraction for a regular theater and presented it on the roof.

It wasn't until 1913, after six revues, that he moved the Follies into the New Amsterdam and made that its permanent home.

The Follies opening night became a national event. Girls from every part of the country stood backstage on the threshold of glorification. The dressing-rooms were filled with so many stars that the skies looked deserted. Forty-second Street was a bobbing black sea of high-powered imported cars. The lobby of the New Amsterdam Theater glittered with aristocracy—the Stotesburys and the Huttons, the Replogles and the Cosdens, the Whitneys and the Astors, rubbing silk hats and ermine wraps in a dignified but eager scramble to see and be seen.

Later came the Broadway cynics known as coffin-trimmers to sneer and be bored and then the simple people who attended Ziegfeld shows as if they were making pilgrimages to the shrine of beauty. After them the leaders from all walks of life whom Ziegfeld marked on his private list at eleven dollars a seat, followed by cloak-and-suit merchants who were scalped by speculators and paid as high as a hundred dollars a pair!

The same tumult and excitement that fills the lobby and the street is magnified a thousandfold in the hysteria backstage. Messengers with telegrams rush to and fro. Flowers clutter up the hallways. Girls get in and out of costumes. Actors rehearse last-minute bits. Stars crack hollow jokes, ashamed at this late date to have stage fright. Wardrobe women hastily mend torn dresses and try to find missing shoes. Electricians adjust lights. The stage manager shouts orders and rounds off each order with an oath. The musicians enter the pit and start tuning up. The orchestra bursts into the overture accompanied by the clatter of seats and the rustle of programs. Girls rush breathlessly to the wings. Last call! Curtain! Opening chorus! The show is on and who knows how many blunders will be made before the night is over!

In the midst of all this chaos and frenzy, only one man stands placid, unperturbed, leaning against the onyx stairway that winds up to the balcony, as if he were alone in the theater. He is the only man without studs, a stiff shirt or evening clothes. He wears a gray felt hat, a soft blue shirt, the collar neatly nicked with a gold clasp, a gray suit and brown shoes, and patiently chews the ragged end of a long unlighted cigar. It is Ziegfeld. During intermission he slips into the box-office and stays there till the second-act curtain rises.

I have before me a program of the *1915 Follies* and here are some of the youngsters in the cast: Mae Murray, Ann Pennington, Kay Laurell, Olive Thomas of movie fame, Justine Johnstone, who married Walter Wanger, formerly one of the heads of Paramount; Ina Claire, later an outstanding star of the legitimate stage; Lucile Cavanaugh, who became the dancing partner of George White; and George White himself, who afterward flowered forth as producer of the Scandals. There is enough talent right here to make three successful revues and I'm not halfway through.

I come to the comedians: Bert Williams, the greatest entertainer of his day, followed by Ed Wynn, W. C. Fields and Leon Errol. Then there are Bernard Granville, Melville Stewart, the Lawrence Tibbett of his time, and Fannie Brice. A cast like this or its equivalent today would cost almost twice the money you could take in at the box-office. Yet Zieggy threw them all together nonchalantly in the hope that he could get a nice little summer show out of it.

In the Follies of 1916, Zieggy retained the best of his former stars and added new names to them. Apparently the previous production didn't have enough! Particularly the chorus was strengthened.

Among them I see Gladys Feldman, now an actress of prominence; Bird Millman, formerly a circus performer; and somewhere near the bottom of the list I see a new chorus girl, Marion Davies, and another newcomer, Lilyan Tashman.

In 1917 a dazzling array of fresh names joined up with the old stand-bys. Zieggy was always getting reinforcements. He was afraid the critics might say, "The old master is slipping." There is Peggy Hopkins, the marriage queen; Ethel Delmar; and Kathryn Perry, who married Matt Moore.

The Follies was always a great matrimonial center. It was Bessie McCoy of the Follies who married Richard Harding Davis, the novelist. Gene Buck, Flo's lyricist and adviser, married a Follies beauty. Mark Hellinger, the columnist, picked himself Gladys Glad, and even Zieggy's nephew, his sister's son, was wedded to a Follies girl, Anastasia Reilly.

The Greatest Follies

Among the principals of 1917 I notice two recruits to the comedy ranks—two unknown comics, each getting about a hundred and fifty dollars a week—Will Rogers and Eddie Cantor. You'd imagine Flo would be satisfied that these two could get him enough laughs, but to make sure, the program also included W. C. Fields, Walter Catlett and Fannie Brice.

Zieggy always kept adding, improving, expanding. In the 1916 Follies Harry Kelly, the veteran comedian, joined the ranks. Savoy and Brennan also came in. Poor Savoy was later killed by lightning at Long Beach. Martha Mansfield entered the chorus, and Marilyn Miller made her first appearance under the Ziegfeld flag. It was in this show she met Frank Carter, who later became her first husband.

Through this steady progress Zieggy finally assembled a show in 1919 which for light entertainment has never been equaled. From the box-office viewpoint the 1921 Follies was greater. It was the only Follies that ever ran two seasons in New York, because of the sensational novelty of the Gallagher and Shean song written by Brian Foy.

From the angle of sheer amusement the 1919 production was Zieggy's masterpiece. It was one of those happy blendings that bespoke the last word in stage generalship and a perfect harmony existed between actor and material. Everyone in the cast clicked. Each specialty, no matter what its character, was performed by the acknowledged master of that field.

First, there were four big song hits where two would have sufficed. Mandy and Tulip Time, by Buck and Stamper; A Pretty Girl is like a Melody, by Irving Berlin, and My Baby's Arms by McCarthy and Tierney, who later wrote the lyrics and music for Kid Boots and Rio Rita. Eddie Dowling, Ray and Johnny Dooley played the bullfight scene. John Steele and Delysle Alda sang the leading sentimental numbers. Bert Williams and George LeMaire, the best heavy straight in the business, played the sharp-shooting scene. Marilyn Miller, Ann Pennington and Mary Hay, who afterward married Richard Barthelmess, held up the dancing end of the show. I played the osteopath scene with LeMaire and introduced the popular song, You'd Be Surprised! Then we had Van and Schenck for melody rhythms. It was a complete night in the theater.

Soaring Salaries

By the end of the season many of his stars had made more money than Flo. Sometimes he tried to use this as an argument to beat down the salary or renewal of a contract and invariably he wound up by paying the star a thousand dollars a week more. No producer experienced such weird leaps in salary. Rogers started at a hundred and twenty-five a week for each week that he played. In his last Follies, Will received thirty-five hundred dollars a week for each week in the year, whether he played or not.

Fannie Brice jumped from seventy-five dollars per to twenty-five hundred. Ed Wynn, who began with the substantial salary of two hundred and fifty because he was already a recognized feature in vaudeville, finally received five thousand, two hundred and fifty. Leon Errol started at one hundred and fifty, and in Louis XIV he was paid twelve times that amount. My own salary with Flo rose steadily from one-fifty to five thousand a week.

As the Follies developed, Zieggy and Anna Held became estranged. She made her last appearance in Miss Innocence, then retired from the stage for a few years, spending her time in Paris. Later she returned for a vaudeville tour, still under Flo's management. But in 1913 they were divorced.

Shortly afterward—on New Year's Eve—Flo attended the ball of the Sixty Club, an exclusive gathering of theatrical folks. He was walking up the wide stairway in the Hotel Astor leading to the Belvedere Room, with his friend and companion, Gene Buck, when he suddenly paused to look at a startling vision of loveliness standing at the head of the stairs. It was the newest and youngest of the Frohman stars—Billie Burke.

The third of this series of articles will appear in next week's Collier's.

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Sissy Game

Continued from page 9

Lester Patrick about that forward line."

Lester Patrick is generally considered to be the smartest hockey man alive. He's so smart that he only has to think once to give birth to three ideas. Last year his Rangers won the world's championship.

"My forward line?" Patrick smiles just a bit proudly. His voice, tempered with a French-Canadian accent, is as soft as the breath of spring and it is only when you look at his huge hands with the knotted knuckles and the telltale scars that you remember he played big-league hockey until he was forty-four years old. "My forward line is a good combination. Bill Cook, Bunny Cook and Frankie Boucher are very clever. I will not say they are the best but they are very good—oh, very good."

"I hear hockey is a very tough game, Lester. If your forward line is so good those three men must be tough babies."

Patrick's big soft eyes looked pained. "Gracious no, hockey isn't a rough game at all. It is a scientific game. Bill and Bunny and Frankie are good because they know all the tricks, they are clever at stick handling, they are great skaters and they have clear eyes."

Bill Cook is a very great player. He is as full of guile as a process server and he's been a trickster all his life. He showed the boys a few tricks on the Western Front some years ago and they gave him the Military Medal. The Western Front became dull and Bill asked to be transferred to the Russian. That's like a man who is in for failing to observe a traffic light asking to be transferred to the death house.

Bill Cook, Sharpshooter

"Bill has a great eye—one of the greatest in hockey," Patrick purrs. "Last year we were playing Toronto for the world's championship. We won the final game 1 to 0 in an overtime contest. Bill scored that goal and it was a work of art. He took a pass from Butch Keeling and shot up the ice far over to the right. Lorne Chabot, the Toronto goal keeper, is smart, remember. He was watching Bill. Chabot moved over to the right so that he stood near the post with only an eight-inch opening there. On his other side there was a four-foot space but Bill knew that Chabot was tensed to hurl himself there.

"So from twenty feet away he let go—at that eight-inch opening, and the puck screamed through. That won the game. Nothing rough about that, was there?"

Bunny is another Cook who never spoiled any broth. He and Bill are brothers and they work together like a couple of good safe-blowers. Bunny excels on one shot, Patrick says.

"I think Bunny once bit a fox and that's how the breed got so smart," Patrick says. "Let me tell you about his pet shot. He has the puck at the end of his stick—see—and he's skating fast. He carries his stick to the left. A defense man looms. Bunny draws the stick back a bit, flexes his muscles—in short he telegraphs his shot. The defense man knows that Bunny is going to shoot from the left—that is from his back-hand. He throws himself at the stick but then Bunny swings his hips just a bit, shifts his stick to the right so quickly that you can hardly see it and now he is past the defense man. Then he has a clear shot at the goal and that's all he needs. Every defense man in the league knows about that shot but they can't do anything about it.

"Frankie Boucher—" Patrick is warmed up now—"has his own special trick of getting past defense men. Normie Himes of the Americans also pulls this one. Frankie isn't very big. He doesn't bull his way through defense men. He has a knack of going into a defense man fast with his stick in front of him. The puck is at the end of it. The defense man roars up, thinking he has Frankie cold, but Frankie just taps the puck between the skates of the other man, swerves around him and is off again with the rubber. The puck has slid right through the defense man's skates. Oh, my, but Frankie is clever. He's always in there thinking."

A Goalie with a Memory

A few years ago there was a kid named Ken Doraty playing a lot of hockey for the Regina Pats, an amateur team in Canada. He only weighed 110 pounds then but he stood out like a vaccination mark on the arm of a chorus girl. Jess Spring was a big-league player in those days and he happened to see this kid Doraty in action.

In a fanning bee one night he talked about Doraty. Several players were around and they listened with interest.

"This kid is very good," Spring said. "Of course he's too small ever to make the big time and it's a pity. He has an eye like Bill Cook; can skate as fast as Howie Morenz and he's as full of tricks as Auriel Joliat. He's got all those goalies up there crazy. They can't stop him. In fact there's only one way to stop this baby."

"How's that?" Goalie Roy Worters asked casually.

"Well," Spring said, "if a goalie stands absolutely still this boy will shoot right at him. When he comes in with the puck he always feints to the right or the left. Invariably the goalie shifts in the direction of the feint. Then Doraty sends the puck sizzling in right at the spot where the goalie was before he shifted."

That lay in Worter's mind, although he never consciously thought about it. Why, there wasn't one chance in five hundred of Doraty ever coming to the big time. The years passed, as they will. Doraty moved from one amateur team to another and then turned professional. He kept on coming and one day he bobbed up with the Toronto team. He made his début against the Americans and there was little Roy Worters guarding those nets. Doraty was a sensation from the start. Weighing 128 pounds now, he was a wraith floating over the ice. The defense men couldn't stop him. Time after time he sifted through to get clear shots at the goal—but as often as he did, just so often did Worters stop the rubber. Roy never moved and a puzzled expression appeared on the kid's face. He feinted and feinted but Worters calmly stood his ground.

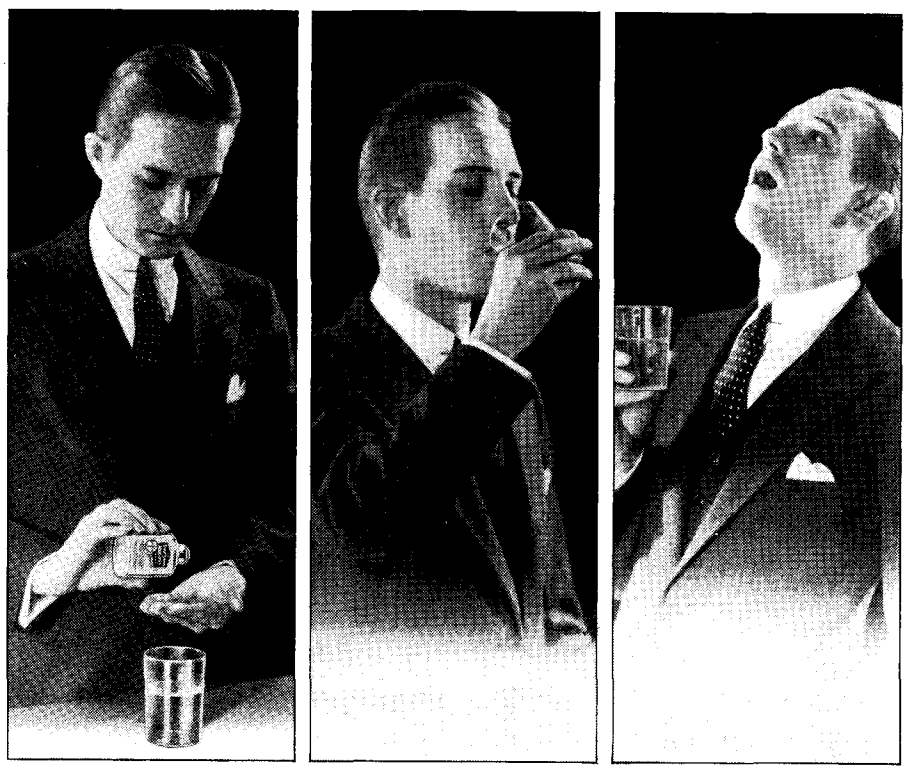
He had remembered those casual words dropped by Spring years before, and he was acting on them.

"It's our business to remember things like that," Worters explained. "We've got to be in there thinking or the cage will be full of pucks."

All of this doesn't prove a thing except that maybe hockey isn't such a rough, tough game after all. It's just another sissy game but there's one nice thing about it. The coaches of the teams never say that they are trying to build character and only incidentally teaching their charges hockey. They are a very forthright bunch of people—these hockey men.

How to Stop a Cold Almost Instantly

Follow Directions Pictured Below



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2. DRINK FULL GLASS OF WATER. REPEAT TREATMENT IN 2 HOURS.
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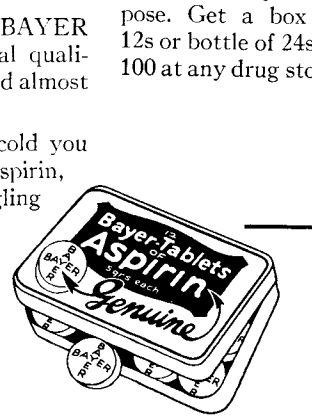

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FOR MEN

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Why not return the favor and introduce her to a new kind of lipstick? . . . A lipstick that gives her all the color she could ask for . . . yet never causes a painted look.

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CL14

Powder Shade ☐ Blonde ☐ Brunette ☐ Redhead

Thunder in the Dust

Continued from page 21

enough hard-fighting and ruthless Yaquis to form the keen edge of his blade.

Tom Cloud spoke with repressed violence. "You're crazy! By God, you listen to me! I tell you there isn't anything can be gained by this!"

El Fuerte smiled. "And—why not, Mister?"

"Maybe you can raise a mob on horseback here that can raise a whole lot of hell; I've got no doubt of that. But that doesn't mean that the state of Baja will rise behind you—not by a hell of a sight!"

"Look at it," El Fuerte urged him reasonably. "Your country has put a terrible tariff on beef. These people have nothing but beef. They can sell it nowhere. They cannot even ship to Mexico City—Chihuahua is so much more close. So now these people have nothing left. They can eat their cows and make clothes of leather, maybe—that is all. Yet the tremendous taxes bear down harder than ever—and no fruit of those taxes is ever seen. They are a people in a trap. They will rise and fight—all of them, to the last *mozo*—at a word. Many months they are ready to fight; a leader is all they need." He leaned across the table and tapped himself on the chest. "Today you see. You have seen them cheer and sing when I just ride in the street. I ask you—am I such a leader? No?"

"You can't make an army," Cloud objected, "even if they all rise. You have no discipline, no training."

"I have an army that can ride and shoot and fear nothing; and they know every crack in these hills—every water hole and blind canyon, even in the dark."

"You haven't any way to move them; even to move the length of the peninsula would be a matter of weeks."

"We have all the horses in Baja—something the enemy will not have. And horses are the only means of travel over most of Baja."

"You haven't any means of supply."

"We have our beef. That is all we have anyway—meat. Nobody will notice any change."

"But, damn it," Cloud raved, "they can cut off your peninsula here so that not so much as a grain of salt comes in from outside—they can blockade you until—"

"Nothing comes in now," El Fuerte said, still very reasonable. "Since your country's cow tariff went on, Baja is cut off from the world."

Cloud knew that this was so. He was at a loss for an argument which would show El Fuerte the madness of his plans.

"I KNOW what you think," said El Fuerte. "You think that one drilled regiment can sweep the peninsula. That is nonsense, Mister. In this country I can make a fool of an enemy that outnumbers me ten to one. But suppose you are right. Suppose one crack regiment can sweep me out of here. Mister, at this time that regiment cannot be sent! You do not know this. Two important states are on the verge of revolt. The Federals must hold every available man ready at their borders. For if those big states rise, it is no question of a little outbreak in a distant province like this. It means the central government fights for its life. They can send no men here!"

"Well, what then?" Cloud demanded harshly. "You think you can succeed, and form a separate nation out of Baja? Or maybe you think you can take Baja and subdue all of the rest of the country? This is all rubbish, El Fuerte. Other states have other leaders, strong as you. You can't stand out long against a nation that runs from here pretty near to the equator. Maybe you'd be top dog here for a while; but what the devil's your object? There isn't even any loot! And as soon as the Federals can turn their attention here you'll be kicked out to hell and gone—if you live. There isn't any future to it, El Fuerte."

El Fuerte chuckled. "You just cannot understand politics, Mister. Mister, you see before you the next governor of Baja. For how is a country like this to be held together? By letting each state be ruled by its strongest man—the man who controls the people. When I am governor of Baja all will be safe and sound here again—and three regiments from here will join the Federals in their other troubles elsewhere. This they will see."

"I don't believe it," said Cloud flatly.

El Fuerte shrugged. "Look at the central government. Look at the cabinet—all made of generals. And what is a general? A general is a man whose people will follow him at his word. These people do not understand things that happen very well, Mister. They cannot read. They do not even trust flags—anybody can seize a flag. They must trust a man, a leader. When a man can show an army that trusts only him, then he is a general; then he is taken into the central government. In this way this country is governed. And it is a very good way."

EL FUERTE spread his hands and leaned back. To the best of Cloud's belief everything that El Fuerte had said was so.

"How do you plan to strike?" Cloud asked.

"We seize Ensenada—we can get rifles there. A few troops from Mexicali then move to save Ensenada. We leave Ensenada in the hands of its own people, and move like shadows through the hills, in two nights, and strike Mexicali. As you know, the central government is run by one man, who holds no office but is dictator. To this man a wire is sent, saying that a leaderless revolt seizes everything—please send help. The dictator is angry. He—"

"Why a leaderless revolt?"

"You think these little politicians want the dictator to know that there is any leader stronger than themselves? Very well. Now I wire the dictator; I say that I go among the rebels, and I talk them sense, and I now seize everything in the name of the dictator himself. And everything is now in order except that the people do not let the old governor come back—and I am waiting his orders with respect. Right away he finds out from spies that it is El Fuerte the people want. All is cheering in the streets. And all is fixed."

"SUPPOSE the dictator orders you to turn everything back to the regular officials?"

"That is the best we hope," said El Fuerte. "Then I turn it back—all except the customs treasury. Right away I turn loose my wolves again. Then I send message to the dictator: 'I turn everything back to the officials, and the people now chase the officials into the hills. I have not yet turn the treasury back; shall I turn that back to the officials *too*?'"

"Somehow I can't believe it will work out quite so smooth as that," Cloud said.

"Now look," said El Fuerte, leaning forward again. "If you know Mexico, you know that power in this country changes hands all the time, in exactly this way. Now a little bit of power is about to change hands again. Maybe you better take my word for it, I think! This is your big chance, Mister—your own partner governor of Baja. With a governor—maybe even a cabinet general—for a partner, there is nothing that you cannot do. You can build to the greatest herds in Baja—maybe later to the richest herds in all Mexico. For I tell you that I am not a man who can be stopped or held down. You are up against a choice, Mister. Whichever way you choose, this country breaks wide open. If you have eyes you can see that—and you can see that I must win. Make your choice carefully; such a chance never comes again."

"What is it you want from me?" Cloud asked.

"You are an American," El Fuerte said. "Do not misunderstand me. I do not fear that the United States will interfere; anything that your government says will have very little effect. But there is some advantage to me if I can count on certain things. It will help

"I was afraid to leave it at the house with the wife because it was marked personal and smelled so nicely"

Buford Tune

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me if I can say to our government: 'The Americans like me. Ask Tom Cloud, the biggest of them all.' You are very strong among the cattlemen of Baja. Maybe the time comes when you can say to your government: 'Only El Fuerte protects American cattle in Baja; only El Fuerte means safeness for us here.' For you see, Mister, our government is interested in what your government thinks because of the rate of exchange on the peso."

"Is that all you want?"

"What else have you got?"

"No money," Cloud said.

"No money," El Fuerte agreed.

"Beef?"

"We are partners in the Flying K. Nobody fools with El Fuerte's beef. A little dole, maybe; it costs us maybe a hundred head. That helps make the new governor look generous and popular. But I already save you more head than this will cost."

Cloud tried to find a way to shrug off the claims of El Fuerte; but he could not. This was the sort of thing that happened over and over again in this strange country below the line.

"We will rise together, you and me, Mister!" El Fuerte said.

"And if I don't want any part of this—what then?" he asked.

"Then I am sorry to lose you," said El Fuerte. "But I do not threaten you, Mister. When I am top dog, you go your own way, like before. Maybe I don't take any interest in your business, then; maybe you don't gain nothing by my success. But look at this, Mister: If I fail I am finished in Baja—and you are finished with me. It is ruin, Mister. Solano is your bitter enemy. As my partner in cattle, you are in great danger of your life, if I lose; for sure you will lose everything you own. You gain everything, lose nothing, if you help me every way you can."

El Fuerte could have commanded no threat which would have swayed Cloud. What did weigh with Cloud was the suspicion that El Fuerte in truth represented the desires of the Baja people. Self-government, in this country which he did not understand, seemed to take this form of expression more frequently than otherwise. He could not see El Fuerte in the rôle of liberator, throwing off the shackles of an oppressor. But as a political leader he certainly seemed to be the spontaneous choice of all those within his locale of influence. And Cloud could not forget the tremendous surge of power he had felt called up by the thunder in the dust.

He stood up abruptly. "I'll give you your answer tomorrow," he told El Fuerte.

RIDING back up the long Valley of the Witch, Tom Cloud swung down at the old hacienda. "Tonight is the time to see the *fiesta*," he told Kathleen. "What we can't see tonight, I'd sooner you didn't plan to see. Do you want to ride down to La Partida with me after supper?"

"Of course I do. But why no more after tonight? I thought tomorrow was the big day."

"Might be a little too big. I'll stop by for you pretty soon."

"But now that you're here aren't you going to have dinner with me?"

"Nope. You go ahead and eat. And don't forget to drink your milk, honey child! I've got to go get you a horse. I'll pick up something while I'm saddling."

Cloud went back to his cow camp, changed his dusty clothes, and shaved again. When he reappeared at the hacienda he was riding a fresh horse, and leading, under his best saddle, the prettiest and gentlest pony he owned.

"I'm afraid this isn't the kind of a saddle you're used to, mostly," he apologized.

"Any old saddle will do for me." He helped her mount and they rode down the valley, her pony single-footing smoothly beside the rough jogging of Cloud's horse.

"Tom," Kathleen asked him, "will you tell me something? Why did you say that you don't want me in La Partida tomorrow?"

He considered a moment before he answered. Suddenly he knew that it was not his remark that had prompted her question. "What has El Fuerte told you?" he asked.

"He hasn't told me anything. At least not anything definite. But that man is full of revolt; he's the soul of revolt itself. He keeps hinting about the wonderful things that are going to happen, and the great things he means to do. Sooner or later there's bound to be insurrection wherever he is."

"That's true, Kathleen."

"Tom—is this the time?"

"KATHLEEN," Cloud said gravely, "this neck of the woods is as good as risen up right now."

"You mean—you think—"

"La Partida is swarming with more people than I ever expected to see in this part of the country," he told her. "Some of them are Yaqui bucks that don't belong in Baja at all. There's no question at all but what El Fuerte can raise five hundred picked fighting men in five minutes. After the picked five hundred he can probably get just as many more ordinary men as he wants."

"But, Tom, are they armed?"

"He can probably scrape together arms of some kind for two or three hundred men. But he means to strike Ensenada first. After Ensenada he ought to have enough guns to smash down on Mexicali without any fear of the outcome."

"But there's a garrison at Ensenada!"

"That's where he figures to get his guns."

"Why, I thought—" Kathleen seemed both appalled and excited. "I thought there was even an old fort at Ensenada."

"Have you ever seen it? I have."

They rode a little way in silence. "And then?" she asked him at last.

Briefly, in practical terms, Cloud explained to her the situation as El Fuerte saw it; sketching clearly the simple channels by which El Fuerte meant to seize the governorship of Baja. "Baja is cut into two districts, with two governors. But the southern district won't matter, if he can get the northern."

"It seems wild, utterly mad," Kathleen said. "It seems impossible that such a thing can come up so suddenly—just overnight!"

"That's where I was caught napping," Cloud admitted, unable to conceal his annoyance with himself. "In any ordinary situation a thing like this would take months, even years of planning. But, Kathleen, I'm not at all sure that it isn't possible. These people seem like a sleepy, pretty near motionless people. But they can explode like dynamite; and when they do that, it takes all hell to stop them."

"But—can he really get the dictator to back him?"

"I don't know," Cloud said honestly. "But this man can persuade people into things I wouldn't have believed. It may be he can do even that."

"Tom, when he takes these towns—Ensenada, Mexicali—does that mean looting and wrecking? Will this sudden army of his run wild and rob and destroy—"

"I don't know," Cloud said again.

(Continued on page 52)

How Betty Found Fame and Romance in Hollywood

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WHO-ME?
LET'S TRY HER, CHIEF—COME HERE BETTY!
SHE'S MARVELOUS AND BOY—WHAT SKIN!
HURRAY! SHE'LL BE OUR NEXT BIG STAR!
SUCH SKIN-AND THEY SAY SHE'S ENGAGED TO HER LEADING MAN!
YOU WERE WONDERFUL DEAR!
ISN'T SHE LOVELY?
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Fine results. *"Your tablets have given me wonderful results. I have no more headaches and my complexion is wonderfully clear."*
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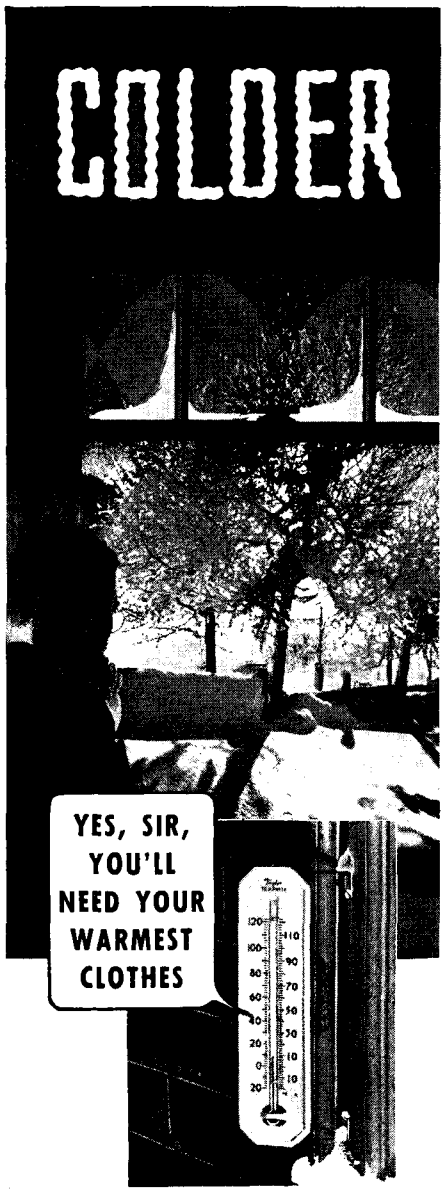

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(Continued from page 51)

"Sometimes these rebels do that. I don't know how El Fuerte handles these things."

"I can't believe he'd let it happen," Kathleen said.

"I don't know," Cloud replied.

"Tom, if you'd foreseen this in time you could have stopped him."

"But I didn't foresee it. I can hardly believe it now."

"Do you suppose you can stop him even yet?"

"I don't know if anything in the world can stop him. As for me—it may be that I'll back him."

She stared at him and in her face was an excitement the nature of which he could not guess. "This is like a—conquest," she breathed at last.

"More like a faro game," he grunted.

"If you back him and he loses—"

"We won't worry about that yet. Meanwhile, I think you're safe here, for now. I'll put some fast horses where ambitious revolutionists won't be liable to get 'em; and if things get too smoky, I'll see you over the border all right."

"Oh, don't worry about me."

Even from a long way off La Partida was a glow in the darkness, when the dusk had died; and from this glow was beginning to come a pulsing beat—the dull, persistent thudding of the Indian drums del Pino had brought into Baja 'in case of emergency." The people of Baja, gaining little but cheap perfumes, gimcracks and taxes from the advance of civilization, but rapidly losing their own culture, had perhaps not heard for a generation the voice of such drums as these del Pino had brought. And now as they drew close they saw that La Partida's broad street was alight with hundreds of torches, burning yellow and smoky under the black sky.

IF THE street had seemed thronged before, now it was doubly so. The lighted doors of the houses were jammed with silhouetted figures, but most of the people were in the street, a shifting, perpetually shuffling crowd, denser near the plaza. The fitfully flaring torchlight struck across the brown faces from odd changing angles. Sometimes it glinted on eyes and the flash of white teeth, sometimes it showed faces with high-lighted features and deep shadows like deaths' heads; or again glared strongly on a cowled *rebozo* beneath which the face was a mystery of black shadow. Venders went wandering through the crowd with big trays on their heads, chanting fixed phrases about roast meat or *tortillas* or *dolces*. An old woman crouched in the dust frying *enchiladas*, turning them in the boiling grease with flicks of her bare fingers. All the street was full of voices and laughter and the cries of the venders and snatches of song, and over all other sound beat the incessant, inescapable overtone of the drums at the end of the street.

Through the perpetual, broken murmur of sound the people drifted about in little groups, restive, without purpose. But there was something here that was not aimless—an underlying tension of expectancy that seemed to sustain itself upon the unremitting thudding of the drums.

As the two riders pressed their way slowly through the street the throngs made way before the horses, not excitedly, with the intense interest accorded El Fuerte, but respectfully nevertheless. Then a shout went up—"*Viv' el capitan Americano!*"

Kathleen looked at Cloud questioningly. "What does that mean? Are you already one of the leaders here?"

He shook his head, making no acknowledgment of the random cheers. "They saw me ride through with El Fuerte today; that's all."

Kathleen murmured, "Even his friends are cheered at sight!"

Some peculiarly ironic angle was evading Cloud; he could not put a finger on it. "*Que hombre,*" he agreed.

Just beyond the end of the street, where the *alcalde's* house made a corner that was the end of its row, the little plaza opened before the ancient church. That plaza was only a clear space between the end of the street and the façade of the church—a little square of dust bounded by the ubiquitous pepper trees, but more people were gathered here than in any equal area in La Partida. Half a dozen bonfires blazed, filling the space with light, and from among these fires came the everlasting mellow thunder of the drums. Cloud could not see the drummers because of the shifting crowd, but he knew by the tone of the taut rawhide that the drums were being played with the flat of open hands.

As they drew up for a moment, looking into the plaza from the end of the street, del Pino came running out from the *alcalde's* house; and once more Cloud found himself astonished by this little man.

Always before he had seen del Pino indiscriminately dressed, neither a vaquero nor a townsman—not to be classified as anything in the world except the hanger-on of El Fuerte; but now del Pino had blossomed out into a new entity. He was hatless, and his poorly trimmed hair had been combed in a way that somehow made his head look leonine, rugged upon his narrow shoulders. Cloud hardly recognized him, never having seen del Pino with his hair combed before. More surprising than this was del Pino's high-winged collar and flowing black tie, and most surprising of all—wonder of wonders—was del Pino's long frock coat. He wore that coat regally; it seemed to set up the whole man, and though it could not make him look big, it did make him look more effective, more imposing in his own way than Cloud had ever seen him before.

"You are to come inside," del Pino told them. "El Fuerte, he expects you, Mrs. Boyce. There is a place fixed where you can see everything."

He led them into the *alcalde's* house now, not through the ell, but by a door which opened upon the plaza itself. Against this door Carlos was standing; afoot, as in the saddle, this man's sinuous, apparently youthful body was an anomaly to his curiously wrinkled face, giving him a singularly arresting appearance. A dozen nondescripts who lounged along the house wall were held there so compactly that it was obvious they were now under Carlos' command. Carlos stared hard at Kathleen, but moved out of their way.

THUS they came into a part of the house that Cloud had not seen before—that which faced the plaza and the church. A precipitous wooden stairway gave access to a second story consisting of one long room; and up this stair del Pino led them at once.

The single upstairs room differed from anything Cloud had expected to find in La Partida. Once more, as was repeatedly happening to him nowadays, he was exasperated by the recognition that he knew little or nothing about the people among whom he had chosen to pursue his fortune.

For in their own way these quarters had been luxurious. The ceiling was very low, but the room was long and wide. A dozen candles, in big branching candelabra fit for a church, burned on either side of an enormous canopied bed with posts like tree trunks. The walls were mostly bare, but there were three or four religious pictures, old smoky, blackened oils, looted perhaps from forgotten missions; and in one corner a little shrine, full of gilded wooden figures, was heavily draped in embroidered cloth.

But what instantly stirred Tom Cloud were the guns. The other things here represented what this room had been; but it was turned into an arsenal now. All along the walls were piled long boxes of the type that filled El Fuerte's room at the Flying K camp; Cloud knew that in those boxes rifles lay in cosmoline, waiting their time to speak. Other rifles stood racked in the corners, and lay in heaps against the wall.

Del Pino walked across the room and flung wide the shutters of a six-foot window. Beyond, a narrow balcony ran, overhanging the plaza; but access to the balcony was by another way, for this window was barred with heavy spindles of oak. Below this outlook the scene in the plaza lay framed; its welter of firelight, broken by innumerable moving figures, forced upward defiantly, intensified rather than repressed by the black weight of a starless sky that seemed to have lowered until it was all but resting upon the housetops. The smoke of the fires swept away levelly upon the breeze, scudding off in flat streamers just above the heads of the people.

AS TOM and Kathleen stood here the drum thunder rose to them strongly, its rhythms irresistible, unflagging. Without any unison the restless people that thronged the plaza seemed to sway to the drums, unconsciously and helplessly answering the syncopated rhythms of the beat. Their figures silhouetted blackly against the fires, or showed proudly golden in groups that formed and stood a little, to shift and break and shuffle again.

Beyond the throngs and the fires the tall façade of the little church shone dimly by the unsteady light of the flames. Its patched and scaling wall looked incredibly ancient, and its rococo clay ornaments were crumbling; but through its fifteen-foot doors the watchers behind the balcony could see a bank of candles burning before a shrine, mysterious points of yellow flame, dotted here and there with red where a taper burned low in its ruby glass. Drawn in blackness against the bank of candles showed a life-sized tortured figure of the crucified Christ.

Cloud was studying the people in the plaza. A few gay, proud-headed girls were walking about here arm in arm, answering with teasing, sidelong glances the frank stares of the men. But once more Cloud noticed with a strong inward stir that the gathering here was chiefly male—lean-hipped men with hard-carved faces and assured swagger. How many of them had marched and raided before now under this man who called himself El Fuerte?

Kathleen said in a low, unsteady voice, "This is the kind of thing you hear about, and read about, but never, never see."

Cloud was silent. He was wondering if, having seen this once, she would ever want to see it again. Presently, perhaps, she would be willing to give a good deal to forget what might be seen in Baja before this thing was done. One of her hands was upon a spindle of the barred window, and he wrapped his fingers around it. With surprise he found that she was trembling.

"Here on the table is wine," del Pino said. "When El Fuerte comes he will be happy to know you are here." The little man went clattering down the deep-worn steps.

"Kathleen, what is it? What's the matter?"

"I—I don't know. . . . Just the excitement, I guess."

(To be continued next week)

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Behind the Headlines

Continued from page 18

on the far plain. Richard Hood's arm steadied and turned her, and aimed her at his car. He was laughing silently, pleased with himself, pleased at being alive; and, still laughing, he waited for Fay Lord to come up.

There was, in that semi-darkness, a wordless exchange between Fay Lord and the man, and when she got in the front seat, beside Eve Kerry, her face was obscure—with that obscurity of a sporting woman too proud to show hurt. There was a buzzing of car horns behind and Richard Hood sent his machine down the grade; through the business district, and across the still river with its still ships at dock, and out a long boulevard. Brilliant little intersections flashed by; the outlying firs crept up to the road and lights began to wink down private lanes. Richard Hood turned into one of these, to a low house with colored lanterns in the yard and music boiling through an open door. A short, broad man stood at the door, very dark and very cheerful; but his eyes, Eve noticed, tagged each one of the party. They went inside to a huge table on the edge of a dance floor; and following the dark man with her glance, Eve saw him cross to a corner table and bend over. Bill Manners sat there alone.

The dark man said something, and then Bill Manners looked across at Eve's party. He got up and came over and smiled down on the group with that faint amusement Eve knew so very well.

"Tony," Bill said to Richard Hood, "doesn't like reformers. But I have told him you're regular."

"Draw up a chair," insisted Richard Hood. "You look lonely. In case anyone doesn't know—this is Bill Manners, the shrewdest newspaper man in town." Richard Hood casually named the people with him for Bill's information, and Eve watched Fay Lord's interested eyes travel up to Bill's face. Fay Lord said, "Sit beside me, Bill," and made room for the chair Tony brought.

BILL MANNERS watched Eve. "Journalism seems well represented tonight," he reflected, and sat down. Tony personally brought the liquor; the crowd drank in idle silence. There was a tremendous difference between the two men, Eve thought, and found herself irritated anew by Bill Manners. His tie was carelessly knotted, his hair was ruffled, and he sprawled on the chair as though he were very tired. She had never seen him so drawn, so old. All the spark was out of him and nothing in him seemed valid except a faintly ironic detachment. Across the table, Richard Hood made an immaculate and sure and energetic figure. The contrast —and this was odd—hurt Eve Kerry.

"Business or pleasure tonight, Bill?" she wanted to know.

"Tony's a good friend of mine," answered Bill. "His philosophy helps—sometimes."

"You know all the angles in this racket business," observed Richard Hood.

"I have friends down in the cellars of the city," agreed Bill Manners. "It might interest you to know that somebody blew out the front of the Elm Hotel tonight with a bomb."

Another man in the party bent forward. "What's all this about?"

The party watched Bill Manners. Eve noticed a keen, shrewd interest take possession of Richard Hood's face as he too watched. But Bill only grinned, and presently Richard Hood said:

"There are two crook factions in town, one led by Nicky Mantone, the other by Feets Reilly. It's a scrap between them for power, for control of the gambling profits. The Elm Hotel is Mantone's headquarters. So Feets Reilly put the bomb there." He stopped, his eyes studying Bill Manners for confirmation. Bill Manners' faint smile was fixed on the table and his long fingers stirred the glass back and forth across the cloth. Whatever restlessness he possessed was expressed by those fingers. Tony suddenly came over the floor and smiled apologetically at the crowd and bent his face near Bill Manners' right ear. Bill said, "Thanks, Tony," and went on pushing his glass around.

"You never came here for pleasure," said Richard Hood, swiftly. "You came to find out something." And then Richard Hood turned entirely serious and bent across the table. "Why don't you throw in with the committee? You could help us."

"I THOUGHT I said those fellows in the cellar were my friends," mused Bill.

"Reilly and Mantone?"

"Not bad chaps at all."

"What of it?" challenged Richard Hood. "You've got to fight fire with fire. No moral code binds you to observe the confidences of crooks."

"No?" said Bill in the soft, suave voice Eve knew came of a subterranean anger. He looked over to Richard Hood and some of the weariness went out of his face. His eyes bit into Hood. Eve had a moment's fear then—a fear for Richard Hood. For if there were weakness and insincerity in Hood, Bill's eyes would see that; Bill's eyes saw so much. Thinking this, she looked at Hood—and found the lines of his mouth tight and his cheeks aggressively set. He had a prosecuting attorney's jaw just then, and she felt relieved. The music started, very noisy; and Fay Lord bent her shoulders toward Bill Manners coolly. "Dance with me, Bill." They rose, and the rest of the party got up, and Eve found herself with Richard Hood, swinging around the smooth floor.

"Your friend is a clever man," said Richard Hood. "But there doesn't seem to be any starch in him."

"I think," said Eve, wondering why she should feel the need of excusing Bill Manners, "he is very tired."

"You've got to fight for what you want in this world, Eve."

There was nothing more said. The heat of the hall made Eve feel faintly uncomfortable, and presently, when the dance was over, she went to the lounge and stood in front of a mirror to use her vanity. Fay Lord came in and stopped behind her. Fay Lord's face, seen in the mirror, was passive, dark and thoughtful. "Your Bill Manners is thoroughly admirable, Eve. I didn't know there were any natural human beings left."

"He's himself," Eve agreed noncommittally, and kept her eyes on Fay Lord's face.

"One of your possessions, by any chance?"

"No," said Eve, very briefly.

"I wanted to know," murmured Fay Lord, and left the lounge. When Eve returned to the table she found the party waiting for her. They went out into the soft, luminous night, with Tony, on the porch, bowing them away; and the cars made a great racket in the roadhouse yard as they swung for town again. Bill Manners and Fay Lord sat in the rear of Richard Hood's car and Eve, relaxed beside Richard Hood, heard a low, enigmatic talk pass between them.

(Continued on page 54)

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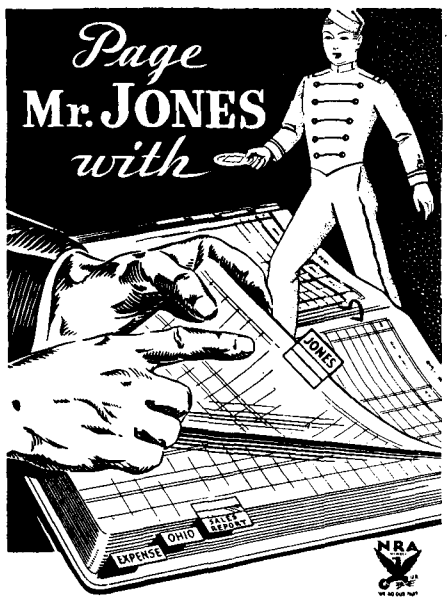

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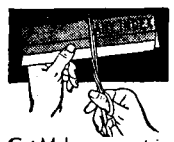

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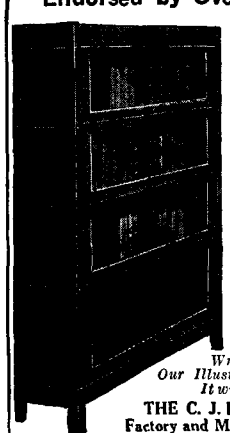

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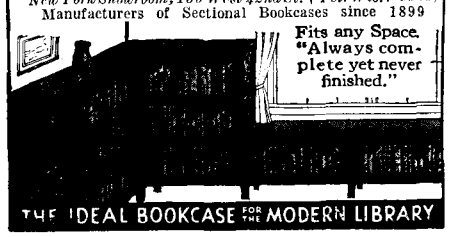

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(Continued from page 53)

The evening was apparently over, for when they got to Fay Lord's house on the hill none of the other cars had followed.

"Come in for a cocktail," said Fay Lord, casually.

"Time to go home," said Eve. "Tomorrow's another day."

"Let me drive you," murmured Richard Hood. He lighted a cigarette and the match cut his steady profile out of the shadows; he turned his head and showed a stir of excitement in his eyes.

"A cocktail, Bill?" repeated Fay Lord's silky, slurred voice.

"Why not?"

He got out with Fay Lord, and they stood a moment at the curb while Richard Hood kicked on the starter. Eve settled lower in her seat, faintly angry; Fay Lord tucked her arm through Bill Manners' elbow and said, serenely self-possessed, "Come on, Bill," and then they turned to the house. Richard Hood drove rapidly down the street.

"Are his intentions honorable?" murmured Richard Hood, lightly amused.

"What are her intentions?" Eve retorted, and was sorry then she had said it. For there was a thin note of bitterness in that question. Why should she be bitter? The man was of age, wasn't he? Richard Hood put the car against the curb, in front of her apartment house, and stopped the engine. He turned toward her and she saw in him the strong pride and the flash of gayety that saved him from being common.

"Eve, what do you think of me now?"

She raised her face and said, quietly: "I think you're sincere. I like you." She knew instantly what was going to happen. Something like a shaft of electricity stirred the closed space of the car and made her nerves sing. Richard Hood leaned forward and put his arms around her and kissed her, and then he bent back and his voice was unsteady.

"I'm not an Indian giver, Eve. I meant that. You're the most exciting thing in town."

"You are a very determined man," said Eve in an odd, small voice. She tried to be casual about it. But she wasn't casual.

He closed his hands in front of Eve and a robust energy swayed his words as trees are swept by wind. "Of course other men are after you, Eve. But I'm going to drive them off."

Eve suddenly slipped out of the car and gave him a small, unsteady smile, and turned into the lobby. Up in the apartment, Lettice was propped on pillows, reading. Eve stopped beside the bed and bent over. "Elaine had a buggy ride with Lancelot. Now isn't that silly?"

"No," said Lettice wistfully, "it's swell. What's his name, Eve?"

THERE was a story in the morning's paper, written by Bill, about the bombing; and she thought she knew then why he had been at Tony's the night before:

> Apparently, the blowing in of the Elm Hotel's front wall was the result of two rival gangs seeking control of the city's gambling profits. But those "wise" people who know the underworld say it was for a different reason. They say that Beau Skurga is in town—that sinister, smiling man who was a big shot in Chicago until a still bigger shot drove him out. It has long been known that Skurga, seeking new fields, has been inspecting the coast towns. Now, according to the "wise" men, Skurga has decided to organize crime and racketeering in this city on the big scale. Rumors report that Skurga has been unable to reach any agreement with the local underworld figures and has chosen the bomb technique to scare them out.

"Who is Skurga?" she demanded of Bill, when he came into the office at noon.

"A wolf with bigger teeth than you've ever seen, my child." He settled on a corner of her desk; and there was, even through his smiling, a heavy shadow of strain. He looked done up, he looked as though he needed someone to do those things for him which he never did for himself.

"Have you actually seen him in town, Bill?"

Bill Manners said indolently: "Am I talking to a new recruit to Mister Richard Hood's committee?"

She flushed. He was so unbearably acute. "At least," she retorted, "Dick Hood stands for something."

"What does he stand for, Eve?" asked Bill Manners gently.

EVE KERRY moved her graceful fingers. "Bill," she said, more and more irritated, "don't you ever boil at the thought of cruelty and crookedness? Don't you ever want to smash something, instead of just smiling ironically at it?"

"Leave the white glare of the spotlight to them as are handsome," said Bill Manners. "I'm the spectator watching the show. And it is a pretty comic show, when you know the actors as well as I do."

She said fiercely: "You know too much—and it's taken all the vitality out of you."

He looked at her, no longer smiling. He spoke in a taut, ragged voice: "Why are you worrying about me? Dick Hood is the man you want."

Eve turned abruptly to her machine. But her eyes afterward followed Bill Manners across the room and a rose glow stained her cheeks. It was high noon; presently she went out, faintly and gracefully swaggering, to keep a luncheon date with Richard Hood. Looking at him across the tea-room table, she was stirred by the sharp vigor of this man, the sureness behind his charm. Her nerves quickened; and all the savors of the day were more acute and pleasant. Richard Hood lifted her up and carried her along—his personality did.

"Your friend Bill's friends in the underworld have been kidding him," Richard Hood said. "Skurga's not in this town. It's just a smoke screen to cover up the quarrel of Nicky Mantone and Feets Reilly."

A defensive impulse got hold of Eve. "Bill's pretty clever."

"You're loyal to your friends. Be loyal to me."

"You are very sure of yourself, aren't you?"

"I believe in going after what I want. It is the only philosophy that counts."

Bill Manners sat in the office of Tim Hannigan—who was chief of inspectors—with his feet on the desk and Hannigan's broad, earthly-wise face before him.

"Skurga's in town, all right," grunted Tim Hannigan. "He's well hid, but if you want him we'll drag him in."

"You got nothing to hang on him, Tim. That ain't the answer."

"Bright boy."

"The answer," said Bill Manners, quietly, "is Mantone and Reilly getting together and giving Skurga the bum's rush before he wipes 'em out one at a time."

"So why don't they?" asked Tim Hannigan, who knew well enough why.

"Feets and Nicky won't get together on anything." Bill Manners pinched out his cigarette and watched the dead tip. He said, "But if they don't, Skurga will lick 'em—and then it will be Skurga's town."

He bent over and got the phone and dialed. He watched Tim Hannigan's perfectly impassive face. It was a pity, Bill thought, that the good citizens of the city didn't have a little of Tim Hannigan's profound knowledge of human nature. There wouldn't be any crime committees then. He said, softly into the phone: "Nicky? This is Bill, and I'm coming over to see you." And he hung up.

Tim Hannigan stirred his great bulk in the chair. "You figure you can get Feets and Nicky together on this Skurga. Listen, boy, it's hot stuff and if Skurga gets wind of it, he'll get you. Murder is still a major crime out here, but it don't mean nothing to Beau Skurga. He's probably already got an eye on you, for that story you wrote this morning. Why step into it?"

Bill Manners said glumly: "I guess I'm just another reformer, after all. That's a laugh, Tim. Me—trying to make the world better."

"You ain't as hard as you like to make out," said Tim Hannigan. "You fool a lot of people, but you don't fool me. But why step into it?"

"We've got a nice town," said Bill morosely, "and I don't want Skurga in here with his dopey killers." He got up, ironically jeering himself. "Don't tell anybody you saw Bill Manners go soft, Tim. My reputation is rotten enough now."

He left Tim Hannigan silently chewing an unlighted cigar, and went out into a twilight street. Three blocks from the police station he followed an old-fashioned flight of stairs back into a building that reeked with the odor of roasted coffee. It was past eight, and fully dark when he came from Mantone's rooms and pointed himself for a restaurant. Around the block, in the quietness of a wholesale section, two men strolled casually beside him and fell into step.

"Keep right on going," said one.

Bill Manners smiled.

"How's Beau Skurga?" he said.

"You ask him, when we get there."

A pool hall's lights crossed the sidewalk ahead of them. A car rolled by. Bill Manners reached into his pockets for a smoke and slowed down and said, "Let me light this."

He stood for a bare moment in the path of the pool hall's glow, the match cupped in his palms. Impelled then by a greater pressure from the men beside him, he moved on.

EVE folded the morning's edition on top of her coffee and rolls and read the story. Unsigned though it was, she knew Bill's writing, which made everything seem so simple:

> Beau Skurga, archangel expelled from the gangster's heaven of Chicago, left town late last night after a surreptitious visit known only to certain "wise" men of the local underworld.
>
> Skurga, seeking new worlds to conquer, arrived here recently with the avowed purpose of deposing the local chiefs of gangdom and organizing crime on a big-time basis. And for the past three days, it is rumored, a far more bitter war was conducted between Skurga and the local big shots than the public remotely suspected.
>
> Then, last night, as suddenly and secretly as he had arrived, Beau Skurga left. Nobody knows where he went, but the "wise" men state that he will never return.
>
> "Skurga," said Richard Hood, of the Committee of One Hundred, last night, "found an aroused public opinion too tough for him to buck. He saw he could not organize crime in a big way against the implacable watchfulness of the Committee. We knew he was in town, and all our efforts were bent toward driving him out. I am very happy over this victory for a clean city."

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victory, many public-spirited people are already demanding that Hood be drafted for the office of district attorney at the election next year.

Eve looked up from the paper and her glance, bright as starlight, touched Lettice. "He believed in something—and he wasn't ashamed of it."

Said Lettice thoughtfully, "Is Richard Hood his name?"

"He believed in something," repeated Eve, strangely bitter. "So many people in this fool world don't." She got up then and dressed for work. When she reached the office George Gaines stopped her at the city desk railing.

"Kerry," he said, "drop over and get our civic-minded Mister Hood to give you a nice story. You know, the old soap. To whom does he owe his inspiration? What kind of a world does he want?"

"We are being cynical," gibed Eve. "He turned the trick, didn't he?"

"Did he?" said George Gaines, and gave her an odd look.

"But anyhow," countered Eve, "this should be Bill's interview."

"Bill ain't been around since yesterday afternoon. He sent this Skurga yarn in late last night by some kid. Drunk, I suppose."

"Bill doesn't get drunk," said Eve sharply.

"Well, sick then."

EVE walked out of the newsroom, unsmiling. Ten minutes later she walked into Dick Hood's office.

"Dick," she said, "in the story you said you had known Skurga was in town. Did you fib to me yesterday when you said he wasn't?"

Richard Hood laughed a little. "I never believed he was in town till Bill phoned and said Skurga had been run out. But I couldn't tell the public I'd guessed wrong, could I? I had to make it appear the committee knew all along. Bill's a good guy. He played me up."

"Wait," said Eve. "You had nothing to do with Skurga? Then who did?"

Richard Hood said frankly: "I don't know. Bill Manners knows more than he put in that story."

"But you're taking the credit?"

Richard Hood looked down, not smiling now. "That's part of the game, Eve."

"What game?"

"I'm running for district attorney next year. I thought you knew."

"So it was just a gag, after all."

Dick Hood shook his head impatiently. "I thought you were adult. I thought you knew how a man got along in public life. I set myself for this five years ago. There's only one way. You play your cards and you make your breaks. And you go after it."

"I'm afraid," said Eve, "I have been a little romantic." She stared down at the tips of her gloves. Then she looked up, a small smile at the corners of her mouth, her eyes veiling out what she felt. "My boss sent me for a story. You'll want to say, of course, that you're gratified at the Committee's victory, and that you intend going on cleaning up the city—"

A touch of red crept across his face. "Do you have to make me sound hypocritical?"

"Oh, it will sound fine for the paper," said Eve. "I'll make it very sincere, I'll make it very commendatory. As Bill did in his story." She bit her lip hard. She said, "Disillusion is sometimes painful," and whirled out of the room. In the lower lobby she stepped into a phone booth and called George Gaines. Bill Manners, he told her, hadn't come in. She called Bill's apartment, and got no answer. She came out of the booth, swiftly, the shadows more violet along her brow, and met Fay Lord coming in from the street.

"So you've been up to congratulate the big man," said Fay Lord. But Eve didn't answer and Fay Lord's cool, curious survey changed. Abruptly she put out her hand, touching Eve. "He isn't your kind. He's my kind. Didn't you know?"

Eve's question was slow, sober. "What is your kind, Fay?"

"We ask a great deal—and we get it. But we don't dream much." And then Fay Lord's added phrase had a mute note of sadness in it: "We are practical people—Dick and I. We understand each other. In our fashion, we'll be happy, after marriage."

Eve watched the elevator lift Fay Lord from sight; and then she turned and went rapidly toward the police station. She found Tim Hannigan at his desk, massively still.

"Tim," she said, "where's Bill?"

Tim Hannigan's shrewd glance held her a long, long moment. Tim knew people. He said: "You'll find him at St. Vincent's hospital."

"Hospital?" echoed Eve. "Tim—"

"It would make a nice story," said Tim. "But it will never see print. You get that, don't you, Eve? This Skurga trapped Bill and took him up to a roomin' house and proceeded to scorch the boy's feet for gettin' too active in Skurga's affairs. But Bill's just clever enough to stop and light a smoke in front of a pool hall run by one of Nicky Mantone's friends, who sees the two lugs with Bill and understands what it's all about. Inside of half an hour Mantone and Feets Reilly are on top of Skurga in that roomin' house. That's all. You won't see Skurga any more."

Tim stopped and stared at Eve rather gravely, rather formidably. Then he added: "Bill had been tryin' to get Feets and Nicky together to knock Skurga out of the picture. But it wasn't no go until they see what Skurga's doin' to Bill. You get it? Those two mugs hate each other, but they like Bill, and they won't stand by and watch Skurga hurt him. That boy's got good friends in this man's city—because he don't want nothin'. There's your picture."

Eve said not another word. She ran out of Tim Hannigan's office, caught a cab and sat still and rigid in a corner of it all the way up the hill to St. Vincent's. When she stepped into Bill's room she was almost crying. He was propped up on pillows and there was a paleness and a hungriness on his face that hurt her terrifically. But nothing, she though, could ever erase that gentle irony. It was there, looking out at her. Only, she knew what it meant now; it was self-defense, it was a covering that hid something inside of Bill Manners.

She said: "Why did you give Dick Hood all that credit?"

"Somebody's got to be district attorney, kid," muttered Bill. "He'll be all right. I'll build him up for you. That's what you want, isn't it?"

She said: "You everlasting fool."

"So you just got around to finding that out."

SHE came to the bed and put her arms down beside him and held her lovely head there, above his suddenly blank cheeks. "You're right about me not being a realist, Bill. I saw some realism in Dick Hood's office this morning, and I didn't like it. Neither are you, Bill."

"No," he said, unhappily, "we're a couple of soft suckers."

She bent down and Bill slowly stirred and reached over to kiss her. It was long after that Eve spoke from a full heart. "I was dead wrong, Bill. If you love a man, you love him whether you understand him or not. It just doesn't make any difference."

"I was hoping you'd find that out," said Bill. "I've been hoping it for a long while."

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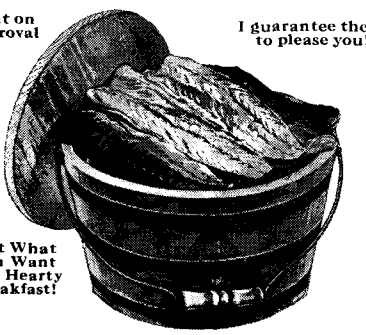

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HANDY TO CARRY

White Blonde

Continued from page 15

She could hear him fumbling with the wrappings. Then she felt softness over her.

"All right," he said.

She opened her eyes.

She just looked at it at first, then her hands went out to touch it, to feel that exquisite softness. Then she looked at him. He was waiting, hoping that she'd like it, searching her face with his eyes.

"Oh, Bob!" she said. "It's the most beautiful thing I ever saw. And you're the best husband in the world." She opened her arms to him then, and he lay close to her with his head on her breast.

"I can't believe it sometimes," he said. "That I can be with you like this. It's like heaven."

THEY had been married for a year and a half when Bob came home one late afternoon to find Bubbles waiting for him in the big drawing-room which they seldom used. She was alone, which was unusual, and the radio was silent; and her face was a mask of anger. Her voice was thin and tight as if to achieve speech at all she had to force her words through a constricted throat. Bob had never seen her like this before.

"Honey," he said, "what's the matter?" He knew, of course. It was like a stone inside him, weighting him down.

"I have something to say to you, Bob. Today I tried to phone. The phone was dead. All of them. I went downstairs, when I got dressed, to the drug store. I told the company the phone didn't work, and they told me it had been disconnected. I came back here. I looked in your desk. You haven't paid the phone bill or the rent or anything for three months."

"No," he said. He couldn't think of any words he could use to dam the torrent of her fury.

"You haven't any money. You're broke."

"Yes," he said. "It was those oil royalties. I thought it—"

"You gave that party last week," she said. "Eighty people. Dinner and cocktails and champagne. And my bracelet. You gave me my bracelet just the same as ever."

"Yes," he said. "I was going to give you one every six months until—"

"And all the time you were broke," she said. "You never told me. You lied to me."

"No, honey, I didn't lie. I just didn't—"

"It's the same thing," she said. "You made me think everything was O. K. Just the same as ever."

"I couldn't," he said. "I couldn't let you know what kind of a dumb thing . . . I've always guessed right before. I've always taken chances, but I. . . . " He moved closer to her, wanting to take her in his arms, wanting somehow to win her back to gentleness.

She pushed his arms away from her. "Don't," she said.

"Bubbles — sweets — we've been so happy. We've had such wonderful times."

"Yes," she said, "we have. Before I knew about this. But I do know now. Now I'm through, do you hear? I'm getting out. I don't want to spend another minute even in the same room with you."

It was a nicked blade turning in his heart, the most vital, the most vulnerable part of him. "I don't blame you," he said, "but—when I first met you, I didn't see how I could do without you, but now when we're so—when I got used to having you with me—"

"You didn't dare tell me?"

"No. I didn't dare tell you."

"Because you thought I'd stick with you just while you were in the money, and when there wasn't any money, I'd be on my way."

"Yes, of course," he said. "I knew it would be like that."

"You thought that's why I married you."

"Yes. Why should you marry me except for that? You're so beautiful, so lovely, and I'm—"

"Bob!" she said. "Don't, honey! My darling! I can't be mad, even, when you say it like that. Don't you know what you're like? So kind and . . . You mustn't say things like that about yourself when you're so swell."

She put her arms around him. She was crying. She held his face in her hands, looking at him through the blur of tears.

"I went out for you," she said. "From the first day. All the girls were after you, but I got you. I had to have you. I was nuts about you from the start, and always. More now because I know what you're like, all the time. It would have been the same if you'd been the doorman or played traps in the orchestra like that palooka of Marvel's. I liked all the things, this place and the parties and my ermine throw and all. It was like fairyland.

"But that's over. My dad was a hackman, you know. There were the six of us. They're dead, all but me and Dennie. He shipped on a freighter and we never had a word from him. Maybe he's dead for all I know. I never had meat but twice a week, not that sometimes, till I got a job in a revue when I was sixteen. So I had the time of my life never having to think about money or anything, the boat and the charge accounts. It was just like a dream or a movie. But now that's past and gone."

SHE looked at her watch. "It's too late to go to Joe's tonight," she said. "I can get Mamma Rose in in the morning."

"Mamma Rose?"

"She buys clothes," said Bubbles. "Joe runs the hockshop. He's all right. He's square, only you have to be as smart as he is."

"You're not going to sell—honey, not your lovely clothes?"

"Yes. Yours and mine, except just what we need. I bet I could unload that short mink jacket on Terry. She always liked it. The apartment is the worst. I wonder. . . . Yes, I bet she would."

"She" was Mrs. Horace Candler from Pomona. Bubbles had met her at her bridge lessons. The Candlers had never been happy since they gave up their stucco-renaissance house in California when Mr. Candler retired from the evaporated fruit business. They were home people, and the Schumachers' penthouse seemed to them very homey. They rented it, furnished, for twelve thousand dollars a year.

The money Bubbles got for four fifths of her wardrobe and Bob's, for the pair of silver pheasants from the dining-room, for the town car, for her pearls and her three link bracelets, paid the outstanding bills and gave them a balance of seven hundred dollars.

"I kept my engagement ring, because I won't let that go unless we really have to. I guess I'm sentimental. And my ermine blanket. Twenty dollars, Joe offered me. So I put it back in the box. We can always get twenty for it, and it'll look nice wherever we go."

THEY went to a model house in a real estate development in Queens. Shady Acres was a project of the Alpex Realty Corporation which owned the Aaron Nash Theater. Bubbles knew Warren Marks, the president.

"Why certainly, sweets," he said. "You and Bob can live in the house if you show it week-ends."

"And Bob is going to work for you," Bubbles said. "He has a lovely personality, and I could help him."

They had one last party before they moved. Bubbles told them that night. She made Earl stop playing the piano while she told them.

"Bob and I are broke. We've rented the place. We're going to live in Queens in a model house."

They laughed, and Earl's fingers stretched out over the keys again.

"I mean it," Bubbles said. "It was my fault. I had a good tip on something, and I talked Bob into buying, and it went boom."

Terry was looking at her hard.

"Don't point so hard, Mamie! I see the one you mean!"

Frank Owen

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"That's the first time you ever guessed wrong," she said.

"I guessed wrong this time," said Bubbles, before Bob could say anything. "Bob would never have gone into it, only for me nagging at him."

"Gee, I'm sorry, Bubbles," Mary Margaret said. "You two were such good fellows."

"We still are," Bubbles said.

During the first few weeks in the new house, Bubbles and Bob had no time for parties. Bob was making progress selling lots. Bubbles coached him every day.

"Don't let them stall. No one ever does anything if they think twice. Tell them another party was looking at the same piece and is going to decide in an nour. Tell them you don't think they can have it. With things like they are, nobody's spending big money if they got time to think about next month's bills. Keep them dizzy."

AFTER days of talk like that, Bob sold three bungalows on half-acre lots. His commission was nine hundred dollars.

"I think it's wonderful," Bubbles said. "You're making good right off in a new line of work."

"I wish it was more. I hate to see you out in this two-by-four house working so hard, because I was dumb. You never have any good times any more. You never see anyone but me."

"Am I complaining?" Bubbles said. "But I tell you what we'll do. We got our anniversary coming along. We'll ask the crowd out."

"No," he said. "It'll make too much work for you."

"Don't be silly," Bubbles said.

She must fight this humility in him, this feeling he had that no one wanted to see him now that he couldn't give parties—this conviction that their friends were lost with their money.

"That's a rotten way to think about people," she said. "They're fond of us. You wait and see, they'll have the time of their lives out here."

Doris and Marvel, Jill, Joy O'Day and Cue had the grace to invent reasons why they couldn't come to Shady Acres. Terry was frank.

"Bubbles, I wouldn't go to Queens to see anyone. If you and Bob get to town, look up Carlos and me." Carlos? Oh, the Argentine meat-packer. So that was how things were. "But you couldn't expect us to go way out there. Be reasonable, honey."

"I see," Bubbles said. "Well, we'll have to worry along without you."

"You're not sore, are you, Bubbles? You know how it is."

"Yes," Bubbles said. "I know now."

Bubbles' throat was tight, her cheeks were hot. What would happen to Bob? She'd have to tell Bob. She'd been trying so hard to make him believe that everyone liked him, not for his money, just for himself. She could never make him believe that now. She called Terry back.

"Listen, Terry, remember my ermine throw?"

"Sure. But I couldn't buy—"

"No," Bubbles said. "I'll give it to you if you'll come out Sunday and bring Carlos."

"Oh, Bubbles! Do you mean it?"

"Yes, I mean it. Is it a deal?"

"You bet," Terry said.

"And if you say anything to Bob, I'll break your neck."

"Of course, darling, it's just between us."

Bubbles called Mary Margaret. Her voice was a little truculent. "We're having a party Sunday," she said. "There won't be anything to drink, only beer, and it'll be like a picnic in the yard. Can you come?"

"Why sure," Mary Margaret said. "We've missed you and Bob. Can I bring Tommy Church? He's asking for you all the time."

"Yes," Bubbles said. "Yes, bring him along. Well, so long, honey. I gotta hang up now."

She had to hang up because she was going to cry. Tommy and Mary Margaret were coming just to see Bob and her, because they were fond of them. Two out of the crowd. Four altogether. Two by bribery and two from choice! Somehow she must make Bob realize that it didn't matter, that people like Doris and Marvel and Cue and Terry weren't worth bothering about. She must soften this hard blow to his self-esteem.

He came into the kitchen as she was getting dinner. Usually he cooked the dinner. He was a very good cook, and Bubbles wasn't.

"Hello, sweets," he said. He hugged her tight.

Soon she'd have to tell him.

He put an apron on and set about broiling the hamburger, fashioning the meat into small cakes with his large hands. The potatoes were cut and ready for him.

"Hashed brown?" he said. "I used to make them up in the mountains, camping. Sure you like them?"

"Yes, honey."

"You know," he said, "I get a great kick out of this. If I was sure you didn't work too hard—"

"I don't," she said. "I'm happy. I'll always be happy as long as I've got you."

"Look, Bubbles," he said; "I was thinking about the anniversary. We've never had one, just us. Always a big crowd around. Before I had you, I liked to have a gang around me because that showed me they thought I was a good fellow."

"You are," she said. "You don't have to have a lot of people drinking and eating and making noise to show you that. You're. . . . Bob, I'm crazy about you, but leaving that out, I like you. Do you know what I mean? I like you better than anybody I ever met, man or woman."

HE LOOKED up from his work and smiled at her.

"Yes," he said. "That's it. I couldn't believe it at first. I thought . . . I thought maybe if we were alone a lot you'd get tired of me. You'd be bored. But that isn't so. I don't need all that gang to show me everything's all right. Not any more."

"Me either," Bubbles said. "Bob, I can tell you now. I called them up, and they turned us down, all but Tommy and Mary Margaret. So it'll be just the four of us."

"They did? They wouldn't come out here?"

"No. But if it's really like you said—"

"It is," he said. "Now we know. Now we don't have to have people like that around any more. Just the real people. Just the real thing. You and me, having a grand time, just being with each other, and two friends who'll come to Queens or anywhere."

"Yes," she said. "Because they like us. Not for what they can get. You don't mind. You're not scared inside any more."

"No," he said. "Not ever while I've got you."

"Let me go, honey," she said after a while. "I got to make a phone call."

She shut the door from the kitchen into the hall and called Terry.

"Well, for heaven's sakes, darling! What is it now?"

"This," Bubbles said. "The deal about the ermine throw is off, see? Bob and I don't need you and Carlos at our party. Bob and I don't need anyone like you. We've got everything we want."

CRIPPLED

MOTHER OF THREE SUFFERS BROKEN LEG WHEN CAR SKIDS INTO TREE

A LITTLE boy just starting school, a little girl at the show-me-how age, and a baby. They need all mother's care. And here she is crippled, willing to help but helpless. All because there were no Weed Chains in her car when the snow came.

How often this happens. 51,720 injured and 1,740 killed by skidding accidents in one year. Use of Weed Chains would greatly reduce this terrible waste and suffering. Overconfidence will never stop a skid or pull a car through snow, ice, mud or sand.

The need of WEED CHAINS is greater today than ever, because of smoother roads and faster speeds. We must have greater control to STOP this awful killing and crippling.

New Weed Americans Double Tire Chain Mileage

Now Weed Americans double the mileage of ordinary tire chains. Ask your dealer to show you the 4 exclusive, basic improvements: (1) New metal, Weedalloy, (2) Bar reinforced cross chains, (3) Electric welded side chains, (4) New type end hook. Accept only genuine Weeds—the tire chains with brass plated cross chains, gray galvanized side chains, and red end hooks. Made only by American Chain Co., Inc., Bridgeport, Conn.

NOW PAY LESS . . . PLAY SAFE AND USE

Genuine WEED TIRE CHAINS at New LOW PRICES

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Collier's

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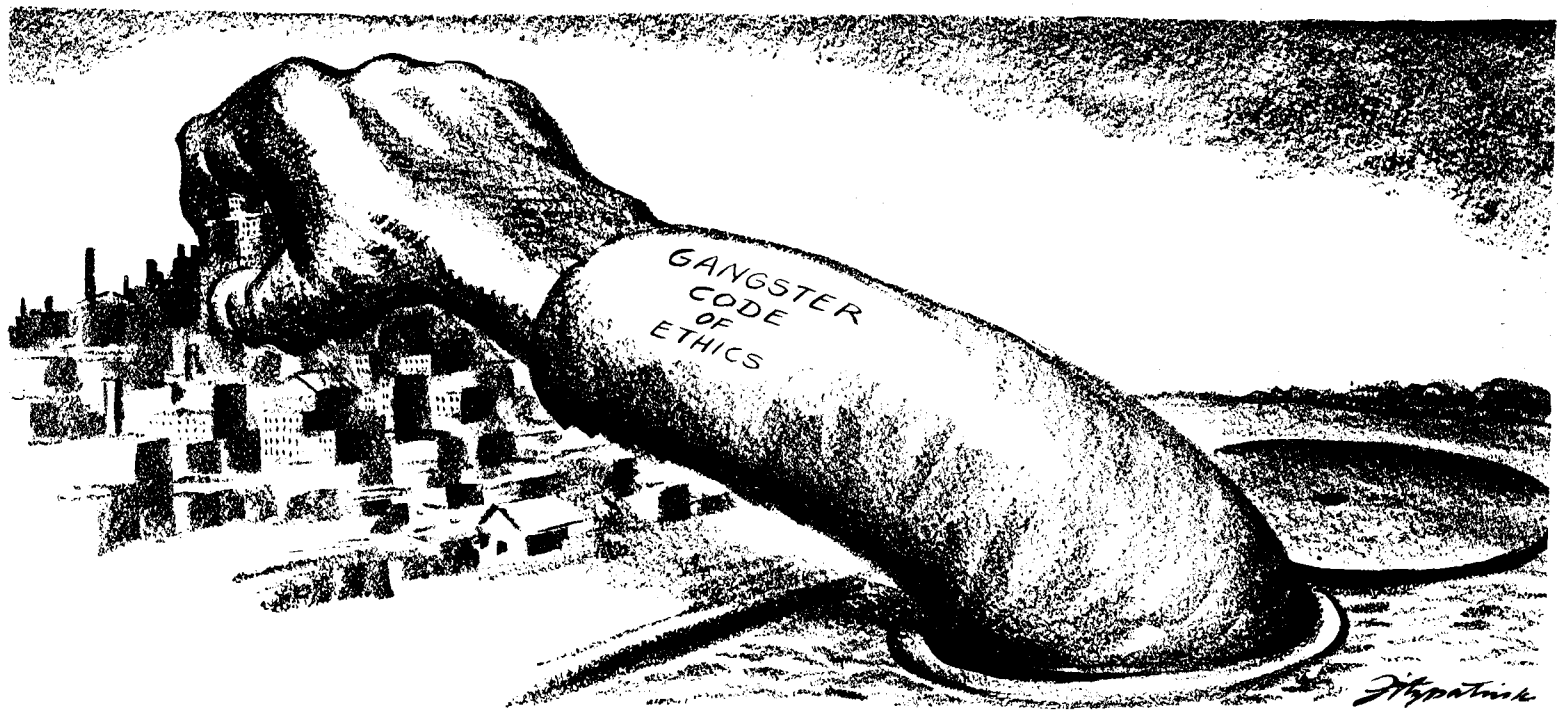

The Enemy Among Us

COMMON honesty is a good test to apply to numerous pending proposals for important changes in our laws and in our ways of living. President Roosevelt hit the target in the center when he said recently to the churchmen:

"We are wholly ready to challenge the pagan ethics that are represented in many phases of our boasted modern civilization."

The one thing which added bitterness to public feeling in the last year was the exposure of greed and of a shabby sense of personal honor in high places. If a few bankers had been willing to apply the simple copy-book maxims concerning honesty to the management of their responsibilities, new banking legislation would be far less difficult and confusing. The worst enemies of rational bank reform are a few conservative scoundrels who sought to feather their own nests instead of administering their offices as public trusts.

The entire difficulty over the Securities Act is due not to Bolshevists in Congress or harebrained theorists outside but to unscrupulous men in the security business. The majority of men in any business or profession are generally decent, but unfortunately a few crooks can make endless trouble for the honest majority. So laws are demanded drastic enough in their provisions to frustrate the devious schemes of the dishonest.

Of course drastic laws are not always the best laws, but it is the scoundrels and not the theorists or reformers who make drastic laws inevitable.

We are just rid of the Eighteenth Amendment and are now experimenting with other varieties of mistaken liquor legislation. Who brought about the adoption of prohibition and the Eighteenth Amendment? Bishop Cannon? The Anti-Saloon League? The Women's Christian Temperance Union? Don't be fooled.

The brewers and the distillers and their allies drove the country to prohibition. Not all brewers and distillers were greedy fools. A large enough minority were, however, dishonest and wholly unscrupulous. Neither the honest brewers nor the honest distillers were able to restrain the thieves. So public indignation piled up against the saloon and we had fourteen years of prohibition.

That was not so successful. Who wrecked the noble experiment? Greedy thieves. The wets didn't persuade the country to abandon the Eighteenth Amendment. Dishonest politicians and enforcement agents disgusted the American public and so we are trying another drastic experiment.

Greed and dishonesty can wreck the new experiment. In various states dishonest politicians and unscrupulous business men are trying to extract unclean profits out of the new liquor laws. Stories of funds raised to influence legislation begin to be heard. The idiots won't learn. If the present and pending liquor laws are found to be hospitable to dishonest operations, other radical legislation will be demanded by an angry nation.

The President summed up the temper of the American people in these understanding words:

"We have called on enlightened business judgment, on understanding labor and on intelligent agriculture to provide a more equitable balance of the abundant life between all the elements of the community.

"We recognize the right of the individual to seek and to obtain his own fair wage, his own fair profit, in his own fair way—just so long as in the doing of it he shall not push down nor hold down his neighbor."

In the long run we are not going to tolerate laws or practices which make it possible for the unscrupulous to obtain dishonest profits or gains at the expense of others.

It does not matter what the field of operations may be. There is no room for the tricky banker, the grafting politician, the dishonest liquor dealer, or the corrupt labor official in the New Deal. The game must be played fairly or ruthless rules intended to make dishonesty impossible will be adopted.

We are midstream in an attempt unparalleled in this country to accomplish quickly, fairly and intelligently many far-reaching social changes. Much now being experimentally undertaken ought long ago to have been accomplished. Our laws controlling business organization lagged far beyond the facts of our social and economic life. There was never any excuse for child labor and overworked women, for slums and poverty in a nation capable of producing so abundantly. For a generation our anti-trust laws were as obsolete as ox-cart transportation.

Inevitably our laws and governmental arrangements will be brought up to date. We will never go back to the McKinley era. We won't go back at all. The only direction we can move is forward.

What sort of future lies ahead depends very largely on the character as well as upon the intelligence of the men and women now entrusted with responsibility in business as well as in government.

The permanent elements in our civilization are our ideals, our sense of moral values. Churches change, but honesty is as old as the human race. The honest man is a good man to any people anywhere at any time.

The only real menace to the continuance of the free institutions which we cling to in this country because they are familiar and American lies in the failure of conspicuous men to practice simple honesty in their relations with employees, customers and the public. The Samuel Insulls, not the radicals, have been proved to be the real enemies of private business.

Again and again in history we have to learn this lesson. We have another opportunity. If we have half the wisdom of those who founded this country, we shall profit by their example.

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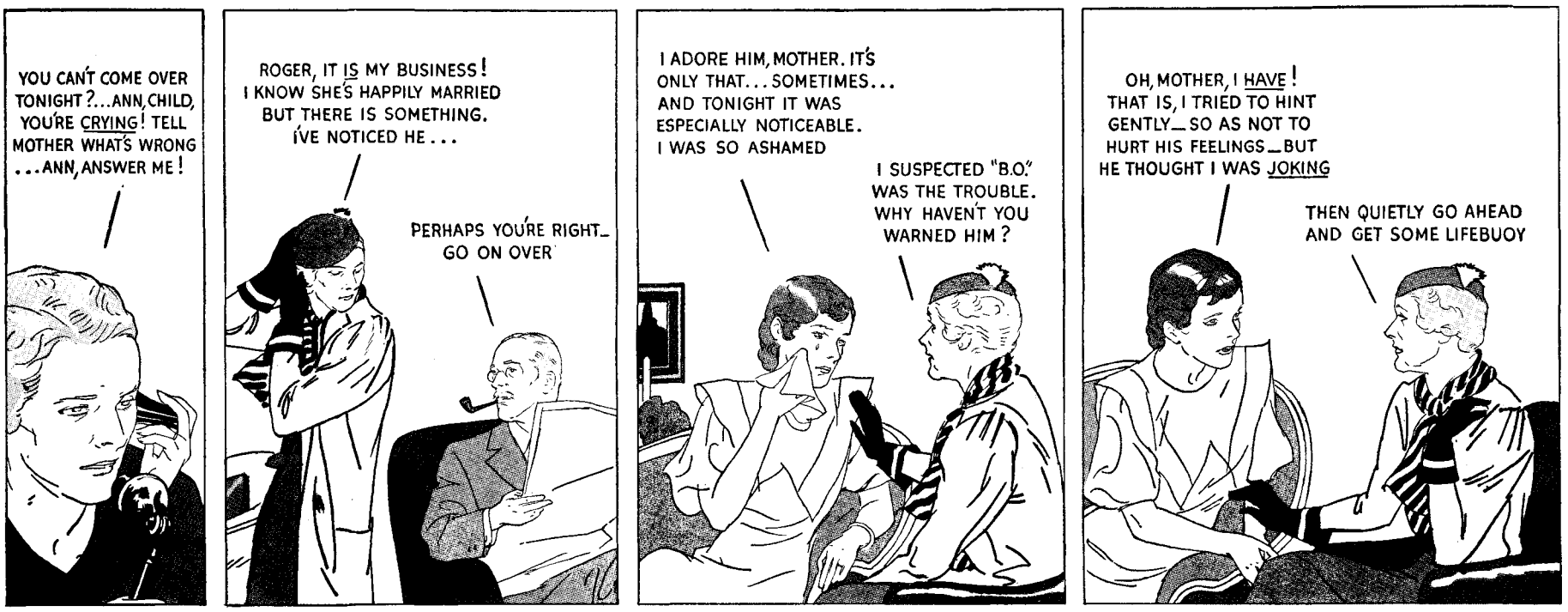
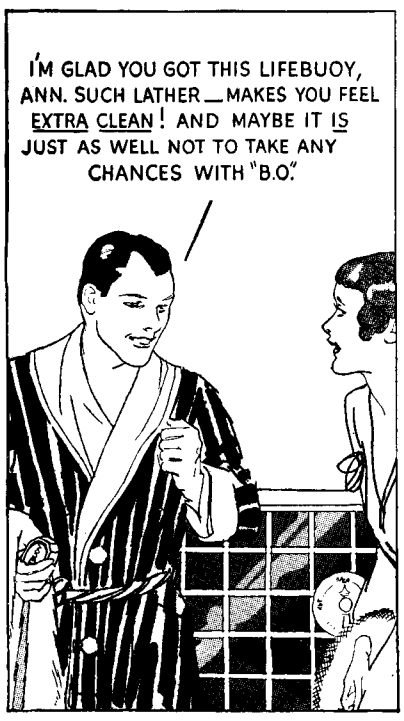
MOTHER MINDS HER BUSINESS


YOU CAN'T COME OVER TONIGHT?...ANN, CHILD, YOU'RE CRYING! TELL MOTHER WHAT'S WRONG ...ANN, ANSWER ME!
ROGER, IT IS MY BUSINESS! I KNOW SHE'S HAPPILY MARRIED BUT THERE IS SOMETHING. I'VE NOTICED HE...
PERHAPS YOU'RE RIGHT— GO ON OVER
I ADORE HIM, MOTHER. IT'S ONLY THAT...SOMETIMES... AND TONIGHT IT WAS ESPECIALLY NOTICEABLE. I WAS SO ASHAMED
I SUSPECTED "B.O." WAS THE TROUBLE. WHY HAVEN'T YOU WARNED HIM?
OH, MOTHER, I HAVE! THAT IS, I TRIED TO HINT GENTLY—SO AS NOT TO HURT HIS FEELINGS—BUT HE THOUGHT I WAS JOKING
THEN QUIETLY GO AHEAD AND GET SOME LIFEBUOY


I'M GLAD YOU GOT THIS LIFEBUOY, ANN. SUCH LATHER—MAKES YOU FEEL EXTRA CLEAN! AND MAYBE IT IS JUST AS WELL NOT TO TAKE ANY CHANCES WITH "B.O."

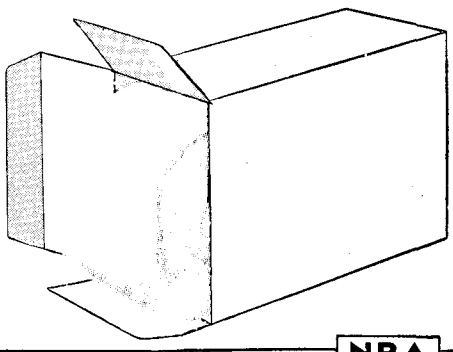
NO "B.O." NOW—thanks to Mother and Lifebuoy!
THERE'S ONE MARRIAGE THAT'LL LAST! GUESS THE CREDIT GOES TO YOU, DEAR
YOU'LL HAVE TO ADMIT I WAS MINDING MY BUSINESS—A MOTHER'S BUSINESS!

I LOVE THE WAY IT FRESHENS AND SOOTHES MY SKIN

WOMEN who really *treasure* their complexions rave about Lifebuoy. And you can't blame them! For Lifebuoy's bland, soothing lather *deep-cleanses* pores of clogged impurities that dull and cloud the skin. It freshens complexions—quickly brings the clear radiance and sparkling glow of health.

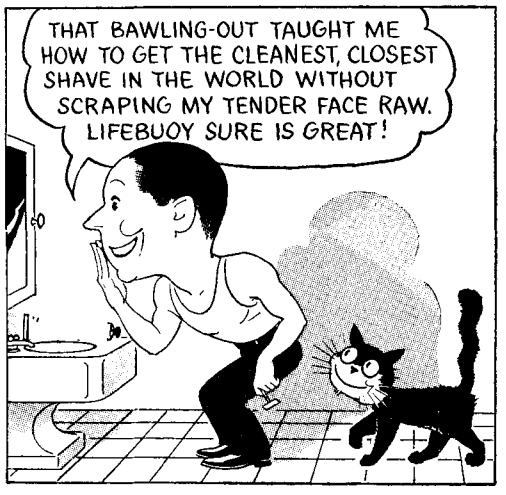
"B.O."—our common enemy

Public enemy number one—that's "B. O." (*body odor*)! It threatens every one of us. For we all perspire a quart daily. Overheated rooms increase the danger of offending. Play safe—bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. You can tell by its *extra-clean,* quickly-vanishing scent that Lifebuoy lather purifies and deodorizes the pores—stops "B. O."



ALLISON, I HOPE YOU DON'T EXPECT TO WAIT ON CUSTOMERS WITH A BEARD LIKE THAT?
MR. KENT, I HAVE SUCH A STIFF BEARD THAT SHAVING MAKES MY FACE SORE. THOUGHT I'D GIVE IT A CHANCE TO HEAL
SALE

M'BOY, TAKE ADVICE FROM AN OLD SHAVER. TRY LIFEBUOY SHAVING CREAM. ITS EXTRA-MOIST LATHER WILL TAME YOUR BEARD IN A HURRY. AND IT'S KIND TO YOUR SKIN
THANK YOU, SIR. I'LL TRY IT


THAT BAWLING-OUT TAUGHT ME HOW TO GET THE CLEANEST, CLOSEST SHAVE IN THE WORLD WITHOUT SCRAPING MY TENDER FACE RAW. LIFEBUOY SURE IS GREAT!

NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

120 TO 150 SHAVES IN THE BIG FULL-SIZE TUBE

STRONG WHISKERS GROW WEAK IN THIS EXTRA-MOIST LATHER...

SOOTHES SKIN, TOO

● Even if you have a tough, dense, hard-to-shave beard—and tender skin—you never have to skip a shave when you use Lifebuoy Shaving Cream. For Lifebuoy lather holds 52% more moisture. Soaks tough whiskers soft—extra-soft—so that they come off clean, close and easy. Kind to the skin, too—leaves it soothed, cool, refreshed, and relaxed. Try it.

Send for a free trial tube

Write to Lever Brothers Co., Dept. A-111, Cambridge, Mass., for a free 12-day tube. *(This offer is good in U. S. and Canada only.)*

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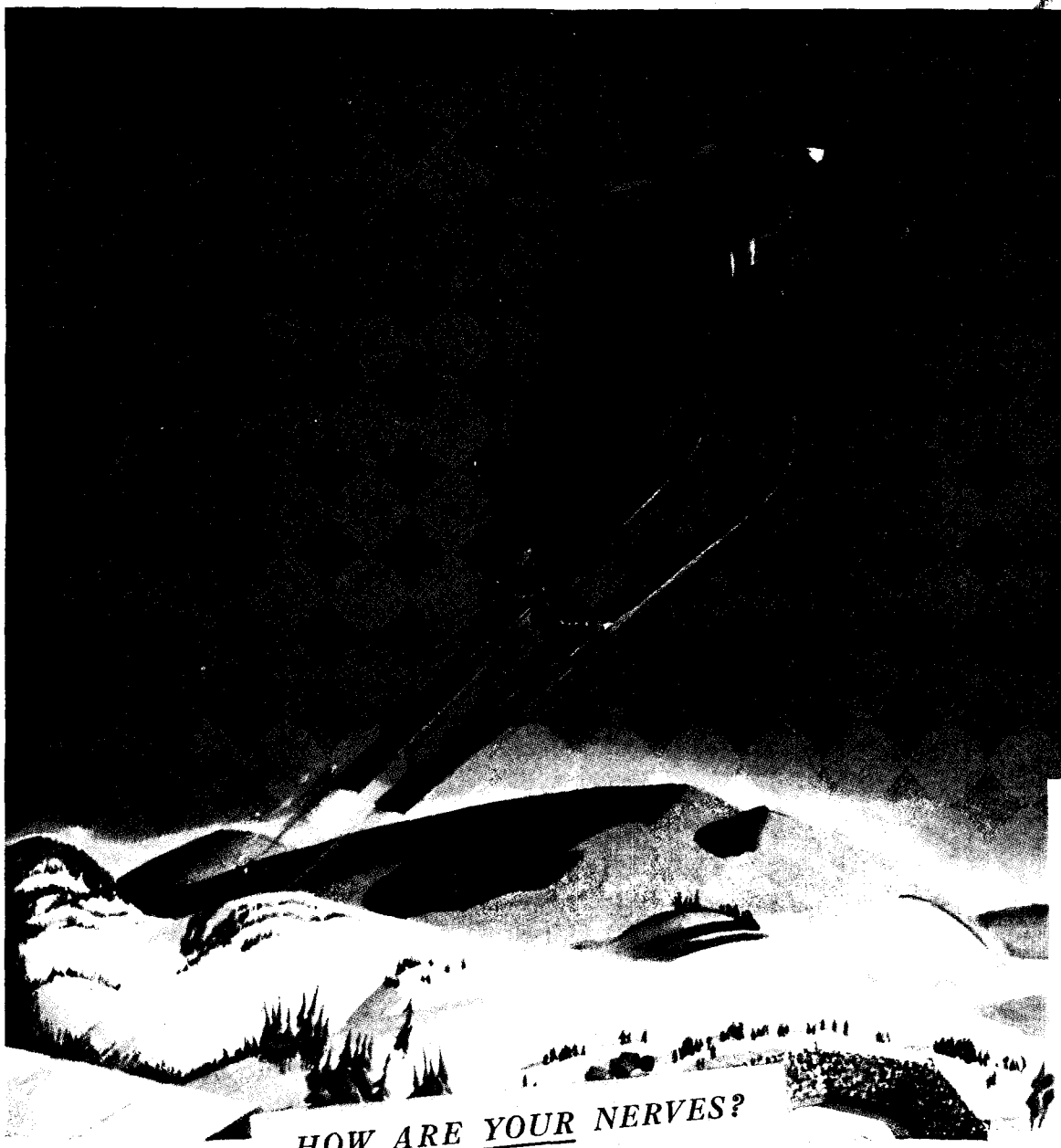
It takes Healthy Nerves



TO BE A CHAMPION SKI JUMPER

ANTON LEKANG

NATIONAL CLASS A SKI JUMP CHAMPION OF THE UNITED STATES. With over forty titles and trophies behind him, Anton Lekang turned in a brilliant ski-jumping record at Lake Tahoe to win the 1932 National Championship of the U.S.A. Lekang has been smoking Camels for many years. He says: "A day's last Camel tastes just as good as the first one. They never interfere with healthy nerves."

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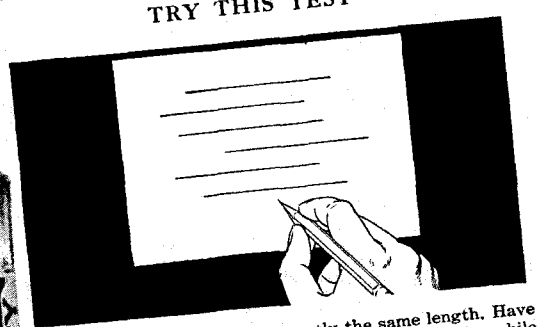
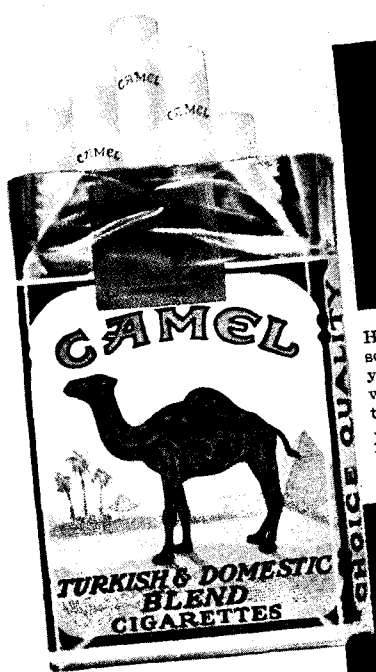
A MATCHLESS BLEND

HOW ARE YOUR NERVES?
TRY THIS TEST



Here is a series of six lines, exactly the same length. Have someone count quickly, one, two, three, four, five, six, while you divide each line exactly in half. Now measure each line with a ruler. What's your score? The average person divides the lines within one-eighth of an inch.

Florence Burnham (Camel smoker), famous woman motorboat racer, divides them within one-sixteenth of an inch!



IT IS MORE FUN TO KNOW

It is a fact that Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE tobaccos than any other popular brand.

Steady Smokers turn to Camels

ANTON LEKANG, winner of over 40 titles and trophies, smokes Camels steadily—without a sign of jangled nerves. He says:

"The most important elements in ski jumping are correct timing and healthy nerves. In fact, they add up to the same thing because you cannot have correct timing *without* healthy nerves. I have been jumping at championship ski-runs for years. And I have smoked Camels steadily for even longer. They are the only cigarette that I don't get tired of. A day's last Camel tastes just as good as the first one. And Camels never interfere with healthy nerves."

Countless thousands are changing to Camels. And they are urging others to join them! Camels *are* milder. They have a rich, satisfying flavor. And they leave your nerves smooth and unruffled.

Camel's Costlier Tobaccos

NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES..NEVER TIRE YOUR TASTE

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